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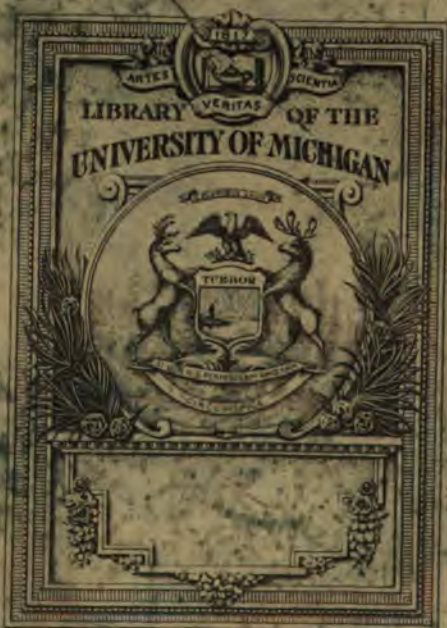
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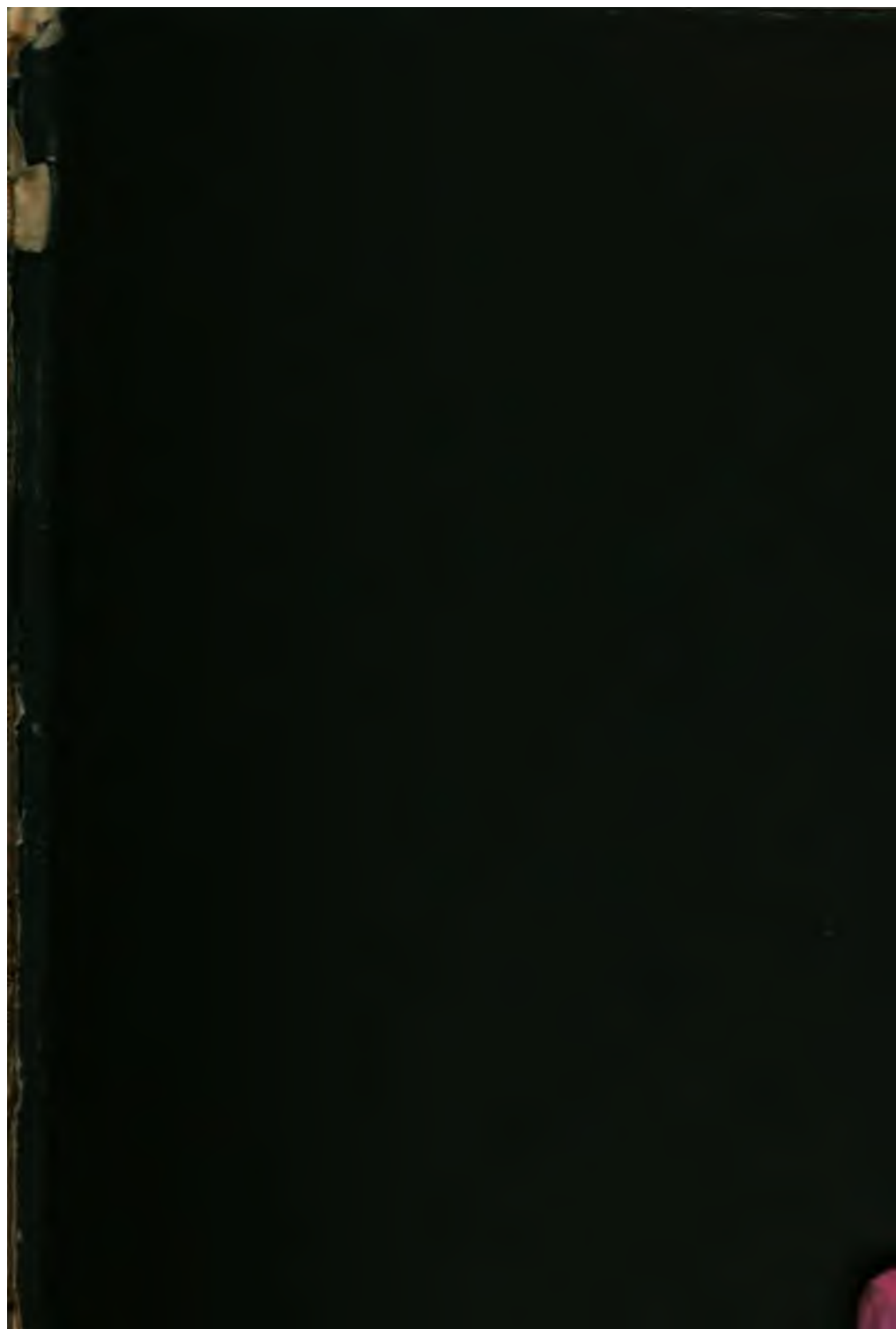
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LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
FENTON JOHN ANTHONY HORT



Life and Letters
of
Fenton John Anthony Hort

D.D., D.C.L., LL.D.

SOMETIME HULSEAN PROFESSOR AND LADY MARGARET'S READER
IN DIVINITY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

BY HIS SON

ARTHUR FENTON HORT

LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

'A life devoted to truth is a life of vanities abased and
ambitions forsworn.'—F. J. A. H.

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CHAPTER VI

CHELTENHAM AND THE ALPS

1863-1865. Age 35-37.

THE principal part of the years 1863-65, the period during which Hort enjoyed enforced immunity from parish work, was spent at Cheltenham. The summers, like those of 1861 and 1862, were given to long Alpine pilgrimages.

Fortunately for his own peace of mind, he was not forbidden to work in these years of rest; moderate exercise of the brain was said to be good for him. Indeed, at no time of his life is it conceivable that he could have reconciled himself to complete holiday; his nerves and spirits would always have lost more than they gained by absence of occupation. In the Alps, the Greek Testament text was his principal work, at which he always laboured systematically, as at a task which might not be put aside for more inviting subjects. In 1864 a decided step forward was made; when staying alone in the Mont Cenis region he finished a first draft of the *Introduction*. Although not published in this form, this *Introduction* was important, inasmuch as the writing of it caused him to put before himself the principles at which he and his collaborator had

arrived in the first decade of their labours, and of which some hints had already been given in correspondence, and in reviews contributed to the *Journal of Philology* (see p. 248). The publisher was not unnaturally becoming a little restive; he taunted Hort with "preparing a text for the millennium folks," and prophesied, with less exaggeration than he thought, that the book would not see the light till about the year 1890.

His residence at Cheltenham gained him several new and valued friends, to some of whom he was attracted by similar outdoor tastes; chief of these was the Rev. T. W. Norwood, now Rector of Wrenbury, near Nantwich. With him and others he did much botanical and geological work at Cheltenham, and attended frequent meetings of literary and scientific societies.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ECKINGTON HOUSE, CHELTENHAM,
January [9th] 1864.

. . . Altogether this has been an unsettled autumn. . . . I cannot therefore say that I have done much steady work of any kind. One hindrance I can but imperfectly regret, as it is directly connected with health. Air and exercise are everything to me, and ought to be so now, more especially when I have left home for health. Cheltenham air itself is not good; so that it is very needful to be on the Cotswolds as much as possible. The result is that by way of an object to take me out I have fallen vigorously upon geology, and am on the hills usually two whole days in each week, besides frequent afternoons. Hence come considerable bags of fossils, which have to be cleaned and put in order; and all takes time. However, the result is that I am able without fatigue to walk a great deal more than when we came here in

September. I am much the same in other respects ; but all this air and exercise must tell ultimately for good.

The geology here affords abundant employment. It takes a long time to learn well even the more characteristic fossil species, and there are innumerable others. Yet this is the necessary foundation of any further work. Few spots, I imagine, have been more examined than Leckhampton Hill ; and yet it seems that only two or three of the most recent lists can be in any way depended on. Faithful accuracy is as rare here as in other departments. The amount of local variation in the species found, and occasionally in the forms of the same species, within a very few miles, is extremely interesting. Of course it will be desirable to trace if possible any connexion between such variations and the very considerable variations of mineral character which occur in the same bed within quite short distances. There is abundant material for studying the reappearance, after an interval, of kindred or representative forms, especially in the *Brachiopoda*, which are very abundant. Correlation with other places is an end to be kept in view, but still a long way off. There are great advantages here in the large extent of comparatively undisturbed ground with a long succession of beds, almost all more or less fossiliferous. And this comparative quiescence brings out only the more strikingly the entire absence of uniformity on the small scale as well as on the large. Thinning out is exemplified with great variety. There are also a considerable number of petty faults, interesting in themselves, and very useful in preserving specimens of beds which would otherwise have been denuded. Mr. Hull of the Ordnance Survey has done some good but limited work in the Physical Geology of the district ; but that particular subject has otherwise been almost wholly neglected. At present I am chiefly taken up with fossils and their positions. Apart from any inferences, they are very captivating things, *Echinodermata* in particular ; and our Urchins are just common enough and just rare enough to exercise a powerful attraction.

I feel that you will read this with some impatience, and say that this is not my proper work. You cannot think so

more strongly than I do ; but under present circumstances I believe I am right in admitting it, not as work but as medicine, or the unavoidable concomitant of medicine.

. . . By the way, Sir T. Phillipps has bought Lord Northwick's great house and (formerly) picture gallery here, and is moving his library, much of which has already come. I must of course examine some of his biblical MSS. . . .

Renan I have not yet finished, short as it is ; so will say nothing.

TO THE REV. PROFESSOR LIGHTFOOT

ECKINGTON HOUSE, CHELTENHAM,
January 16th, 1864.

. . . Westcott has not written—or rather had not, for he is probably writing this afternoon. But it is too bad if he has led you to suppose that I am replacing theology by geology, as I took some pains to prevent him from falling into that natural delusion. Having left St. Ippolyts in order to get well, I am bound to make everything secondary to health. Air and exercise must be first objects ; and especially on the (Cotswold) hills, as Cheltenham is a relaxing place, though I have no option but to live here for a good part of the year. Now, human nature being what it is, there can be no efficient course of hill-walks in winter without an attractive object ; and such an object is remarkably ready for pursuit here in the shape of very interesting and diversified geology. One cannot do anything in it without collecting, and the contents of one's bag require cleaning and arranging ; so that some time is taken up in the house. That is the extent of my delinquencies. By way of work I do nothing but St. James and N. T. text. It is true I have had many interruptions this autumn, and just now can do little from being taken up with accounts. (I have nine treasurers' accounts, besides my own ; and half an hour's work at any of them harrows my brain into incipient insanity.) But I keep work steadily before me, and am interested in it beyond anything else every time that I am able to touch it.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT¹

CHELTENHAM, *January 27th, 1864.*

. . . My wish to see you at Cambridge is so strong that it requires a considerable effort to look at your question quite impartially. But I hope I have been able to do so pretty nearly. . . .

If the claims of Harrow are great, those of Cambridge are surely greater far. The number of men who study anything, except as a matter of business, has already dwindled to a mere remnant. And of them how few are there who have any strong interest in the great and abiding welfare of the Church and the country. One hardly knows which is worse represented there, Christianity or the love of truth at all hazards. To go there would be not merely to transfer there your own work, but to be one more rallying point for the work of others, and it is only in the University that this multiplying influence is to be found. All this is irrespective of direct agency upon the younger men. But indeed mere standard-bearing is sorely needed. In the critical times that seem to be coming you could act at Harrow only through books and only with the force of truth and of your own name. At Cambridge your modes of action would be infinite, and you would rest on the strength of your position. . . . It makes a great difference having Lightfoot for a colleague. Each would strengthen the other's hands, and diminish the sense of a lonely uphill battle which otherwise might become too oppressive.

Of 'clear duty' I dare not speak. To me most things come in the shape of a conflict. Assuredly I could not condemn you were you to refuse to stand. But you will see that on the whole, if you can discern your own way to it, I do heartily wish that you may go to Cambridge. . . .

You will see I have written with entire unreserve, as if

¹ Mr. Westcott was debating whether to stand for the Norrisian Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge; he eventually decided not to offer himself.

you were a third person. I should not have known what to say beyond commonplaces otherwise. I shall be most anxious to hear your decision.

TO THE REV. PROFESSOR LIGHTFOOT

ECKINGTON HOUSE, CHELTENHAM,
February 13th, 1864.

. . . My own paper on 'Apostle,' so far as it bears on Gal. i. 19, has long been written. We do not differ to any important degree, the chief points being that I think St. Paul's argument in this chapter excludes a lax use of the word *here*, and that I think Barnabas' title is confined to that journey and the special mission which originated it. I doubt whether, in the strict sense required by this chapter, St. Paul would have called any one an Apostle besides the Twelve, St. James, and himself. I am glad to find that we concur in the inference to be drawn from Rev. ii. 2, and in the necessary meaning of 'prophets' in Ephesians. The patristic use I have but very slightly studied.

TO THE REV. PROFESSOR LIGHTFOOT¹

CHELTENHAM, *March 3rd, 1864.*

Agreeing with you entirely as to the duty of avoiding all needless offence, I have yet a strong feeling that it will not be possible for you to state the facts truly without the probability of giving pain even to good people. As far as I can judge, you have said nothing which it would be possible to soften without suppressing what ought to be written. In fact you seem to have steered your way very happily through a crowd of shoals. It is very satisfactory to find that we take precisely the same view of that meeting at Jerusalem and St. Paul's comments upon it.

James may, I think, be said to be progressing, but slowly, slowly.

¹ Lightfoot had sent Hort his *Epistle to the Galatians* in proof.

TO THE REV. PROFESSOR LIGHTFOOT

ECKINGTON HOUSE, CHELTENHAM,

April 26th, 1864.

. . . I shall be glad to hear whether you think Syriac can be profitably learned without a good preliminary study of Hebrew. I have almost made up my mind to make either Hebrew or Syriac my holiday task this year, and incline to think Syriac the more useful. But of Hebrew I know only the letters, a smattering of the grammar, and a very few words. With great labour and loss of time I can make out any single word or verse that I want to study, but only piecemeal. Whenever I have leisure, I sit down to St. James, where I now feel myself really afloat. Some sixty pages are actually written.

TO HIS WIFE

LIMONE, *May 31st, 1864.*

. . . I wish you could see the rocks here, they look as if they must be full of everything; they have so much more interesting-looking vegetation than anything you have ever seen. A great part is not in flower yet, and a great part is the same thing over and over again, as the lavender which is everywhere. But you would be delighted with the brilliance of some of the things. . . . I must get a sketch or two done before leaving this; but that always is a considerable mental effort. What I enjoy most is writing in the evening. I have finished all that can be done without Fathers of the chapter on the Jameses, and have written a good deal of a draft Introduction to the text. This interests me much, and it will occupy a long time to finish. Whether Westcott accepts it or not (though I quite hope he will, perhaps with a few changes), I shall be very glad to have done it, as it compels me to work out and clear my own ideas. The only objection to it is that the excitement sometimes prevents my getting asleep at once; but this is a less evil than giving my brain trying work in the evening. I am sorry to say I make very little progress with Italian; I do not feel able to apply to it as I should. *Sartor Resartus* I greatly enjoy, yet alas! it is about half through already.

TO HIS WIFE

LIMONE, *June 3rd, 1864.*

. . . Now I must tell you about yesterday, for, in spite of the rain, I went to bed in excellent spirits, and think of the day with satisfaction. It occurred to me in the morning that after all wet days out here were a great opportunity for work, and that, if I had not all the books I could wish, I ought to think what could be done, useful for home work, with those I had, so as to save precious Cheltenham time. First came a letter from Margaret accompanied by one from Kate. So after breakfast I wrote Margaret an answer. Then I shifted the plants, and packed away such as were dry. Then I lay on the sofa and read and marked a great piece of Clement. Then I wrote a good piece of Introduction to the text. Then I took my MS. book, and began entering important words and references from Philo (one day before I had made a small beginning), and completed all as far as I have read and marked in this volume. Then, I think, dinner came. Then a good piece of Shakspeare. Then a great deal more of Introduction. Then I had three-quarters of an hour of extracting from Bruder various facts about words used in St. James, St. Peter, and St. Jude. And so ended the day's work. A little Philo at night, and some Bible complete the tale.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

HOTEL DE LA POSTE, MONTE CENISIO, PRESSO
SUSA, ITALY, *June 16th, 1864.*

My dear Ellerton—Your shot was either well aimed or well ventured, for it hit me just twenty-five hours before I left Limone. . . .

I left Dover duly May 13th with my father and mother, and accompanied them to the Lyons station at Paris, where we disceded that evening into separate waiting-rooms. At 8.40 my train started. By morning I was in Burgundy, and then able to enjoy the scrap of Jura which the railway to Geneva traverses, in its spring beauty. At Culoz the Victor

Emmanuel railway begins, you cross the Rhone, enter Savoy, are carried past the pretty Lake of Bourget (*vide* G. Sand's *Mlle. la Quintinie*), Aix-les-Bains, and Chambéry, into the wide Gresivaudan or middle valley of the Isère (where you join company with Hannibal, who came up it from Grenoble); and then turn aside in perpetuity up the narrower and winding valley of the Arc, a series of pretty but hardly remarkable Alpine glens, widening higher up into a great Alpine trough. At S. Michel ($12\frac{1}{4}$) the railway stops at present, and you are shifted into diligences, though four hours remain before you reach the foot of the M. Cenis. Near Modane you pass the tunnel's mouth and the accompanying works, but can see little without stopping. It is certainly an odd figure of speech calling it the Mt. Cenis tunnel, except that the highways on each side are in part identical. It is many miles off, separated by a whole world of peaks and glaciers, culminating in Mt. Ambin. At Lanslebourg the proper pass begins, a very mild affair on that side, requiring only two hours. From the top a slight incline takes you on to the undulating plateau of the Mt. Cenis, full five miles long, in the midst of which I am now writing. . . . I reached Turin at night. Turin is a gay, clean, bright, spacious city, completely modern in all its ways, full of the stir which young Italy makes, and not giving signs of much else. Next morning I was interested to see groups collected round large placards announcing a public meeting of workmen to vote thanks to England for the reception given to Garibaldi. The wording of the rather long address was singularly discreet and otherwise admirable, both towards England and towards whatever is not Garibaldi in Italy. I heard nothing of the result. Among the popular caricatures was one of John Bull in complete armour, vigorously riding a rocking-horse with his lance in rest, and declaring that he was going to fight Prussia, *and* Austria, *and* France, *and* Russia, and I know not what else besides. Of course I saw very little to judge by, but ordinary liberalism seemed the order of the day. The position of Turin is very striking, though the clouds which hid most of the mountains prevented my seeing it to advantage. I never realised before the entire distinctness of Piedmont from Lombardy; the whole land seems to belong to the Alps, plain and

all. They form the horizon (and a near one) on three sides, and close on the fourth are the beautiful hills of Montserrat, rising from the bank of the Po, with the Superga crowning one of them. I wish the Superga were more easily accessible to a single lazy and economical traveller; for the view from it must be a wonder of the world. Much of Monday and Tuesday I spent in the University Library, investigating biblical MSS., but without much ultimate fruit. I was, however, glad to see St. Columban's famous (Latin) Gospels, unhappily now only a piece of St. Matthew and St. Mark, a document in many points hardly less valuable, Latin though it be, than the Vatican MS. itself. Tuesday evening I went by rail to Cuneo in the S.W. corner of the plain, hoping to get on to Limone by the Nice *malleposte*. There was however, or was said to be, no room, and I had to take a little carriage. It was an enjoyable drive by moonlight up the valley of the Vermenagna, but there the felicity ended, for, on reaching Limone at 2 A.M., I had much difficulty in rousing any of the household, and then found the house (for that night) absolutely crammed. Two or three hours elapsed before I was able to get anything to lie down upon. Next day things mended, and I spent three very tolerable weeks there, suffering much (especially at first) from the solitude, which was all the worse from the want of complete privacy when out of doors, the population being very dense. The very rich flora was not well out yet, but I found enough botanical employment, and once or twice had opportunities of enjoying the earliest spring glory of Alpine turf, such as I had never seen before; the plants were mostly familiar, but the freshness and purity were a thing by themselves. The commonest shrub on the mountains thereabouts is lavender, of course not yet in flower. . . . The air at Limone is very good, but latterly it was not Alpine enough for me, and I was glad to come on here. Tuesday week the 7th was the day, and I simply retraced my steps, driving from station to station at Turin. On the way there was an extraordinary burst of hail, and one or two more of rain. The hail of either that or a following day is said to have killed three men, and the railway on the French side was *abimé* (that wonderful

word!) for some distance. Here I have mostly had bad weather, some snow, much rain, much cloud, and very much wind. At this moment it is howling so that I quite dread going out, though the sun is shining through hazy cloud. The little lake in front is very blue, and beyond it the cloud just allows me to see the Little Mt. Cenis, Hannibal's pass. Indeed my window commands all the upper part of his route. It has not yet been clear enough to go in search of 'the plains of Italy.' The inn here is very tolerable, the flora about the richest in the Alps, the air magnificent, and the views not to be despised. If I can hold out, I think of staying four weeks or a month from the day I came. But there is always some risk of sudden flight from these places. . . . Gladstone's speech¹ is much too long a business to enter on here, besides I read it (just before starting) very hastily, and have not seen his explanation. I confess it did annoy me extremely. That something needs saying on that side just now, I can well believe; but he seemed to me to say just that which should not be said. An appeal to 'natural rights' is not what we expect just now from a serious English statesman; we ought to have done with those rags of Rousseau. . . .

Kindest regards to your wife and all your party. Say anything you like for me to Frank.² With the greatest wish, I have always extreme difficulty in finding a message to send to children.—Always, my dear Ellerton, affectionately yours,

FENTON J. A. HORT.

TO HIS WIFE

M. CENIS, *June 17th, 1864.*

. . . To-day's post has brought an answer at last from Westcott. He has had a boy very ill in his house, which has much occupied him. (It would be worth while being a boy ill in his house, to be tended by him!) . . . I forget whether I mentioned to you my suspicion that Mr. Scrivener's note

¹ Probably that on the motion to reduce the qualification for the borough franchise to a rental of £6. The speech in question was thought to mark Mr. Gladstone's final adhesion to the party of Reform.

² Mr. Ellerton's eldest son and Hort's godson.

meant to hint at a rival N. T. text by himself. I wrote about this (among other things to Westcott), and suggested it as a reason for our resolutely finishing at once. I take his present letter as virtually an assent. Indeed he seems more sanguine than I am as to *rapid* completion. He suggests our printing first a text without the Appendix, which he thinks will require ages to prepare. I doubt this, but it makes no difference as to our work or printing in the first instance. He talks of our keeping pace with the printers! I think so too, when once a good beginning has been made; and for several reasons all or nearly all of the First Three Gospels must I think be ready before the printing begins; and this would give us a good start. But if Westcott will work in earnest this summer, I would give myself wholly to it on my return; and I see not why the printing should not begin in the spring, or barely possibly sooner. The very idea makes one ready to dance. I must write to him about it again in a day or two that he may take books with him. I much regret now not having brought with me at least the fat Tischendorf and the two lean quartos of Tregelles.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

M. CENIS, *June 27th*, 1864.

. . . How goes on Lightfoot's *Galatians*? He was far advanced in the press when I left England, but neither before nor since has it been possible to extract a line from him. Is he expecting to publish before the autumn? I ask, because, unless he objects, it seems to me desirable that we should announce our own parts on the flyleaf. There are obvious reasons why the first instalment of the scheme should not appear without our being all committed, and mutual independence may yet be signified. . . . As a matter of fact, I believe I shall succeed in persuading myself to put off to a second volume St. Peter and St. Jude, with the introductory chapters and essays specially belonging to them. But I should prefer announcing the four Catholic Epistles together. St. James, or his outworks, have been going on here too in a manner, the actual commentary I find absolutely impossible without

books, from ignorance of the meaning of words. But much useful matter can be accumulated and future time saved with a Greek Testament and Bruder. Your mention of Ullmann reminds me to ask whether you have seen the cheap and beautiful little reprint which the Perthes firm are bringing out of some of the best liberal 'orthodox' writers of Germany; they are chiefly Neander, Tholuck, and Ullmann.

. . . Public affairs find me in the same condition, incapable of forming a judgment on anything. Not one paper have I seen since I left Paris. . . . A very few facts I have gleaned from my father's letters, but none that help me much. Thus far, then, I can only envy your power of going with public opinion. Possibly our duty may be clear, but to me it is hateful nevertheless. Starting with a strong predilection for Denmark and the Danes, I have been able to admire nothing in their whole conduct of this business except their bravery, and found much the reverse. And detestable as the conduct of Prussia has been, that seems to me a small matter beside the deep and lasting curse of a war between England and Germany, breeding endless animosity between the only two great nations in the world which can ever be true and intimate friends, and ultimately leaving all the civilized world a prey to the destroying Babylonish empires, France, Russia, and America. Perhaps in all seriousness it is our duty to rush upon all this, but it does not promote enthusiasm. However, you see by this time I am not in a sound state of mind. You will silence me with "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." I trust I may say I am really making progress here. Frequent putting oneself under small cascades seems to help the air considerably. I wish you could stand among the rhododendrons now. Their effect under sunshine (a subtle mixture of reflexion and transmission, I suspect) is quite unearthly.

TO HIS WIFE

M. CENIS, *July 6th, 1864.*

. . . Now I must tell you of a little diversion I have been having. It is always a little event, the passing of the 7.30

p.m. diligence from France, as it stops and changes horses here, and I generally go to the window to catch glimpses of pass-engers and see what is passing. On Monday evening I saw the *conducteur* throw down to the people of the house a plaid and a black rolled-up knapsack, and cry out that they belonged to a *monsieur et dame* (as I understood) who would be *bientôt ici*. This kept me on the alert, for it implied that they were walking up the pass; and I often went to the window. Presently I saw a man in a grisly beard come up the steps with some flowers in his hand, and a curious thing over his shoulders, which turned out to be an umbrella tied on to a pole, with what seemed to be a pick in a leather case. Clearly he was Alpine, probably English, and moreover he looked uncommonly like Ball! After he was gone to his room, I enquired and found that he had been here some days last year, but they did not know his name. I got the landlady to go in with the water and towel and ask his name apologetically on behalf of a *monsieur* who thought he recognised him. In answer I heard "Ball, Ball, Ball" three times very distinctly. Of course I waylaid him as he came out, and made him have his coffee brought to my room, where we chatted and looked over plants for some time. He had to be in Turin next evening, being bound for Pisa. In a few days he is to join Tyndall and Forster (whom you will remember at the Riffel, a great friend of Ball's) at S. Catarina, for an exploration of the Stelvio snow mountains. (By the way, it is amusing to hear that he has at present—and I suppose has published in the second vol. of the *Alpine Guide*, which was to appear to-day—next to no information about those mountains except what I sent him; you will remember the pains I used to take at S. Maria to make out the geography of the peaks and glaciers.) But he proposed walking down to Susa by the side of the valley or basin of the Cenise opposite to that followed by the road, along the side of the Roccia Melone, the most famous mountain hereabouts, and he wanted to show me a sort of terrace-path easily accessible from here, which forms the earlier part of the route. I was only too glad to join him, it being left quite doubtful how far I should go. Ball is an early man, and, though he

had not been in bed the night before, considered it great condescension to my laziness to breakfast so late as half-past five. It was a glorious morning, and I enjoyed the walk immensely, and got on very well. One comfort in walking with a botanist is that one is not expected to go full swing, and we loitered and looked about as we pleased. On the upper ground not much new turned up, as I had found most of the good plants already. But the walk was magnificent, and, as Ball said, quite easy for a lady. It was an excellent almost level path at a great height up the very steep mountain side, not itself on the edge of a precipice, but carried along just above or at the place where a series of tremendous rocky buttresses joined the mountain, and they were precipitous enough for anybody, besides having their tops worn by the elements into fantastic shapes. You looked down upon this immense basin of the Cenise, with the old road zig-zagging down among the pines in the upper part, and the lower part comparatively level with green fields and cultivation and one or two villages. After a time we thought we had better begin to dip into the valley. It was exceedingly steep, but we found a kind of path, which helped us a good deal. Once or twice we were brought up short by some awkward-looking rocks which interrupted the path; but on actually trying them we found them not at all serious, merely requiring ordinary care. We soon found the difference in climate, and it was already uncomfortably hot by the time we reached the scrubby dwarf pines. On the other hand, the plants increased; and the steep hot slopes for some 500 feet above the bottom of the valley were most tempting; but we could not afford time for searching, though we gathered what we saw. Ball had jumped at my suggestion that we should take a char from Novalese to Susa. But none was to be had; so the only way was to walk down to Susa, and there take the diligence. The walk was along a narrow country road through fields, mostly with walnuts and chestnuts at the side, very pretty in its way. No plants, but that was all the better, as time was getting precious. When we came to the narrow mouth of the valley, where it opens upon Susa, the rocks closed in on us, and then plants began to appear;

some, very rare ones. We spent some minutes on one great plateau of rock just overhanging Susa. It was now mostly burned up, but a month ago must have been a choice nursery of interesting plants. We picked up a fair number, and should much have liked more time. . . . To-day I am of course stiff and not good for a great deal ; but I don't think I am really the worse for the day, and it certainly was a great enjoyment. I doubt whether I have ever had such a haul of plants ;—twenty species entirely new to me, and seven of them belonging to seven new *genera*. It was practically my first bit of botanizing (in reality not a couple of hours) in a hot Italian valley, and that one peculiarly rich ; and then there was the benefit of having Ball with me. I was more than ever struck in our conversation with his immense knowledge of Alpine and Italian plants. He seems to know personally almost all the great botanists of Europe. It was a great and unexpected satisfaction on Monday night to give him a plant he had actually never seen before, a beautiful large *Primula*, which I remember our finding likewise at the Bernina falls. We had not time to go over my M. Cenis plants, except those actually in press ; but we went over all the Limone set, and he was glad to take specimens of a good many. This morning, as you may imagine, I was not up very early, and after breakfast I fell to work upon the contents of the vasculum, before they should all get spoiled after yesterday's baking.

TO HIS WIFE

M. CENIS, *July 13th*, 1864.

. . . One of the *Guardians* has a very striking and beautiful review of Newman,¹ which I hope you saw. Except a line or two of unreasonable contentment with ourselves at the end, I think I agreed with every word of it, and enjoyed it too, though *very* much more needed to be said. The tone was ungrudgingly generous, and showed, as it professed, a worthy aversion to make controversial 'capital' out of his ample confessions. I shall be very anxious to read the rest of the

¹ *i.e.* Newman's *Apologia*.

book itself. I can well understand the *Saturday Review* explaining Newman's life by calling him an enthusiast; and the words will bear easily a sound meaning. But I do not think they would have been selected by anybody who had anything like a true appreciation of the man, still less of the subjects with which he had to deal. They somewhat remind one of St. Paul before most noble Festus.

I have been rather busy the last few days in going over Ball's *Guide*, and writing down for him any hints and corrections.

I believe I neglected to tell you of an amusing invasion I had nearly a month ago. While I was at dinner one day an odd-looking man walked in and out of the room in a perturbed state. Presently another joined him, a rather handsome young fellow, to whom the other *might* have been confidential servant. I heard spluttering talk in the kitchen, and Mademoiselle told me soon after that they were Poles, and could speak very little French. Then the young man came in and asked me a question, but he knew literally only a few words of French, and no Italian. I tried him with German, and that succeeded a trifle better. Presently ten more came in! and had some food, and two of them spoke German well, and we talked a good deal. They had been expelled a few months before from Poland, had rested in Dresden, been again expelled there (this I have further heard from Ball), and were on their way to Turin, obviously with very little to support them, but high-minded and gentlemanly in their way of speaking. I helped them a little in the way of interpreting, and privately gave the people of the house a hint (which was acted on) not to charge too much. At parting those I had been talking to shook me most cordially by the hand, and with many (literal) blushes and apologies, said they could not resist telling me how like I looked to Garibaldi! The explanation of this is that in the *salle à manger* there is a wonderful engraving of the 'Defenders of the right and liberty of Italy' (!), Louis Napoleon in the middle, with Victor Emmanuel on one side and Prince Napoleon on the other; the two generals Canrobert and Cialdini behind, and standing gloomily apart at the two sides, Cavour and Garibaldi.

baldi, the latter of whom, looking sulkily on the ground, has certainly a distant resemblance to myself.

I do not think a *traveller* except Ball and those I have mentioned has entered the house since I have been here. However, I have grown very callous to that, and only feel it when a pleasant English family party drives by in a private carriage, and that I do not see very often. The place itself is always beautiful in good weather, thanks to the lake. And now the saintfoin and *Campanula rhomboidalis* are wonderfully brilliant. There is a most beautiful and rare *Campanula* (*C. allionis*, something like a one-flowered *C. barbata*, with the flower full $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch long). Unluckily the colour vanishes immediately in drying.

TO HIS WIFE

CERESOLE, July 25th and 26th, 1864.

. . . How inexpressibly green and ignorant — must be to be discovering Newman's greatness and goodness now for the first time! — spoke of it as a book likely to tell powerfully in favour of Rome with those who were not secure in that direction, though the whole position of mind was to him inconceivable. This is more than I could say. If everything in the world, and especially truth, is to give way to the cultivation of religion, Rómanism is the most natural and consistent result. What I was able to read of the book showed me that this was at least the principal attraction which ended in drawing Newman to Rome. I am extremely anxious to see the rest of the book, but must wait. I sometimes fancy I shall be obliged when I read it to write something; or again, that something may go into the essays hung upon poor dear St. James.¹

TO HIS WIFE

AUBERGE DE LA GRIVOLA, COGNE,
July 31st and August 1st, 1864.

I am going to-night to begin a letter to tell you something of what was too much for my short letter of Friday evening.

¹ See a letter written after Newman's death, vol. ii. pp. 423-5.

Just now there is quiet downstairs, but they have been having their weekly jollification, dancing to a fiddle and singing. They struck up among other things '*Malbrouk se va-t-en guerre*' (the French song written, I believe, to celebrate the intended demolition of Marlborough 150 years ago, which somehow never came off), which I have not heard sung for twenty-six years. I hoped they would bring back to memory the later verses which I have forgotten, and often vainly tried to recall; but, oddly enough, they stopped exactly where my recollections stop. But I must go back to Ceresole. Wednesday was so broiling that I did not repent having decided to go at once. I had a stroll and bathe (very little water), and that was all. In the evening it seemed doubtful whether I should be able to have a mule next day, but later one turned up. I had arranged to start at 5, but was not called, and did not wake till 4.45. When I came down I found a considerable fuss. The very pleasant guide whom Rimini had recommended to me (Blanchetti by name) was unable to go himself, and the owner of the mule protested that it could not carry me and the luggage too. Certainly it was not an unreasonable objection to make. But I had in the first instance applied to Blanchetti for two mules, and he had assured me that one would suffice. I had made him come to my room and see and lift the luggage, and still he said the same; so I thought I was safe. The worst was that no mules were to be had, all being at Locana or Cuorné at market. Blanchetti did all he could for me, and at last it was decided that I was to walk where the ascent was steep, as also for much of the descent. Blanchetti started with us, and the owner kept on dolorously grumbling; and indeed I felt that it was a very questionable proceeding, and in a few minutes proposed that we should find a man or men to carry the heavier things. This was agreed to, though there seemed much doubt whether any one could be found. But before we reached the village of Ceresole we met a man who owned a mule, and a bargain was struck with him. It was a beautiful morning, but clouds hid the top of the Levanna as we passed it,—a great pity. The winding valley is interesting without special objects for some way, and at last the path begins to

ascend a good deal till it reaches the chalet of Pilocca, where we were at half-past 9. Opposite to this a fine valley opens into the heart of the snowy range connecting the Levanna with the Col di Galése; and by this time the clouds were gone, and everything was beautifully clear. Unfortunately one sees little of the peaks on the right hand. My guide—if so I may call him—is owner and occupier of the alp of Charru, which lies not much out of the way up to my Col. So we went first to his chalet, which commands a superb view of the snow mountains that I mentioned just now. For the short time that we stayed there I climbed the rocks in search of plants, with very little success; and I was sorry afterwards that I had not attempted a sketch instead. At 11.15 we set off afresh. Thus far my man had held the rope of my mule, letting the other mule go alone in front. But now he tied my rope to the front mule, and led that. In a few minutes an unevenness in the ground made the old rope suddenly snap, and my mule was thrown on her haunches, and so frightened that it needed all my small powers of mulemanship to keep my seat. After this I begged to have the rope myself, which was much more satisfactory. We skirted a little lake, forded a considerable stream flowing from it a few yards from it, and began zigzagging up the wild pastures beyond, till we got into the direct and more usual path. It seemed to lead us to the top of the ridge through a wilderness of great blocks. But all of a sudden it turned sharply to the left, and went off in the direction of the Col di Galése. At each step the ground became more steep and rocky, and soon it became obvious that I had better take to my own feet. A few minutes of zigzagging among the crags took us to the top of Col de la Grande Croix de Nivolet (there's a name for you) at 12.40, a wild and desolate place, with great patches of snow in the hollows of the rocks and a fine glacier-swathed peak on the left. The whole of the Grand Paradis range to the right were hidden by a nearer wall of barren rock. For a short distance the descent is steep, though not enough so to make it necessary for me to dismount; and very soon the Grivola comes into view in the nick in front, an almost snowless peak of not very remarkable form as seen from that

side. Then comes what makes this Col de Nivolet a most singular pass. Instead of descending into a valley on the other side, you have to keep along an elevated trough of poor pasture at a great height with very little descent for one and a half to two hours, seeing hardly anything of the mountains on either side. At 12.40 we reached Nivolet, a curious village of wretched, *very* low stone huts. At one of them some few things to eat and drink are to be had, and there we rested. To my dismay I found by degrees that my man thought he could go no farther, and wanted to find somebody else to take charge of me and my goods. He was a poor creature obviously, though very well off, and perpetually wailing in manner if not in words. Presently a man turned up who owned a mule, with whom he seemed to make some sort of bargain. By degrees I found that the mule was to carry my luggage, and I walk to Valsavaranche, four hours more; or else carry me and the luggage together. But the new man refused the latter alternative, and I the former. They assured me that the path was very steep and bad, and that I should be obliged in any case to walk. Luckily I knew my ground, and told them, rather to their surprise, that what they said was true for part of the way, but not for the first hour or so, or for the last two hours; and they did not attempt any answer. At last my man found himself a little refreshed, and agreed to come on, with the understanding that, if we met another mule on the way (as there was some reason to expect), he might make a transfer of the bargain to the two new men, and return to Charru. At 3.8 we set off, accompanied by the *one* new man who was as yet discovered, and his mule, which of course was not in my service. This man, Jean Pierre Jocale by name, was the strangest contrast to him of Charru. He was tall and fine-looking, with hilarity twinkling out of every corner of his face, the corners of his eyes, nose, and mouth; and he seemed to make more corners on purpose. I never saw any one so (inoffensively) delighted with himself, and who seemed to find everything and everybody else so amusing. He told me, as did others at Nivolet, that I certainly could not get mules across the Col de la Combe de Cogne, as the path on the Valsavaranche side was

not yet touched, and was hopeless for quadrupeds. At the same time he wanted me to take his mules down to Villeneuve next day. I declined making any promise; for, though his manner made me think he was speaking the truth, my authority to the contrary was good, viz. an intelligent *chasseur du roi* who had lately been there, and who had in my presence given some particulars to Rimini. Moreover, I had some reason to think Rimini would himself be still at Valsavaranche, and I wished to consult him first, as he would probably by that time have been up in that direction. Jocale was quite satisfied to wait, and only asked me to send a boy to let him know if, on arriving at Valsavaranche, I should find he was right, and then he would appear next morning with a couple of mules. His conversation had an improving effect on my poor man, who did not lose his spirits again till quite the end of the day. At first we traversed a flat, seemingly the dry bed of a lake, and in twenty minutes began to cross a ridge of rock worn by ancient glaciers, which had left here and there blocks of stone nicely poised. After a short interval came another, and then another, each bringing us to a lower level. All this, with a fine waterfall on the left, was an agreeable change on the monotony of the long upper valley. All of a sudden on turning a corner I found myself in the presence of a magnificent view. We had in fact come to the mouth of the small lateral valley, and were standing looking down into the Val Savaranche from the top of the wall of rock which forms one of its sides, and the grand snowy range which crowns its other or east side was extended at full length in front. Right opposite was the Grand Paradis, a massive block of rock and ice, something like the Ortlerspitze, the central mountain from which the various snowy ranges of the Graian Alps diverge. To the left it continued itself in a narrow rocky ridge, rising here and there into sharp points, then making one great dip (over which goes the Col de la Combe de Cogne), and finally rising again to form the Grivola. To the right stretched an immense snow-field with three distinct mountains, two of the haycock or 'sugar-loaf' form, and the third one of the most delicately cut peaks I have ever seen,—apparently the Cocagna; but the names are

all in confusion as yet. Perhaps these Graian Alps may be considered as clearly inferior to Mt. Blanc, the M. Rosa region, and the best views of the Bernese Oberland; but they surpass all others that I have seen. At that point, the Croix d'Aroletta, I dismounted for the steep zigzags by which the path manages to descend the broken precipice. Lower down the view extended further to the right, taking in a great glacier to the right of the Cocagna, filling the head of Val Savaranche, and another peak to the right of that; but on the whole the mountains lost in effect. I coveted greatly an hour to make a careful outline, but we had had such delays that it would not do, and I was obliged to content myself with the roughest possible indication. I remounted in about half an hour, and at 4.49 we reached the valley at Pont. A few minutes farther down Jocale left us, and his last talks delayed us somewhat. From Pont we had two hours of the valley, a very fine and rugged one, something like the best parts of the Val S. Nicolas, but narrower and I think more picturesque, with many waterfalls at the sides. At 7.2 we reached the village of Valsavaranche, very glad to welcome anything by way of shelter for the night. That frame of mind was certainly an advantage under the circumstances, for the inn was not tempting; and it was well that my expectations were not high. It was a wretched little *cabaret*, with one room (besides the kitchen and family bedroom), into which you descended by three or four steps. In the corner was one dark, deep, short bed, like the lower half of a great chest. The two windows were nailed up, but I had one of them taken out, to the horror of the Charru man. Some of the early visitors gave this place the name of 'Marmot's Hole,' 'Marmotte' being the soubriquet by which the worthy little oddity of a landlord is known among his neighbours. I learned at once that Rimini had started for Cogne the day before by the Col de la Combe de Cogne, and that certainly a mule could not go that way as yet; so I lost no time in sending to secure Jocale's mules for 5 A.M. A draught of milk and brandy did me great good. A little later came supper, bread, eggs, and wine; and then I went to bed. This last proceeding was a bold experiment; but the position

into which one is forced by the things they use for saddles had left me so strained and stiff (not sore) that I was thankful to lie down on anything tolerably soft. Things looked worse than they were. I got some real sleep, and was less attacked than at Ceresole. Soon after 4 I was up, and before breakfast was over Jocale appeared with two mules, and soon after his cousin. He would not himself go beyond Villeneuve, but the cousin was ready to go on to Cogne with one of the mules, finding a second at Villeneuve. I thought it better, however, to defer decision till reaching Villeneuve, as it was possible that I might there find myself so stiff or so tired that, being on the great road, I might prefer to take a char to Aosta, and either rest there a day or two before going to Cogne, or give up Cogne altogether. At 6.24 we started, there being as usual much delay about the loading, etc. The lower part of the valley is extremely fine, but perhaps not equal to the upper part. The path was much better and more even. In some places they were improving it in honour of the expected visit of Prince Amadée, Duke of Aosta, who is to be there this week. Jocale is Syndic (or elected chief manager) of the *commune*, and it was very amusing to see him inspecting the work as we went down. Just before 10 we reached the mouth of the valley, but at a great height, and I dismounted for the descent, which continues almost into Villeneuve, where I arrived at 10.37. Villeneuve is in the very heart of the Val d'Aosta; so, as you may suppose, it was fearfully hot. However, I felt quite up to the ride to Cogne, and arranged accordingly, and then went and had some lunch, and botanized a little on the adjoining rocks. At 12.47 we were off again. For some little way to the east the path keeps in the great valley, which I saw delightfully. The colours are perhaps not so rich as I expected; but most of the greens are gone by this time, and the purples not yet come. At 1.30 we crossed the bridge over the Cogne torrent at the mouth of its valley, and ascended steeply by the village of Aimaville to a great height. From this point the path is extremely good and comparatively level. For two or two and a half hours it is an exceedingly wild and beautiful valley, deep and narrow, with very precipitous rocky

sides and rich wood below. For a long way the torrent is at a vast depth beneath you. At 2.50 we crossed the first (or second) bridge, and from that time you keep tolerably near the water, a most destructive stream, as is shown by the numerous ruins which occur here and there on the banks. At 4.20 we reached a tarn where the valley begins to widen. By slow degrees it loses its wild character, without becoming altogether tame. Soon you pass the Grivola; but the peak is hidden, and you can only see some rugged buttresses with glacier between. Presently the valley widens still further into an open green plain, at the head of which stands the village of Cogne, which we reached at 6.4. Rimini received me fraternally with a kiss on each cheek! He is engaged in correcting some of the numerous errors in the Piedmontese Ordnance survey map, being also a member of the new Turin Alpine Club. He is thoroughly a gentleman and well informed, and I like him much; so that I am fortunate in having him. I brought him a letter from his General, which had been addressed to him at Valsavaranche, giving him further leave of absence from Turin; and he proposes now to stay here two or three days more, finding plenty to do. He quite confirmed the impossibility of riding here direct across the mountains from Valsavaranche. At Ceresole I had advised his consulting M. Chamonin, the *curé* of Cogne, an excellent mountaineer, the first who *completely* ascended the Grivola. He had done so with much satisfaction, and in the evening after dinner M. Chamonin came and had a chat. Next morning we went and called on him, and had a long chat, first at his house and then in my room, over maps on things topographical, Rimini picking up wisdom for his office, and I for Ball. I was able to help them both, partly by my maps, and partly by translating into French various excursions and descriptions in Ball's Guide and some left here in MS. by Tuckett, whom you may remember meeting between Basle and Olten in 1861. In the evening I went for a stroll up the valley, to where another tributary valley, the Combe de Valeiglia, opens with a cluster of glaciers at its head, with Rimini. But I gave up the idea of a walk or ride with him next day to Arpisson, whence the view of the

Grivola and adjoining mountains appears to be specially fine ; and he went alone. I hope to be able to-morrow to accompany him to the Poucet, which commands *the* view of the Grivola, that described by King. But if I find it too much I shall return. He is gone to-day on a long and laborious expedition to Mt. Emilius, to verify some gross errors which a narrative by Mathews and Bonney in Ball's book enabled me to point out to him in the Government map ; so that he can hardly be in very vigorous condition to-morrow, and we shall suit each other better. I think of taking a mule up to the highest chalet, and reserving myself for the climb. Both on Thursday and Friday after long riding I seemed to walk with perfect ease and without fatigue, as soon as the first stiffness and crampedness was gone. I now *think* of staying here about a week more. They have fowls, yesterday we had some marmot, and to-day they expect to have some meat, and apparently for the rest of the week. The Prince is expected at Aosta on Thursday, and I suppose will stay a night or two ; so that that would be a bad time for going to Aosta. Although the flies are troublesome and the heat great in the sun, there is a pleasant and invigorating air, and I have a spacious and fresh room with three large windows. I like the house and the people, who are very obliging and anxious to do all they can. I shall be glad to be quiet for a little while before undertaking another double journey. Lastly, I want letters.

The above is a specimen of very numerous home-letters written in the summers when Hort was obliged by circumstances to go abroad without his wife.

TO HIS WIFE

COGNE, *August 8th*, 1864.

. . . On Saturday we had a famous day at the Poucet. We started at a quarter to 5, I on a mule. On the way up in some open wood I espied a plant which I had been on the look-out for, and which alone was worth coming to

Cogne for. Cogné and *perhaps* one spot in the French Alps are the only places where it is known to grow in France, Germany, Switzerland, or Italy (where else it grows, I don't know). It has not been found here for fifty-four years, and, if I understood Ball right, nobody knows whereabouts in the valley it was found then. It is a very large, robust, leguminous plant, *Astragalus alopecuroides*, with great thick woolly heads like eggs. The flowers were all withered, but the heads still on. Of course I feel myself bound to dry a fair number of specimens; but it is a great bother, for they are bulky and take up my paper sadly. It was a very pretty ride past several groups of chalets, first up one glen of the Grivola, then round a ridge and up another, till we reached the chalets of Poucet *dessus* at 7.30. Here we rested more than an hour, and had some warm curds and whey and delicious virgin honey in the comb. At 8.40 we started again, but in twenty-five minutes the way became too rough to ride, and I dismounted. I had settled that the mule should wait for me there to take me down the more level parts of the way. But I dismissed it at once, as there were *no* level parts, but all one steep and rugged ascent, not particularly pleasant in going up with a mule seemingly used only to the valley paths, and very particularly unpleasant for going down. We then (Rimini, a guide named Giandoline, and myself) went on climbing to the head of the combe, and then turned to the right up a steep slope of 'clappey' or debris of large loose stones. I forget nearly all of King's account of the expedition except the terrible 'clappey,' which seems to have haunted his dreams. I was therefore agreeably surprised to find it decidedly easy of its kind, not to be compared to the clappey of the Grauhaupt. Rimini, however, did not like it at all, and we had several times to stop and wait for him. I must confess I had a little malicious pleasure in this, for hitherto I had had opportunity for nothing but talk, and was not sorry to let him see (what I suspected he doubted) that I had at least some Alpine capacity. I had been somewhat amused, in an account written for an Aosta paper of Rimini's ascent of M. Emilius by an educated semi-guide who accompanied him, to hear that they had drunk the health of the "*touriste Anglais*, who amuses the leisure hours

of M. Rimini." On the Poucet, however, Rimini very good-humouredly confessed defeat, urging that I was a *meilleur équilibriste* than him!—a word that one would have thought applied only to Blondin. Now you know what I am good for! At 10.22 we reached the top of the ridge, and came on a glorious view. Close at our feet was the almost stainless glacier-basin of Trajo, completely shut in in front and to the left by the ridge on which we stood, which curved round, almost completely swathed in snow, in several small heads, till it approached the Grivola, right in front, when it became a wall of bare rock, rising to the very top of the peak. The back is formed, as in the Matterhorn, by a snow line, in this case perfectly straight. Then the wall of rock slopes down into a beautiful curve, rises up into a subordinate peak, and finally falls away in jags at the other side of the icfall to the right. We first built a loose wall to shade us from the burning sun, then took a third breakfast, and then sketched away for the bare life. At 2 we set off again, following the ridge for some way, to get the Grivola at a different angle, and to see better the magnificent panorama (or half of one) from Mt. Blanc to the Matterhorn, and from Mt. Emilius to the Tour du Grand St. Pierre in this region. At 3.25 we again reached the chalet, stayed twenty-five minutes, and had some whey and rum, and came slowly down, reaching home at 5.50 after a most enjoyable day. I was very little tired, and am even less now, though this is the second day after; so that I think the rest and air here must have done me good, in spite of the heat. Rimini started at 3 this morning for Bard and Turin by the Fenêtre de Cogne. I should much have liked to go with him as far as Chavanis, the only known locality for a curious plant; but it is full three hours off, and I was afraid, especially with so very early a start. This afternoon I scrambled some way up the glen of Granson, and at last got a dip. I did not go high enough to see the snow mountains completely; but I had a last peep at the Grivola and the Grand Paradis. Mt. Blanc (the top, and Mt. Maudit) I see every day, for it is he that fills up the gap at the mouth of the valley. Cogne abounds in interesting excursions; but having been to the Poucet I can go away

contented, though I have done so very little. I have been buried in topography, and the days have been hot. Yesterday (and yesterday week) was a fête day, so I saw the people walk in procession. The women in costume have no waists, and mostly wear a very high and wide white (some few red) apron, generally with broad lace edging, tied with a red or purple string, and over their heads a doubled white antimacassar. Every day they wear round their necks a large round frill, and altogether they look like overgrown babies. They look a harmless, but dull and joyless race.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ECKINGTON HOUSE, CHELTENHAM,
September 3rd and 6th, 1864.

. . . In Paris I bought the popular edition of Renan, which you should see. The preface is very striking, and in its way even beautiful. The book itself I have not read very far, but ought to finish it. Both the excisions and the alterations required by the excisions do make it quite a different book. Renan's own comment on the effect thus produced is very interesting; whether true, I have not read enough to say. But this edition brings into even greater prominence than before the great distance—I dare not say contradiction—between his beliefs and his feelings about sacred things. Strauss' new book I have not yet seen.

TO MR. J. BALL

ECKINGTON HOUSE, CHELTENHAM,
September 10th, 1864.

My dear Ball—This is merely a flying shot to ascertain whether you are in England. A vague story reached me at Breuil that 'Tyndall's party' had had a bad slip somewhere in the Tyrol, and that Tyndall was so much shaken that he was obliged at once to return to England. This makes me anxious to hear that you are sound as well as safe; though, if the accident had been of larger proportions, it could hardly have failed to make more noise.

I spent six days at Ceresole, twelve at Cogne, and fifteen at Breuil, and then came home by M. Cenis. Altogether I was able to accumulate a considerable mass of details for you on the Graian Alps, of various degrees of interest; the more important facts being furnished by M. Chamonin. They are not quite ready yet, but shall be sent very soon, if I hear that you are in England.

One thing I must tell you. I had the good fortune to find *Astragalus alopecuroides* near Cogne; the plant is quite unmistakable. Accidental circumstances prevented my going in search of *Æthionema Thomasianum*, as I had intended. But I was able to make rough lists of plants for the different valleys, which may perhaps be of some use to you.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

CHELTENHAM, September 23rd, 1864.

. . . Newman certainly raises many thoughts. At present I have hardly got beyond the feeling of astonishment at our having the privilege of such an autobiography. I have read it under very unfavourable circumstances; three numbers before I started, and the rest very rapidly since my return. But I must go through it again continuously. What the special thoughts are that have moved you so strongly, I shall be interested to know. Every syllable of the book (except the miserable controversial dialectics) I enjoyed thoroughly, and felt its force; but I believe at a distance. All or nearly all seemed to me to belong to that world of neat 'theories of the universe,' which is so rudely shaken to pieces both by personal experience and (may I say it?) by natural science. Within that world Anglicanism, though by no means without a sound standing, seems a poor and maimed thing beside great Rome. But when we pass out of it into the open air, things put on a very different aspect; much becomes fragmentary and obscure, but each fragment gains a certainty from its connexion with fact which it never had as part of a compact system. I believe Coleridge was quite right in saying that Christianity without a substantial Church is vanity

and dissolution; and I remember shocking you and Lightfoot not so very long ago by expressing a belief that 'Protestantism' is only parenthetical and temporary. In short, the Irvingite creed (*minus* the belief in the superior claims of the Irvingite communion) seems to me unassailable in things ecclesiastical. Yet that is not after all the essential aspect of sacred things. If we may take St. Paul's life and work for our guidance (and St. Peter's "Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons" goes even further), we may well be content to put up with comparative formlessness for I know not how many generations rather than go back to "the elements of the world."

I must have expressed myself badly about the little Renan, of which I have read no more as yet. I did not dream of any change of opinion on his part, or of any nearer approach in effect to Christianity. But I was struck, so far as I went, by the change produced within his own limits by little more than subtraction. You must remember that the memory of the dead is the substitute which is proposed to us for a personal immortality. Comte began with a similar dedication, French in tone, but I think quite genuine. Mill has done much the same. I have this summer read a book of Michelet's in which he endeavours to hope against hope that his nation may once again learn to have high and noble aims, by appealing to the *culte des morts* which has grown up within his own recollection. His belief in immortality is less vague than Renan's; for he cannot *se passer de Dieu* as *cause aimante*; but it is dim enough. Yet surely these substitutes should by all means be cherished. They are good in themselves, and keep a door open for the reality. But I am getting into truisms.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

CHELTENHAM, September 28th, 1864.

We must not be tempted into discussing the Church and the Churches in the opening lines of a letter. I must take the chance of your misunderstanding me for the present, and

merely state one comprehensive belief,—that perfect Catholicity has been nowhere since the Reformation (strictly, indeed, it was cruelly injured long before by the *Filioque* and the Athanasian Creed), and that since then we have had the pre-eminence in constitutional Catholicity, and (not 'Rome' but) the Churches that hold to Rome in historical Catholicity.

TO HIS WIFE

TRINITY COLLEGE, *October 18th, 1864.* 2.20.

I am off for a walk with Lightfoot at half-past 2, but I will just begin a line. I found rooms taken for me in the Great Court near the gate, only separated from Lightfoot's by the gate itself. . . .

We breakfasted quietly, and then, after seeing Blore, getting a Bidding Prayer at Macmillan's, and ascertaining the hour (half-past 10), went to St. Mary's. The congregation was certainly small. Curiously enough, each estate of the M.A.'s was *just* represented, one Head of a House (the Master of Christ's, in place of the Vice-Chancellor), one Professor (Lightfoot), and one Member of the Senate (Mr. Wollaston of Peterhouse). Mr. Hopkins, the Esquire Bedell, the clerk, the organist, and the singing boys made up the rest; except that two people dropped in in the middle. I cut out two or three pages, but still it seemed too long.

After sermon I spent some time with Lightfoot talking, and then went off to give Bonney his minimum thermometer. He was engaged with a pupil and could only see me for a minute or two, but I am going to him again to-night at his request. Other friends had their doors shut, so I came back to examine Bradshaw, and write to you. I broke off to go to Lightfoot, and found I was just an hour too soon. However it did as well, for he took me to see the magnificent bequest of books which a Mr. Grylls has lately made to the library, and then we went to the Pitt Press about printing matters. On the way we met John Mayor, and made him promise to follow us. Clark and Wright and another man joined us at the Press, and so we six had an orthodox walk by Trumpington and

Grantchester, getting home just in time for 'Hall,' *i.e.* dinner. There I met divers friends, as also in Combination Room afterwards. Then came chapel, a delightful service to me in many ways. It was musical, as being on a Saint's day, and we had (strange to say) the accustomed old chant and good and familiar services. We are just come out. So you will see it has been a very happy day.

TO HIS WIFE

HARROW, *October 23rd, 1864.*

. . . We had a pleasant evening, six of Westcott's Sixth Form boys dining with us. Yesterday we worked all the morning till I had to go to Mrs. Butler's (sen.), where I lunched. Then we worked till near dinner, when we had a very nice little party, the two De Morgans, H. M. Butler, Farrar, Bradby and his mother, and H. W. Watson. Mrs. Bradby, whom I had never seen, and who was well worth seeing, came in the evening. We tried to turn tables, but the creatures wouldn't stir. Both the De Morgans were radiant and pleasant. To-day we have been to morning chapel, and had a good sermon from Bradby; but a great number of boys are away, this being 'Exeat Sunday,' which gave Westcott a holiday yesterday. After evening chapel I am going in for a little to Montagu Butler's. Our work thus far is very satisfactory, and we are going now to have two or three pages of the beginning of St. Matthew set up in type at once; not with any idea of printing off immediately, but as experiment. We shall, however, be very soon printing off in earnest.

TO THE REV. DR. LIGHTFOOT

CHELTENHAM, *January 12th, 1865.*

. . . I am rejoiced to hear that Papias is actually unearthed. I only wish it had been a few weeks ago, for I have spent more time than it is worth in tracing out his sources, and written some melancholy pages on the subject. In fact I had finished him except a look at Isidore (whom

I left at St. Ippolyts), and a search in the Bodleian among the productions of the mediæval gentleman, and if necessary other folks of the same kind. But it is a great comfort to be spared that last job. I had never noticed till now what an extraordinary tangle of contradictions it (the fragment) contains.

Is not Tischendorf's conversion to sanity a remarkable phenomenon? It makes one's mouth water to hear of an almost complete palimpsest of the Epistles and Apocalypse. But to think of its being a good part of two years before we see the readings. It is too cruel.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

5 LOWER CRESCENT, CLIFTON, *April 28th*, 1865.

. . . I dare not prophesy about America, but cannot say that I see much as yet to soften my deep hatred of democracy in all its forms. But I do not expect to find any one to follow the obstinacy of my toriyism.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

5 LOWER CRESCENT, CLIFTON, BRISTOL,
May 7th, 1865.

. . . I have done almost nothing this winter except text, but that has been very engrossing. Besides the laborious revision of St. Matthew, and still more laborious comparison with Westcott's revision and consequent discussion, I have had a great heap of troublesome and unremunerative work to do for the orthography and other such externals of the text, which cannot well be neglected, though study leads in many cases to no completely satisfying results. The first sheet has now for some days been lying before us in proof, though there are still some unsettled points in accents, and punctuation and paragraphs are very embarrassing. To avoid every chance of error, Vansittart¹ acts as assessor to me, and Bothamley² to Westcott in looking over the sheets, so that

¹ The late Mr. A. A. Vansittart.

² The Rev. Hilton Bothamley.

everything will pass under four pairs of eyes; but this plan involves loss of time as a matter of course. I despair now of seeing St. Matthew in type before I go abroad, and of course printing will be suspended during the summer; but we are pushing on with St. Mark, which happily comes out much clearer now than when I examined it with crude impressions some years ago.

The only other work that I have done has been a rough draft of an essay on the Jameses, which I wished to complete independently of Lightfoot's. Lightfoot's book,¹ as I dare say you have seen, has now been out some weeks. I hardly expect that justice will be done to its solid and sterling qualities. Its quietness and careful avoidance of any kind of ostentation are not unlikely to disguise it from ordinary critics. The notes are, I think, much the best that we possess on Galatians, and the accompanying essays very sound and wise. The main purpose of the volume is to determine precisely the nature of the Apostolic *history* to which Galatians is the key, and that is its distinctive merit. As far as I know at present, I should not acquiesce in all the statements about the relation of Ebionism to the early Church in the last and most important essay 'On St. Paul and the Three'; but it is a substantially true account of at least the earliest period, written with equal candour and force. Doctrinal questions are almost entirely avoided, as Lightfoot means to keep them for Romans. However, that is certainly the weakest point of the book; and Jowett's notes and essays, with all their perversities, are still an indispensable supplement.

I believe it is since I wrote to you that I have seen the latter part of the *Apologia*, though that seems and is an age ago. Perhaps the book hardly fulfils its own promise, though it is a shame to detract from its surpassing interest and value. The utterly detestable style of repartee into which Newman falls at the end, throwing away his magnificent position to grovel far below ——'s level, is most provoking. But even the lofty parts tell less than one at least desired to hear, though enough to give a vivid picture of the course of things within his own mind. Two things specially struck me; the un-

¹ *The Epistle to the Galatians.*

questioning assumption that there is one absolutely and exclusively Divine system in all things, especially one Church so entirely right that all other bodies must be entirely wrong, and the complete permanence of his Calvinistic religion, changing nothing but its form when it passed most naturally into Romanism, and placing him throughout in a position where the vision of pure truth as distinguished from edification, *i.e.* religious expediency, was a simple impossibility. But how strangely distant from 1864 the whole book sounded! The *Christian Remembrancer* and *Guardian* (especially the latter) had good and noble articles; but no critique that I have seen has at all grasped either Newman's own significance, or what it is that separates those years from the present generation by so impassable a chasm.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum. And so we are worshipping our noble selves in the shape of poor Lincoln, as we did in those of Cobden and Prince Albert. Certainly the newest hero-worship is a very funny thing. But there has been some genuine reaction by way of justice to honest Abe for some months past; and the man himself grew undeniably in wisdom and nobleness under the pressure of his tremendous duties.

TO THE REV. DR. LIGHTFOOT

HOTEL KLIMSENHORN, M. PILATUS, *June 24th*, 1865.

. . . The main point in [—]'s complaint about Cambridge was that the authorities no longer encouraged sound knowledge of language, in short true scholarship, but cherished ignorant and careless brilliancy under the name of genius; and that the loss of faith in language was destroying faith in everything else. If this be in any degree true, the encouraging facts which you mention, and which certainly should be borne in mind, are hardly a sufficient answer. But I suspect he has exaggerated the importance of some individual instances. It is very difficult for me to judge at a distance; but it does seem to me that, as was to be expected, Cambridge has not escaped what may be called the degeneracy which has infected the whole upper

class of England for some ten years past or more. We can hardly fail to see that we are on the whole just now in a languishing period, when energy, enthusiasm, and faith are low, and the concrete objects of desire, pleasure, and wealth are pursued to a very disproportionate extent, and sometimes seem, however untruly, to be alone pursued. There are many causes for this, which affect the educated classes generally, and which therefore must affect the Universities who are fed from that source. There is enough to make us very anxious in the steady growth of both causes and effects, because to a large extent they coincide with and are due to wide movements of society which cannot, humanly speaking, be expected to change their direction for some time to come. But it is well also to remember how subject the temper of the rising generation always is to ebbs and flows, and what unexpected reactions may quickly arise. But enough of this. I must to bed.

ENGSTLEN, *July 14th*.— . . . Thus far I have been pretty closely following our route of 1856. I think I made out our route up Pilatus from Herrgottswald. It must have passed the Klimsenegg, approaching it by the steep path just below, and then taking much the same line as the present path to the Krisiloch. The Krisiloch itself looked a very awkward place to scramble up without the assistance of the ladders, as we had to do ; but I suspect some projections and roughnesses of the rock must have been cleared away when the ladders were fixed. I identified clearly the place between the Oberhaupt and the Esel where the first of those ill-fated¹ photographs was taken. In observing the place where the Esel must have been climbed before the zigzags were made, I could not recognize the ground. Is it that you alone went up the Esel while my head was buried in the camera? I had forgotten this, but fancy it must have been so.

TO HIS WIFE

ENGSTLEN, *July 21st*, 1865.

. . . Mr. Parker lent me four *Timeses*, which contained most of the interesting election news. But I am still in

¹ See vol. i. p. 307.

suspense about Gladstone, and of course know nothing about the counties. I am heartily rejoiced that Mill has come in, and so, I am glad to find, is Westcott. He tells me that the Conservatives placarded Westminster with, "If you wish to lose your Sunday, vote for J. S. Mill." "But," adds Westcott, "I wish that I could induce him to read a little *Greek* theology."

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ENGSTLEN, *July 23rd*, 1865.

. . . As yet no news about Gladstone later than the result of two days has reached Engstlen (to-day, July 23rd, I have heard the shameful conclusion); but I had an opportunity of seeing four *Timeses* giving the early elections. Lord Amberley's failure delighted me almost as much as Mill's success. I quite agree in your desire as to a better direction of his theological reading, but have been wondering much which of his writings has specially led you to the result. Perhaps it is the late articles in the *Westminster*, which I have not seen. I have nearly finished his book on Hamilton, which is for the most part very successful; perhaps I liked it the better for recognizing some favourite thoughts of my own; of course it sees but one side of philosophy, but as against the Scottish position, it seems to me on nearly all points unanswerable. It costs an effort to do homage to Mill's greatness, when one listens to the empty puppies who call themselves by his name and repeat his phrases; but the greatness is undeniable. When, however, you desire to guide *him* to Greek theology, I am tempted to ask how many theologians or others there are who do not need the same office. The total absence of any specific influence of Greek theology upon the Oxford movement, notwithstanding the extensive reading in the Fathers possessed by its more learned chiefs, is a very striking fact. On the other hand, I think it was a leading cause of the largeness of mind found, along with much rhetoric and incoherence, in the greater English divines from 1550 to 1650.

TO HIS WIFE

ENGSTLEN, *August 1st, 1865.*

. . . I saw Dr. Acland at the foot of the table, and of course at once went up to him. For the moment he did not recognize me (when he saw me before, as he hinted, my beard was only infantine), but a word was enough, and then he was most cordial. Mrs. Acland is not with him, but his eldest son, a beautiful boy of fourteen now at Rugby, whom he wanted to teach a little botany. . . . Hutchinson is a great acquisition. I have long known him (he belongs to the Mayors, Roby, and Lightfoot set), but only slightly; now of course we drop at once into complete intimacy. I am specially glad to have such a link with Rugby. Amy and Beaty are dear eager little girls, and as far as I can see, quite unspoiled. I had them on my knee last night to tell them the names of their dried flowers.

I meant to have written to you last time about that frightful Matterhorn accident, but had not time. Girdlestone was at Zermatt at the time, and saw a great deal of Whymper, who is most truly to be pitied, for his name is so connected with the Matterhorn, and rather wild designs upon it, that people are sure to blame him for the accident, and apparently quite wrongly. He was resolved to do the Matterhorn, and equally resolved, when that was done, to give up mountaineering, because there were no more *new* great mountains to be conquered; and now to have succeeded and at the same time to be the only English survivor of the expedition is something terrible. Girdlestone says that Mr. M'Cormick's letter to the *Times* was a very good one in all respects. He too was to have gone up, but arrived in Zermatt a day too late. If any one was to blame, it seems to have been poor Hudson in taking up a young fellow like Hadow, who was new to the Alps this year, and had only been on three or four expeditions; but he is said to have done well on Mt. Blanc. Here, however, in the one solitary dangerous place it was a matter of sloping, slippery rocks to which he was probably quite unaccustomed, and which are, I think, the worst thing one can have to cross. Every one seems peculiarly sorry for Hudson; he was so uni-

versally respected, and was himself so cautious and experienced a mountaineer. People naturally turn now to the touching account which he wrote of young Birkbeck's accident on the Col de Miage. Lord F. Douglas seems to have had an almost miraculous escape on the Gabelhorn two or three days before, when he was rash enough to go where Moore, one of the best and boldest mountaineers living, refused to go, as too dangerous. Girdlestone says that that Sunday at Zermatt out of the congregation of sixty only six did not stay for the Communion, and of them three afterwards sent an apology, saying that they were Dissenters. Mr. M'Cormick, the chaplain, seems to have been well employed elsewhere, having nobly volunteered with two other Englishmen and some Chamouni guides to accompany Whymper in searching for the bodies, which was a far more dangerous expedition than the ascent of the Matterhorn itself. The other accident was hardly less sad in its way. I had never heard of Wilson, but he was a dear friend of Storr's, who speaks most warmly of him. His companions are said to have resisted his crazy notion of ascending the Riffelhorn alone; but he stole away from dinner to do it. It must have been a piece of utter inexperience. Doubtless many worse places are constantly climbed without danger; but I remember noticing, when I went up with Leslie Stephen and Melchior Anderegg, how very awkward some of the places would have been if I had been alone. I got up and down without help, but Melchior was always ready and on the watch in case of a slip or anything else requiring assistance; otherwise I should never have ventured as soon as I saw the real nature of the climb.

TO HIS WIFE

ENGSTLEN, August 5th, 1865.

. . . The Aclands have likewise had the merit of possessing an *Athenæum* and two *Guardians*, which I was very glad to see. The former contains a review of a translation by C. H. Chambers of an Italian book on the curious pile-dwellings found of late years in Alpine lakes; the latter, among other things, Gladstone's magnificent election speeches in S. Lanca-

shire, which I hope my father read out. They will certainly be famous a century hence for their lofty tone, fervor, and eloquence. By themselves alone they would make the election of 1865 a memorable event, even if it were not already remarkable by some of the people elected and the way they have come in; and they show that the dirty little squabbles which fill the papers are only one side of the election. Taken as a whole, I must say it makes me look forward to the new parliament with great interest and hope.

I forgot to mention one interesting thing Dr. Acland told me. He is to be President of the Physiological section at the British Association this autumn, and is determined to put down at once with a high hand every attempt to introduce arguments connected with theology, whether on the Christian or the un-Christian side; and if the meeting will not support him in this, he will leave the chair. He expects there will be a row, and hopes it too, as it is time the question were decided once for all whether a scientific meeting is to be agitated by things which have nothing to do with science.

TO HIS WIFE

ÆGGISCHHORN, August 16th, 1865.

. . . The Lyells went away yesterday morning. They spent all Sunday at the Märjelen See. They were quiet and rather reserved, Sir Charles mostly talking to his neighbour at dinner in a whisper. He is rather infirm now. He has a striking head and forehead. He one day at dinner addressed me by name to ask me some question, and on Monday he had a good long geological talk with three or four of us, in which I took a considerable part, and found him very courteous and intelligent. . . .

On Sunday — read the lessons, and made us all shudder for the sermon when we heard the solemn and elaborate drawl in which he emphasised the story of Elijah on Mt. Carmel. You may imagine our astonishment when at the end of service he got up and said he thought he could not do better in the Alps than read out a sermon preached in the

Alps on the subject of the Alps, and then gave us a well-known and very fine sermon of Stanley's, formerly preached at Zermatt. Hudson took charge of the music, which went well—Hanover and Old Hundredth. In the evening we had a little service upstairs, when —— gave us a piece out of another still finer sermon of Stanley's, in which the Alps were—rather without point—used as an illustration. This morning he attacked Davies and me to know whether there was any authority for supposing that Melchisedec was never married!—a question hard to answer with proper gravity. An hour later he came down again to me with some MS. in his hand, and explained his former question. It seems his Italian evangelization is totally different from what we supposed, and incomparably better. There is a very interesting movement among a certain number of both clergy and laity for the reform of their Church without abandoning it, and the editor of the newspaper, the *Essaminatore*, which is the organ of this movement, is a friend and correspondent of his. He was asked to comment on a letter from an intelligent priest on clerical celibacy, which, while admitting the gross corruptions and even pleading for considerable changes, maintained the principle of compulsory celibacy for at least the elder clergy. One argument referred to O. T. examples, and among others to Melchisedec! He read me a sort of abstract of the letter with his own comments, and asked my opinion about them. They were a little wooden, but on the whole sensible enough and free from popular claptrap. At all events I felt the good man deserved all encouragement, *that* sort of English influence in Italy being likely to do more good than harm.

TO HIS WIFE

RIFFEL, August 29th, 1865.

. . . All this company has been in the way of my sketching during the little clear weather that there has been; I have been able to do part of one drawing here and no more as yet, but I hope to seize what opportunities I can. I have used my box a good deal, though not perhaps in the way you

would approve. One or two attempts in proper colours drove me to disgust and desperation ; and though I may perhaps attempt something of the kind again from the Riffel hotel to express the present colour of the ground, viz. by brown pink and yellow ochre, I must for the most part stick to my pen sketches washed over, using different tints for the different distances. This produces a very fair effect. The vegetation now consists chiefly of half-withered *Asalea*, green tufts of *Veronica bellidioides* in seed, yellow hay, and lichens of all colours. Rarely you come across *Senecio incanus* in flower, or a stray *Campanula* or *Phyteuma*. I have had great difficulty in finding these poor little gentians, which please give dear little Ellen with papa's love. I had once thought of writing her a little note ; but she is too young quite to take it in, and it might spoil the pleasure of the first letter from papa hereafter.

TO HIS WIFE

RIFFEL, September 5th and 6th, 1865.

. . . On Monday I had a very delightful surprise. As I was finishing breakfast, I was clapped suddenly on the back, and turning round beheld J. Fitz-James Stephen, whom I daresay you will remember from Malvern, where I had one walk with him. We had met him in the street there walking with Maine, now the legislative member of the Council of India. He was here from Zermatt with his wife. . . . Henry Blunt and I joined them in their walk up to the Gornergrat, and on the way down I took them to the Rothkumm and Gugl, and after dinner to the Dristel before they again descended to Zermatt. I thus had a great deal of talk, and most interesting talk, with Stephen. Since I saw him, he has been defending all the heretics in the law-courts, from the *Essays and Reviews* people to Colenso ; but we did not say much on those matters, almost entirely on purely speculative subjects, on which we agreed excellently well, though no doubt on some of the highest points there is a wide difference between us. Curiously enough, I had been thinking two or three days before that on most important subjects I agree

either with him or with Westcott, two of the most unlike men I know. He says he will certainly come and see us at St. Ipps.; and altogether he was very cordial. He half hinted that I should do well to write in the *Saturday Review* or some such places, but acquiesced in the reasons I gave for not doing so. However our conversation helped to strengthen the feeling which has been growing upon me all this summer, that it is a clear duty for me to keep on actively reading and thinking upon speculative subjects, and to publish upon them as soon as I can. Naturally I grow still more impatient of present idleness, and shall hope to do a little more work of one kind or another; as also more sketching, when Blunt is gone. I heartily wish that text did not stand in the way; but the best plan to get it out of the way is to work hard at it in the winter, as far as other even more necessary occupations will allow. It is a pity, though not unnatural, that — should affix so restricted a meaning to the word 'work.' I don't remember ever having desired to do anything but 'work'; and certainly the appetite for it grows rather than diminishes. At the same time I do feel for the sake of work, as well as for the sake of both our happiness and that of our children, that it must not be allowed to become a burden, and must have its proper lightnings and interruptions.

TO HIS WIFE

RIFFEL, *September 9th and 10th*, 1865.

. . . To-night we have a distinguished guest, no less a personage than Prince Napoleon himself, the veritable Plon Plon. He is a heavy man in a large white hat, exactly like his portraits.

The Prince went up to the Gornergrat early this morning, and, I hear, made three or four failures before he could get on his horse. After breakfast he went down to Zermatt. His appearance this morning was by no means imposing. He stoops a little, has his shoulders half-way up into his ears, and has a most hang-dog look altogether. There is certainly a great resemblance of feature to the great Napoleon, but

none whatever of carriage. The contrast with Louis Napoleon is most striking. In spite of his brilliant and dashing speeches, he has not the least appearance of strength of mind or character. But there is no knowing what a drill-serjeant might make of him.

TO HIS WIFE

RIFFEL, *September 12th, 1865.*

. . . On Monday morning I came in for an unexpected bit of good luck. Edwards came into the *salle à manger* just as I had finished breakfast, and asked whether I knew W. G. Clark, the Public Orator of Cambridge, for he was outside. There sure enough I found him. He had not been at Zermatt since his first tour twenty years ago, when the Riffel was unknown except to botanists. I think he was as glad to find an old Cambridge friend as I was to have him, and I at once started up the Gornergrat with him. There we watched some people coming down M. Rosa, and were lucky enough to look exactly at the right moment for seeing on the top of the Breithorn two young Cambridge men, sons of a friend of his. After early dinner we went to the Dristel, and looked out for them on their way down from the St. Théodule. We had just given it up when I saw them crossing the glacier a long way off. It was a great interest to us to watch their various operations for some time, and Clark was so absorbed in it that he found himself too late for returning to Zermatt, so he slept here with the help of a piece of my soap. We waited for them as they came up under the Riffelhorn, and then we all came home together, watching the splendid sunset, one of several magnificent sights that we have been having lately. That same morning I had seen breakfasting at another part of the table a family just come up from Zermatt, whose appearance at once made me look at them again and again. There were a kindly-looking little father; a very pleasant, bright-eyed mother, greatly reminding me of Mrs. Stanford in face, manner, and voice; a fresh young fellow of twenty; and two striking girls—one pale and delicate, the other full of a most pleasant and modest eager-

ness. At dinner they were not far off, and my party had a few words with the father. In the evening it was an unusually crowded *table d'hôte*, and, though I came in purposely late, I had been waiting a huge time in vain at the bottom of the table for a chance of ordering my coffee, when he likewise came in to see whether his family had a chance of their tea, and then we had a little talk. At last the dinner broke up, and they got their tea, Clark and I being very near, and we all talked together. I had found that the young lady had set her heart on going to the Cima to-day with her brother, but her mother thought it too cold for her (which proved to be the case); and she bore what was obviously a bitter disappointment so beautifully that I felt a strong desire to get her some compensation. I suggested that she might still get a walk on the ice. She liked the idea, but doubted how she could manage it, till her father said he thought it might be contrived with a guide. Clark and I had not settled what to do to-day; so I took an opportunity of asking him whether it would do to make a little expedition on the Gorner Glacier, and offer to take the young lady and any other of her family. He assented, and we agreed to make the proposal this morning. We were down in good time, but I thought I saw their hats through the window, and went out before breakfast. I found the mother and both daughters setting out for the Gugl. I propounded our plan, which was eagerly accepted by both mother and daughter, but I found no one except the latter could go. So she came back to the house, while her mother and sister went on. On rejoining Clark at breakfast I learned that he was unwell, and would only be able to go a short way, but he would not consent to the walk being given up. It certainly looked a funny prospect, of my having to go alone with the young lady all over the rocks and ice! However, Clark went on and on, and not only found himself able to take the whole walk, but enjoyed it extremely. We followed the same route as with Henry Blunt and the Hesses, except that on the glacier we went farther towards the middle, crossing and recrossing the moraine to visit the little glacier lakes. Miss —— walked capitally, of course with occasional help in the steep places. We got down the precipitous

ravine leading to the glacier in twenty-six minutes, where the Hesses made us take an hour. As before, I had to cut a few steps at the edge of the glacier with my alpenstock (the Brecon steel point being most useful), and help the others up a little way, and then all went on merrily. Soon after we had turned from the lakes towards the Gornergrat, we saw her brother's party on the ice a long way off, returning from the Cima, and made haste to meet them. However, the many ups and downs we had to take rendered that impossible. After a time we saw them leaving the ice; and when at last we were quite clear of the great moraine and approaching their side of the glacier, we saw them high up on the path, nearer home than the spot where you hurt your ankle. We shouted and whistled, and they stopped and shouted back, but obviously could not make us out. In a very few minutes they were right over us at no great distance, and we were able to exchange a few words. We then saw the brother leave the rest and go back, descending the M. Rosa path to meet us, which he did just before we were off the ice; so we had all a jolly walk home together, arriving about half-past 1. I had a little talk with him, and liked him extremely. He is just finishing his second year at St. John's, Cambridge, and spoke with great affection and veneration of John Mayor. Of course he is hardly more than a boy, but a nicer one I never saw. All the circumstances of our walk were severe tests of the real worth and character of a girl of, I suppose, nineteen, and she stood them completely. The combination of bounding happiness and fearless freedom with absolute modesty and self-restraint was such as I have never seen surpassed.

TO HIS WIFE

RIFFEL, *September 18th, 1865.*

. . . This morning I was just able to get a pencil outline of the *whole* Matterhorn, with the three accompanying glaciers (Zmutt, Furgge, and Gorner), from the Gugl. This afternoon I have made progress with a view of the Breithorn (including the Twins and Little Matterhorn) from the Dristel. I began

it this day week with Henry Blunt, but could not draw well while talking to another person not similarly employed, and to-day had to rub out a great part of the outline and do it all over again, which wasted much time. I have in hand four sketches here, nearly all of which want a great deal to be done on the spot; but I am anxious to manage two more if possible, viz. the Gabelhorn and Rothhorn, with the Trift glacier between them, as seen from here, and the Matterhorn combined with the Riffelhorn from some way along the M. Rosa path. Indeed it would be easy to find many other subjects, but these are of first-rate importance. . . . Really I would rather not have friends now, unless very choice ones indeed, for I want to get on with my sketches, which take a long time, and I am in agony for fear the clear weather should go first. At this moment (half-past 3) all the hollows on the Rothhorn and Weisshorn, as I see them through my window, are full of the richest purple shadows. Every evening towards the close of sunset the highest snows of the Breithorn, Twins, Lyskamm, and M. Rosa positively flame with the most intense pure orange.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ECKINGTON HOUSE, CHELTENHAM,
October 2nd, 1865.

. . . I saw many old friends [at the Riffel] and acquired new, whom I hope to keep. The mountains looked fresher and more marvellous every day. September 23rd was my last day. On the 25th I left Zermatt and came straight home, travelling part of the way with an intelligent young Prussian, an ardent disciple of a new (!) sect of 'Friends of Light' founded by one Weslicānus, who, after many years of negation, is now beginning to construct, apparently on an eighteenth century model. My companion Mayet is chiefly devoted to a comparative study of the moralities of Socrates, our Lord, and Schiller! As far as exile and idleness would allow, it has been a happy summer, and I think successful. I took no long walks of any kind, and always suffered from any approach to one. But I have enjoyed good general health with little

interruption, and trust to be carried well forward through the ensuing months.

About the 25th we hope to go to near Bath for about a week, and then have the joy of finding ourselves once more at home at St. Ipps.

. . . The summer and its various thoughts have left me with a keen and impatient appetite for reading, thinking, and writing on divers greater matters. But the only way to the needful liberty lies through diligence with the text.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

CHELTENHAM, *October 11th and 12th, 1865.*

. . . I have no present intention of publishing separately on subjects of speculative theology. What I have to say will probably take the form of essays attached to the Catholic Epistles. It seems impossible really to explain either the meaning of the Epistles or their significance for present needs without such essays, so that the place already exists for discussion, and is by no means arbitrarily created. I am more and more inclined to let St. James form a Vol. I., in spite of considerable difficulties in separating the facts of the introductory matter. The chief subjects for essays in connexion with his epistle stand at present provisionally thus:—

On Religion and its Substitutes (its relation to Ritual, Theology, Morality).

On Prayer (including Providence).

On the Heavenly Wisdom (the fear of God).

On the Righteousness of Faith and of Works.

The distinctively Christian subjects necessarily accompany St. Peter. Among them the one which probably most nearly approaches your field is 'On the Hope of Glory.' I hope to do something in this direction this winter, being anxious to clear my own thoughts by having them on paper, and then take some time to review them.

I am very far from pretending to understand completely the ever renewed vitality of Mariolatry. But is not much accounted for, on the evil side, by the natural reversion of

the religious instinct to idolatry and creature worship and aversion to the Most High; and, on the good side, by a right reaction from the inhuman and semi-diabolical character with which God is invested in all modern orthodoxies—Zeus and Prometheus over again? In Protestant countries the fearful notion 'Christ the believer's God' is the result. In Romish countries the Virgin is a nearer and more attractive object, not rejected by the dominant creed; and the Divine Son retires into a distant cloud-world with the Father, the whole speculative tendencies of Latin theology (and much of the later Greek from Ephesus onwards) aiding in the result, being in fact Apollinarian in spirit. Another idea has lately occurred to me: is not Mariolatry displacing much worship of scattered saints, and so becoming a tendency towards unity of worship? This is all very crudely expressed; but I think it is substantially true, though probably by no means the whole truth.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

CHELTENHAM, *October 17th, 1865.*

. . . I do quite hope to get forward with those essays this winter, but it is hopeless to think of that till I am quietly settled at St. Ipps. Reading your slips is a much easier matter. You would not, I presume, urge the separation of the essays from St. James, and he must unavoidably take some time, even if we were free from the incubus of the text. I feel most strongly the need of the full two-sided truth being spoken out on those matters in the present state of feeling. But it is even more important not to break silence with anything crude. Immediate writing but not immediate publication seems on the whole the most desirable course.

I have been persuaded for many years that Mary-worship and 'Jesus'-worship have very much in common in their causes and their results. Perhaps the whole question may be said to be involved in the true idea of mediation, which is almost universally corrupted in one or both of two opposite directions. On the one hand we speak and think as if there were no real bringing near, such as the N. T. tells of, but only an

interposition between two permanently distant objects. On the other we condemn all secondary human mediators as injurious to the One, and shut our eyes to the indestructible fact of existing human mediation which is to be found everywhere. But this last error can hardly be expelled till Protestants unlearn the crazy horror of the idea of priesthood.

CHAPTER VII

LAST YEARS OF PARISH WORK

1865-1872. Age 37.

IN November 1865 Hort returned to his parish much more fit for work than when he left, but still far from strong. Shortly after his return he was thrown back by an operation, not in itself very serious, but one the effects of which on a low state of health kept him in bed for some weeks. In the following years he was gradually drawn closer to Cambridge, whither he migrated in 1872. In the interim he had stood unsuccessfully for one post there, and had examined four times for the Moral Sciences Tripos. In 1871 he examined in Natural Science in the Trinity Fellowship examination, and also in the Natural Sciences Tripos. He was Hulsean Lecturer in the same year, the last of his residence at St. Ippolyts; in fact, by a coincidence which he could not regret, although it entailed very severe labour, the work of the Natural Sciences Tripos clashed with the preparation of the Hulsean Lectures. Three years before he had expressed his reluctance to become a Hulsean Lecturer, owing to a growing dislike of the position of a professed apologist. This feeling had not disappeared when in 1871 he held the lectureship, but he found

himself able to compose lectures which came well within the scope of the statute, without formally holding a brief for any opinion or set of opinions. Since he thus appeared as an inquirer, a 'philosopher' in the strict sense of the word, the value of his lectures as apologetics was rather increased than diminished. His position is fully explained in his unfortunately fragmentary Introduction to the Lectures,¹ as eventually published after his death. Composed at the time under great pressure, they were afterwards in part rewritten, and both enlarged and compressed; the first two of the four had passed through the press in his lifetime, with the others he was still dissatisfied. Year after year he tried unsuccessfully to get them finished. They were in some sense the fulfilment of his long-cherished idea of a book on Christian philosophy, an opportunity of expressing some of his deep convictions on the highest subjects, subjects on which his thoughts were ever set amidst work which seemed to be chiefly concerned with settling details of linguistic or historical accuracy. They were his chief contribution to theological thought, as distinguished from theological learning and scholarship. Such being the case, it was natural that he should find it hard to satisfy a mind singularly receptive of new light, from whatever source it came, and a taste singularly fastidious in expression. Still, it is rather pathetic to think that to most of those who knew his name during his lifetime he was known far less as a thinker than as a minute scholar. Truth of all kinds was precious in his eyes, but the attainment of truth in matters of historical or linguistic fact was to him always not an

¹ *The Way, the Truth, the Life*, being the Hulsean Lectures for 1871, published 1893.

end but a means. The Hulsean Lectures (or rather essays) even in their imperfect form give a remarkable picture of a mind both scholarly and philosophic, wide in its grasp, though minute in its investigation of details. In form they are an exposition of St. John xiv., of which they contain a wonderfully fresh exegesis, noteworthy for the scrupulous fidelity with which every word is interpreted. Language often regarded as figurative is shown to be only intelligible when boldly construed in its literal sense. This belief in the trustworthiness of language was a leading principle in Hort's, as in his friend Westcott's exegetical method: it was a principle which each had learnt at school from a distinguished teacher. Of the inner teaching of the book this is not the place to speak. Not the least remarkable feature in these compressed and difficult discourses is the absence of overt allusion to the works of theologians, scholars—English and foreign, and men of science, while yet a familiar acquaintance with and appreciation of 'the best that has been thought and said' on the great and various subjects dealt with can be read between the lines of almost every page.

Of the 'apologetic' value of these discourses a discriminating critic speaks as follows: "I was inclined at first to wish for more reference in the book to the special difficulties of our time, but as I gather up the impression it has left on my mind, I feel that to be lifted up above these difficulties and shown them like rain-clouds below the mountain-tops is a truer help for meeting them than any direct reference. One has the sense that they are discerned, and that they are subordinate. I sometimes think this is all one wants—not of course all one desires—but all that

one human being can bring to another of aid in the struggle with doubt. All beyond this, I suppose, must come through a voice that is not human."

His other work continued to be much the same that it had been before his temporary absence from the parish. Two important additions to it were however made by his becoming in 1868 a contributor to Dr. William Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, and in 1870 a member of the New Testament Revision Company. The latter undertaking made it a necessity to get forward with the Greek Testament Text, in order that the Company might have the use of it: the text of the Gospels was privately printed for use at the early meetings. At first he was doubtful about accepting a place on the Revision Committee, because he feared that the revision would not be thorough. His fears, however, were dispelled by the first meetings of the Committee, and the 'wonderful harmony' of the proceedings was a pleasant surprise to him. Shortly after the formation of the Company he wrote to the *Spectator* to combat the idea (founded on things which had been said in Convocation) that the revision was "in the hands of a clique, or that any conditions had been imposed on the Companies such as to interfere with truthfulness and thoroughness; though it was too much to expect that any revision conducted by a large mixed body should be entirely free from compromise and the defects which compromise involves." Having once undertaken the work, he threw himself heart and soul into it, and for the next ten years hardly ever missed a meeting; the Committee sat for the best part of a week in each of ten months of the year. In 1868 the *Journal of Philology* was revived: Hort's most interesting con-

tribution to the new series was an elaborate article (vol. iii. No. v. 1871) criticising Lightfoot's account of the Doxology at the end of the Epistle to the Romans in a review of Renan (vol. ii. No. iv. 1869).

Of these various occupations sufficiently full account is given in his letters, to which indeed there is little to add of external history. In the year after his return to St. Ippolyts his mother, whose health had for long given cause for grave anxiety, died at the age of sixty-four. In the same year he was induced to stand for the Knightsbridge Professorship of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge. Maurice, however, who entered very late, and was apparently ignorant what other candidates were in the field, was elected. He wrote characteristically in answer to Hort's congratulations: "I cannot be sure that the electors are right. I believe you would have brought to the subject many qualities and certainly a scholarship which I do not possess." Hort therefore returned to parish work for the present, delighted with Maurice's success, but doubtless with his thoughts now turned more definitely than before towards Cambridge. Moreover, though philosophy had lost none of its charm for him, he became gradually convinced that his main work for the future must be theology; and in some way or other he looked forward to helping in the training of the clergy. In the remaining six years of his stay at St. Ippolyts his friends endeavoured to find him congenial work elsewhere, *e.g.* it was suggested privately that he should stand for the Vice-Principalship of Lampeter College, and his name was mentioned for the Chair of Modern History at Cambridge on Kingsley's resignation.

In 1868 Mr. Westcott left Harrow for a canonry

in Peterborough Cathedral. The move was felt by Hort to be a very important one, and he became more than ever anxious to co-operate in a work in which he felt that his friend was likely to take a very leading part. He was present at the impressive service in the school chapel at which Mr. Westcott's Harrow friends took leave of him. In 1871 he himself became examining chaplain to the Bishop of Ely (Dr. Harold Browne), whom he continued to serve after his translation to Winchester. Before accepting the post he candidly explained to the Bishop that objection might be taken to his views, especially on the doctrine of the Atonement; but, to his great relief, the Bishop was perfectly satisfied to take him as he found him. Two years previously he had accepted a Rural Deanery, but retired in favour of Mr. Blomfield, who had held the office before and was willing to resume it. In education other than clerical there was much movement in these years, all of deep interest to one for whom educational reform of all kinds—elementary, secondary, academical, and clerical—meant so much. He entered with enthusiasm into the celebration of the Rugby Tercentenary festival of 1867, and three years later was involved in troublesome correspondence concerning the appointment of a new headmaster. He refused an invitation to write on Classics and on the Education of the Clergy in the volume on *Educational Reform* edited by Dr. Farrar. In 1869 the Women's College was started at Hitchin under Miss Davies. Hort, who had taken great interest in the movement, helped in the choice of a site, and lectured for a short time to the students on Divinity. These lectures, together with those on English Literature, were soon given up, to his and Miss Davies' great regret, because the students found themselves

unable to undertake so many subjects as in their early zeal they had thought possible.

Hort was the prime mover in a petition to Parliament on the subject of the conscience clause in Mr. Forster's Education Act of 1870. The object of the petition was to substitute the Apostles' Creed for the Church Catechism. Mr. Forster himself was inclined to favour the suggestion.

In the same year appeared the programme of a 'Church Reform Association,' which Hort criticised in very careful letters to Mr. J. Ll. Davies, who was one of the leaders of the movement. When the first tentative draft of the Union's programme was sent him, he wrote as follows :—

There is urgent need of movement, and within the Church itself. Whether the astounding folly, cowardice, and short-sightedness of the clergy and the religious world generally will allow any effective movement, is not so clear. Church matters have a very ugly look just now. Most (not all) of the reforms sketched in the paper seem to be highly desirable; and, as far as I can venture to say at this moment, I should be glad to take part in any well-considered and hopeful project for bringing them forward. I should much like, however, to learn the antecedents of the said paper, and what its authors have, however dimly, in view.

In reply to this request Mr. Davies explained that the 'paper' grew out of a conversation with Mr. Thomas Hughes; before proceeding further the reformers wished to secure the names of influential supporters; Maurice was on the whole favourable to the movement. Lightfoot and Mr. Westcott had also been applied to, but Mr. Davies hardly expected effective support from them. In answer to Mr. Davies' letter Hort wrote :—

That neither Lightfoot nor Westcott will agree with all parts of the programme is likely enough, but both in different ways would sympathise strongly on some heads. It would be a great gain to secure their cordial adhesion, if possible. Westcott will throw his whole strength into anything that will promote vigorous organisation, and that is the side which on all accounts I should like to see placed in the front. I have not been able yet to think of any good and comprehensive formula to express what I regard, and I imagine you too, as the main purposes. What is negative and destructive should be made subordinate, however necessary. We want chiefly to get rid of isolation, to make governors and governed in each *imperium* work together, and the various *imperia* work together. At present anarchy and autocracy render government impossible, and I think war must be waged on both simultaneously. The laity must of course have real and legal power given them, but cautiously and tentatively. What is once given them can probably never be recalled, and Dissenting congregations are a warning (even more than an instruction) with a vengeance.

He next tried to put on paper some detailed suggestions, but could not satisfy himself with them.

Meanwhile the Union took shape. The first list of the Council included the names of the Right Hon. W. Cowper Temple (Chairman); the Rev. E. A. Abbott; Charles Buxton, Esq., M.P.; the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies; the Rev. T. W. Fowle; Thomas Hughes, Esq., M.P.; the Rev. Harry Jones; the Earl of Lichfield; Professor Seeley; Sir Harry Verney, Bart., M.P.; the Rev. W. H. Fremantle; and Sir George Young. The objects were defined as:—

A. To obtain an enactment giving an organisation and certain defined powers in Church matters to the inhabitants of parishes.

B. To urge the removal of impolitic restrictions.

C. To promote improvements in the machinery of the Church system.

Under A it was proposed to create a Church Council in any parish upon the requisition of a certain number of the inhabitants. This Council was to have a veto on alterations, and, in conjunction with the Bishop, the power to enforce alterations, in the forms of the Church service so far as they are not fixed by law. Hereafter, if found to work well, it should be entrusted by law with further powers, *e.g.* a voice in the appointment of the incumbent.

Under B were proposed—

- (1) The abolition of clerical subscription.
- (2) The removal of any legal hindrances by which those who have received holy orders are excluded from civil employments.
- (3) The discontinuance of the use of the Athanasian Creed in the services of the Church.
- (4) Power to be given to an incumbent to invite persons not in Anglican holy orders to preach, subject to the inhibition of the Ordinary.

Under C the following improvements in 'machinery' were suggested—

- (1) A gradual subdivision of the larger dioceses.
- (2) A modification of the forms of election and confirmation.
- (3) A rearrangement by a Royal Commission of the boundaries of parishes.
- (4) Some provision as to the prosecution of clerical offenders.
- (5) A plan of superannuation for the clergy.
- (6) A revision of the translation of the Bible.
- (7) More elastic arrangements of the Church services.
- (8) Some provision for securing the repair, or authorising the disuse, of Church fabrics.

To the proposals thus formulated Hort was unable to subscribe. His criticisms, with Mr. Davies' final expostulation, will be found on pp. 125-133. The Association held conferences and a meeting in St.

James' Hall, but it failed to make way ; an attempt was made by Arnold Toynbee to revive it, but without success.

These last years at St. Ippolyts were crowded with correspondence. Some months before the move to Cambridge was made Hort was beginning to feel overdone with excessive toil. His energy was not relaxed nor his interest abated in the many subjects which claimed his attention, but labours which singly he could attack with enthusiasm crushed him by their accumulated weight, and the financial struggle became sharper as time went on. Things were therefore ripe for change when in December 1871 came the offer of a Fellowship and Lectureship in Theology at Emmanuel College. By the curious circumstances of the appointment, which are described in his letter to the Bishop of Rochester, he was for a short time in an odd position ; in order to be elected, he was obliged by statute to be holding no cure ; he had therefore to resign his living privately, remaining meanwhile at St. Ippolyts pending the election, and being of course unable publicly to take his election for granted ; thus he had already ceased to be Vicar of St. Ippolyts before his parishioners knew of the coming change.

TO A FRIEND

ST. IPPOLYTS, *November 4th, 1865.*

. . . *In Memoriam* is always associated in my mind with — when it first appeared ; but I know I had not then learned to understand it. In after years I have found great help from many of its thoughts. It is easy to understand how bewildering it often sounds to our elders, and something better may well be hoped for for our successors ;

but to our own generation few books, I think, speak with so much force.

. . . It seems as if nothing short of varied and mostly sad experience can give reality and meaning to our highest beliefs. At the beginning of life we repeat them in words with perhaps little doubting, but we do not and cannot as yet *know* their truth. Only when we have struggled through hopes unfulfilled, and efforts that seemed to end only in waste and failure, and when on the other hand we have been forced to recognize blessings springing up under our feet where we looked for only barrenness, are we able to see for ourselves that all is indeed well, because all is part of the gracious discipline by which God is ever striving to mould us to His will. Such at least has been my own experience, and I think it is that of others. And on the other hand, as far as I have been able to observe, unbroken success and satisfaction is to all except a few of unusually lofty character the worst of fates, deadening nearly all real growth, and ensuring a perpetual poverty of nature. But this belief seems to me to bring rightly with it two other beliefs which are not always recognized. *First* that, though we do well to leave our past behind us, it is not well to strive wholly to forget it; the steps and stages of our life should always be precious in our memories, partly because they belong to that which is deepest in ourselves and cannot be wholly sacrificed to the present and the future without irreparable loss; partly because they may be to us a kind of personal 'sacred history,' in which we may at all times read the purposes of God's love. *Second*, that the dearly purchased lesson of the seriousness of life ought never to make us indifferent to its fruits and flowers, which never cease to surround us if we only have an eye to see them. Sometimes it is hard work to win even endurance; yet to be content with endurance is not Christian, but Pagan. It has been said with true wisdom that God means man not only to work but to be happy in his work. Only those who have tried know how difficult it is to carry out this principle; but I believe there are few more important. Without some sunshine we can never ripen into what we are meant to be. Prudence may tell us that, since hopes and wishes have come to nothing,

and enjoyment ended in pain, we shall act wisely if we hope, wish, and enjoy no longer. But this is for the most part selfish economy, not Christian sacrifice. A larger wisdom would bid us go on hoping, wishing, and enjoying in simple faith ; knowing that fresh disappointments will indeed surely come sooner or later, but knowing also that it will be our own fault if both present possession and future loss do not make us richer in that which has an abiding worth. To draw ourselves closely in, and shrink from all ventures of feeling, is to cultivate spiritual death.

. . . During the last fifteen years my thoughts and pursuits have grown and expanded, but not considerably changed. Theology is now with me as it has always been, the chief subject of interest, while I have by no means abandoned the other subjects of various kinds which have occupied me at different times. To give them up would be not merely a severe privation to myself, but an injury to whatever little I may ever be able to do in Theology, for that is a study which always becomes corrupted by being pursued exclusively.

In Theology itself I am obliged to hold a peculiar position, belonging to no party, yet having important agreements and sympathies with all, and possessing valued friends in all. What I am chiefly is no doubt what Rugby and Arnold made me. In other words I have perhaps more in common with the Liberal party than with the others, through a certain amount of agreement in belief, and because in these days of suspicion and doubt I look upon freedom and a wide toleration as indispensable for the wellbeing of the Church. At the same time I feel most strongly that there can be no higher aim than to help to maintain a genuine Christian faith, and a reverence for the Bible at once hearty and intelligent.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *November 14th*, 1865.

. . . I don't remember what mark I made to your position about miracles as a function of the age. It is certainly a very interesting idea, but perhaps goes farther than what I feel

sure of, viz. that miracles would be quite out of place in one age though they might be well fitted for another; and this, not only in relation to the course of history, but to the current beliefs about nature. I had rather not say much about the Temple question, but I see no present way to agree with you. The difference perhaps lies deeper. I am inclined to regard the period after the close of the O. T. as one of corruption, like the Hellenistic age of Greece; and what you consider as the culmination of Israel is to me its decay. Of course that time had its appropriate work to do: but I much doubt whether the progress in doctrine from the hopes of the prophets to the dogmas of the scribes was not more evil than good, a premature and mischievous anticipation of Christianity. I fear I do not yet see the point of your distinction about the soul. I too should say that "the growth which I see is of the complex 'I'"; but then the soul is one of the elements of that 'I,' and partakes of the general growth. All I meant to say is that both elements start *pari passu*; and that, if we can conceive the soul as existing apart from the body after its dissolution, this has no real relation to the question of pre-existence.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, November 17th, 1865.

. . . We must not begin talking about Hellenistic ages on paper. Indeed I find myself in a perpetual state of forming and then half withdrawing general judgements about our own age.

It seems to me that the only soul of which we have any knowledge, whether separable or not, is the result of growth, whether single or joint growth, is surely irrelevant. Hence a supposed separation of a soul that does not carry with it the results of growth is to me merely an unknown predicate applied to a still less known subject.

I believe I agree with all or nearly all that you say about Catholicity, though I should shrink from laying down that single side of the truth without further exposition of its relation to other sides.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *January 8th*, 1866.

. . . Have you seen *Ecce Homo*? It is a very important book, with some manifest deficiencies. From the present volume religion and theology are expressly excluded, being reserved. But the purely ethical aspects of our Lord's life have never, I think, been seized with such truth and power; and His words (those at least of the First Three Gospels) are set in their proper place. The tone and style are for their purpose admirable. They often remind me of Temple, though I hardly think he can be the author.

TO THE REV. DR. LIGHTFOOT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *January 31st*, 1866.

. . . About the Foreign Alliance I know little; but, if I mistake not, the doctrinal basis hardly differs from that of the English aggregation,—I cannot say body. My own feeling is decidedly for cultivating sympathy with foreign Protestant bodies, as well as the Greek and unreformed Latin Churches. But it is not easy to take part in public proceedings for the one without being in antagonism to the others; and any surrender of our Catholic position would seem to me a fatal mistake. How far that would be involved in taking part in these meetings is not easy to say. I cannot pretend to be hopeful about them; yet one is loth to cast away any chance of promoting mutual good feeling; and in the entirely abnormal Christendom which now exists one must not be too squeamish. You see my ideas are not clear.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ABERCAMLAIS, BRECON, S. WALES,
June 23rd, 1866.

My dear Ellerton—That which befel you a few months ago has befallen me now. My dearest mother died at half-

past four this morning. All men's debts to their mothers are great, and it is folly to imagine comparisons with the world of sons; but few, I think, can owe what I do. So I feel to-day, and as yet I do not seem to have begun to feel at all.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

HILL HOUSE, BATHFORD, BATH,
July 16th, 1866.

. . . I quite agree with you in not regretting the apparent results of the war as regards at least N. Germany; and much as I love Austria (out of Italy), I fear she has not yet learned her true policy as a reformed ancient power, keeping in check the purely modern and material systems of France and Prussia. Cavour was alas! perhaps as unscrupulous about means as Bismarck; but he was a most true and devoted patriot, while I cannot discover that Bismarck has any noble end or noble feeling. If he has, none of his countrymen seem to have recognized it, even when they approve his policy. In Cavour there was everything to repel a generous Italian; yet see how he was and is honoured.

TO A FRIEND

MOUNT PLEASANT, ILKLEY, LEEDS,
August 4th, 1866.

. . . On our way to the North we went to Crewe Green, near the famous Crewe Station, to stay with Mr. Ellerton, a very old friend of mine, and little A.'s godfather. We went over to the new steel works connected with the Company's locomotive manufactory, and saw steel made by Bessemer's process. It was a most beautiful as well as curious sight; and the process is very simple. The object is to produce iron combined with a definite proportion of carbon. Ordinary iron, containing an uncertain amount of carbon, is melted and poured into a huge heated caldron named a 'converter.' Air is forced by powerful hydraulic pressure through an apparatus at the bottom of the converter, having

the effect of the rose of a watering-pot, and thus is driven in a great number of small streams through the liquid iron. The supply of oxygen thus brought in contact with the carbon diffused through the fiery mass produces fresh combustion till all the carbon is exhausted and gone up the chimney in the form of carbonic acid, and, of course, in this way the heat is not only kept up but increased. When the carbon is all gone, which is known by a peculiar appearance in the marvellously brilliant flame which roars into the chimney, the converter is lowered to receive a stream of molten 'Spiegeleisen,' *i.e.*, I believe, manganate of iron containing a definite quantity of carbon. This mixes with the pure iron and converts it instantaneously into steel. The converter is once more lowered and empties its contents into a huge 'ladle' on a revolving arm, which in turn drops the steel into a number of moulds ranged in a segment of a circle. The process of making steel tires for engine wheels by an invention of the head of the Crewe works is also curious. The steel is poured into moulds, out of which it comes in the form of 'buttons,' of the size and nearly the shape of large cheeses. These are heated in a gas-furnace, have a hole punched in the middle, and then are flattened and expanded on an iron table by the flat sides of rotating cylinders, while another little cylinder keeps on enlarging the hole in the middle. There is, of course, a series of cylinders of different sizes brought into play one after another, and the last impresses on the edge of the tire a beautiful clean-cut flange to fit the rails on which the engine is to run. Occasionally we had to look sharp to avoid the onsets of an absurd little locomotive called 'Pet,' which runs in and out on a diminutive tramway carrying iron to and fro.

I have been interested to see the millstone grit here, which is quite new to me; but it is barren of fossils. The limestone comes in near Bolton, and I hope to get a knock at it when we go to see the Abbey,—an excursion for which the weather has not yet been propitious, though I believe I may say hundreds drive there almost every day. Indeed the frequency and size of the trains which come here (and stop here) is surprising. At Burley, the next station, are the mills of Mr. W. E. Forster, the member for Bradford, a singularly wise and

excellent manufacturer, who married Arnold's eldest daughter. We had the pleasure of making their acquaintance in the Alps six years ago, and I have since once met Mrs. Forster in Maurice's drawing-room. But I fear they will hardly yet have returned from London, and it is doubtful whether we shall be able to see them. We hope, however, to see the early Turners belonging to Mr. Fawkes a few miles further on, as he is connected with our cousins the Aylmers.

For the loan of Robertson's *Life* my obligations are great indeed. It is very pleasant to have first read the book in your copy with your markings; but of that I will not speak. You will be glad to hear that my former impression of Robertson was greatly altered for the better by his letters. . . . Almost every page shows both how great and how good a man Robertson was; and the whole story, imperfectly as it is given, is deeply interesting and instructive. He had, like every one else, some flaws of character. Bodily constitution (and other causes which Mr. Brooke no doubt does right in concealing) gave him a morbid fondness for dark views of everything. Also his total want of humour marks a really important narrowness of temperament; his seriousness would gain, not lose, by some relief. But this amounts only to saying that he was not perfect. I have always been puzzled, and now on reading this book am more puzzled than ever, at Robertson's manifestly sincere conviction that he stood alone. All his beliefs were entirely his own in the truest sense; and yet he owed most of them to his own contemporaries; and, what is of more consequence, he had the fullest sympathy (even when not accompanied by complete agreement) of hundreds, including various prominent men. Certainly he looked at the outer world both of Brighton and of England generally through strangely clouded spectacles.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ILKLEY, LEEDS, *August 7th*, 1866.

. . . Must one hate the poor Pope (who would like to be a good Italian) because one loves the cause of which Victor

Emmanuel is the visible sign, and devotion to which seems to be about the one redeeming trait of his character? No doubt modern liberalism has a disagreeable prominence and power in the sum total of the Italian movement; but is not nearly all that best deserves the name of religion in Italy included in the movement? And then think of the other side.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

27 NORTH MARINE ROAD, SCARBOROUGH,
August 14th, 1866.

. . . I fear I could not construe Æschylus now. You certainly have some compensation for drudgery in being compelled to read so much of the great Greeks. Sometimes I have a yearning to read nothing else, and often seriously think of assigning them a fixed number of hours per week.

TO A FRIEND

27 NORTH MARINE ROAD, SCARBOROUGH,
August 15th, 1866.

. . . The bad weather at Ilkley deprived us of much that we might have hoped to see. We neither called on the Forsters at Burley nor saw the Turners at Farnley Hall. Friday, however, began with sunshine, and so we resolved at least to secure Bolton. Rain came on just as we reached the abbey, and from that time heavy showers prevailed through the day, but it was a satisfactory visit nevertheless. Architecturally the abbey disappointed me, except the Early English west front, which is curiously masked by a new Tudor front built by the last prior. All was ready, or nearly so, for pulling down the despised work of the thirteenth century, when, as it seems, the Dissolution came, and for once preserved instead of destroying! The *surroundings* of the abbey are very beautiful without any salient feature. Bolton struck us especially as pairing admirably with Tintern. They have little or nothing quite in common, but they are kindred ruins in kindred scenery. Above the abbey the Wharfe runs through a fine rocky and wooded glen with endless turns and

changes. The road winds through the wood for two miles to the Strid, where the current is confined between great beds of rock. We walked by a rough and interesting path among the little crags by the waterside half a mile further up to where a seat commands an exquisite view up a distant reach of the river, with Barden Tower in the midst of its woods.

There are many delightful views about this place, our own among the number, but the bay as seen from the Spa is really one of the most striking sights I know. The points of interest seem inexhaustible, though I cannot say that we have yet done much towards attempting to exhaust them. On Sunday the interior of the old church delighted us. The effect produced by naked nobleness of form is most striking. We also greatly enjoyed the services. Mr. Frederick Blunt seems to be quite in his place here, and to be gradually introducing order and something like harmony into a sufficiently distracted place. Was St. Martin's-on-the-Hill built when you were here? It is a most singular church, requiring much more examination than I have been able to give as yet. I cannot say I at all like it as a whole, but so much thought and care has been bestowed upon it that even its worst failures are more interesting than many tame successes would have been. I have not begun grubbing yet, but am much obliged for your hint about Peter. Curiously enough, two days after your letter came one from Mr. Westcott, recommending to me "a ragged disreputable Irishman called Peter Cullen as an excellent geological guide," specially to Gristhorpe Bay, "to be heard of at the donkey stand between the cliffs; at least," says Mr. Westcott cautiously, "I found him there."

. . . Poor Queen Bess! It is presumptuous in me to say anything about her, for I am sadly behind the world, not having yet read Motley or Froude's last two vols.; and Froude's censure must carry weight, considering his former partiality. But I cannot yet give up the hope that the sadness of her old age came mainly from the loss of all her worthy counsellors, and her feeling that the country was passing into ignoble hands, and its own spirit becoming sadly degraded. Mean and selfish as I fear she was, she can hardly have been wanting in true public spirit.

You were certainly in luck in having to convoy the old Titan [Sedgwick] through the Royal Academy, though I should think the attention of bystanders must have been drawn oftener than was pleasant by growls or roars more forcible than decorous. But it was an opportunity not to be missed. It is not easy to find racier talk than bubbles or splutters from him when he is pretty well.

Your account of the pleasure and benefit of Vere Street is, I think, exactly true. There is always a good chance of hearing something [from Maurice] worth remembering for its own sake. But that is not what one most cares for. The depth and inspiration of voice and manner are almost independent of the matter, and the impression which *they* leave behind is something elsewhere unknown. 'Prophetic' is the only word that describes them. Not long ago a bundle of old letters of my own came into my hands, and I am tempted to transcribe part of the account which I find there of my first hearing Maurice at Lincoln's Inn. The letter is dated May 26, 1850,¹ but it refers to what had taken place at the beginning of the year. Previously (from 1848) I had had only correspondence with Maurice.

Having committed the impertinence of quoting myself, I cannot refrain from amusing you by quoting two bits more on another subject. The dates are June 30 and July 23, 1850. "I procured *In Memoriam* at once. I think it is his worst thing, though there is much noble in it. But 129 lackadaisical laments on the same person cannot but be monotonous and dull, even in his hands," etc. etc. etc. "Macmillan is very angry with me for saying this, and bids me read again and again, which of course I shall do." Once more, "I must read *In Memoriam* again, but bah! it has no spring in it; the *Lyra Apostolica* has more!" I was well aware that it was not till some time later that the meaning and value of *In Memoriam* became really clear to me, but the discovery of *this* sort of language was quite an unexpected revelation, by no means soothing to one's self-esteem!

It is certainly curious that you have never made acquaint-

¹ See vol. i. p. 154.

ance with the dear old *Guesses at Truth* before. They seem now to belong to a bygone period, yet they are always pleasant reading. There is a want of strength and coherence about the thoughts which renders them seldom satisfying, but they are generally refined and graceful, and sometimes valuable. As a whole I should think they faithfully reflect the good old Archdeacon, whose influence for good both by what he did and what he wrote was so singularly great and widespread. I remember a few years ago reading a very bitter and uncalled for but not altogether untrue review of the *Guesses*, but it seemed like a personal injury. I am now engaged on Mrs. Gaskell's *Wives and Daughters*, but have not gone far into it. In the evenings my father is reading aloud the *Talisman*, which is a pleasant change from the life of 1866, taking one back, at all events, half a century, even when it fails to reach the Crusades. Last night we began the Arabian Palgrave's big book. One ought not, if possible, to miss so curious a narrative, but it is rather long to do more than skim.

TO THE REV. DR. LIGHTFOOT

27 NORTH MARINE ROAD, SCARBOROUGH,

August 27th, 1866.

My dear Lightfoot—After the warnings contained in your two notes, I could hardly be surprised at the sad news from Trumpington.¹ I shall always regret that I did not take more pains to know Grote well, before leaving Cambridge. All that I have ever seen of him or read of his writing makes me feel how great the loss is, not merely to his friends but to us all. A nobler spirit than that in which he worked one knows not where to find.

My present object, however, in writing is to speak about myself. I have been considering whether I should do well to stand for the vacant professorship, and should be very thankful to have your opinion. The great temptation is that, were I elected, my proper official work would be such as I could do much better and with much greater satisfaction to myself than my present work. The subject to which I should have

¹ The death of John Grote.

to devote myself is one which has always deeply interested me, and to which I have felt especially drawn during the last two or three years, so that I had quite made up my mind to give more time to it, and to write upon it. In knowledge I am certainly behindhand ; but should hope to be able to qualify myself in a reasonable time. Of the importance of the subject, and the fruitfulness of labour bestowed upon it in a right spirit in the present state of things, I have no doubt whatever. At the same time I should certainly not abandon theology and criticism. I am physically incapable of giving anything like all my working hours to speculative matters, and the alternation would be profitable both ways. Cambridge itself has also its own attractions of various kinds, which I need not enumerate.

On the other hand, the change would involve considerable sacrifices, which are for the most part denoted by the two words 'home' and 'country.' The restrictions incidental to Cambridge and Cambridge society would sadly limit enjoyments which are much more than enjoyments. And the same may be said about the probable banishment from the quiet life among trees and fields, which seems to become more precious every year. . . .

You will see by what I have written the chief considerations which weigh with me on both sides. I have said nothing about the pain of leaving a place and people to which and whom we have become much attached, or again the pleasure of becoming once more a part of the working university ; because these are after all not the grounds on which one must act, however strongly they are felt. Now I shall be most thankful for your sincere opinion on the whole matter.

As you and Westcott are together, I have not written to him separately ; but I shall be much obliged if you will show him this letter, and if he will let me know his feeling in the matter.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

WALWORTH CASTLE, DARLINGTON,
September 8th, 1866.

. . . Of Browning I have not read much ; and, truth to say, admire more than I enjoy. The real strength is un-

deniable ; but I get irritated beyond measure by the hollow affectation of strength shown in gratuitous and unmeaning obscurities and other forms of bad language. But one ought to be more tolerant with a man who has so much beside this ; and I mean some time to try to be ; at least so far as to read him. Certainly the ancient classical world has indeed become unknown in many important respects, though it still pours forth some of the best influences that we have. But how little can it be summed up in an antithesis !

Alas ! we did and did not go to Gristhorpe. When I called on Peter Cullen, the tide was unfavourable till the next week ; so we merely went and had a delightful day on the sands, seeing the section and hammering at Cornbrash and, not least, enjoying Peter himself, who is surely a true Yorkshireman.

TO A FRIEND

WALWORTH CASTLE, DARLINGTON,
September 12th, 1866.

It is quite time that you should hear something of a possible change, the thought of which has been exciting us much for some little time past. The chair of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge has become vacant by the untimely death of Professor Grote, a far more serious public loss than is suspected outside a small circle of friends. After much hesitation I have decided to be a candidate ; provided at least that the University is able and willing to raise the present meagre salary to the recent standard of professorial incomes ; otherwise the expense of living in Cambridge would be more than we could afford. You can well imagine what conflicting thoughts we have had in contemplating such a step. I have long known that most of my intimate friends desired to see me placed at Cambridge, and thought that I had a better chance of usefulness there than elsewhere. The chief determining motive has, however, been of a more personal nature. Owing to peculiarities of temperament partly but not wholly connected with health, I have never, to speak plainly, been able to adapt myself properly to parochial

work. With the highest sense of its dignity and importance in itself, as well as of the great personal benefit which must come from familiarity with it, I have most unwillingly been compelled to doubt my own fitness for it. Of course any one with a conscience must always feel how far his performances fall short of his standard ; but there is a sense of dissatisfaction which is quite different from this feeling, and which seems to serve no good purpose. It takes away the *spring* which more than anything else renders work effectual, and it is wearing and deadening to health and spirits. Of course one does one's best to forget all this when there is no prospect of amendment ; and, if I fail in the present contest, I shall hope to be able to go on cheerfully as before and try to do my best where I am. The change would involve some serious sacrifices of personal enjoyment and comfort. Cambridge of course has great and obvious advantages. But we cannot without a severe pang give up the peace and refreshment of garden and country, and submit to the restraints upon home life unavoidable in a town and in the midst of a very mixed society. But the first duty seems to be to seize the opportunity, which will not easily occur again, of obtaining if possible a regular employment which is congenial, and in which, therefore, one has the best hope of producing some results.

TO THE REV. DR. LIGHTFOOT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *October 11th*, 1866.

. . . I should be reluctant to offer myself for the Professorship if I supposed that owing to health or anything else I should be confined to a regular delivery of the minimum of lectures and to taking part in the requisite examinations. Certainly I should not like to attempt too much at first, especially as it would require some little time to regain lost ground in knowledge of the literature of philosophy. But it would be my decided wish and intention to do all in my power for the promotion of the study of a subject which has always had the strongest attractions for me. I should also hope to take an active part in University business, if it came

in my way. All this I believe to be quite compatible with my present state of health, much more with what I have good reason to hope it will be two or three years hence. In a word, I am confident that I am not offering to undertake duties which I should be unable to perform.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *October 15th*, 1866.

. . . I only partly pity you, having long desired to make closer acquaintance with Positive Religion, a *most* interesting product of the nineteenth century, erected, if I remember right, *sur les ruines du monothéisme épuisé*. But I have a respite. I began to take in the *Politique Positive* when it first appeared.

TO A FRIEND

ST. IPPOLYTS, *October 25th*, 1866.

One line I must send you to tell you the result of the election. This morning I was not elected, and—Maurice was! You will open your eyes at this, and indeed you well may. I have had so much writing to do, and post is so near, that I can only write very hurriedly. . . . Ten days ago Maurice had not heard of the vacancy. Mr. Davies told him, and suggested his trying. He asked who were the candidates, but could not learn. Had he known, said his sister, Mrs. Powell (happily he did not!), that I was standing, he would certainly have withdrawn. At first he was reluctant, but warm letters from Cambridge made him throw himself heartily into the plan. That is the substance of all we know. I was at the station from a quarter to eleven this morning, awaiting Dr. Lightfoot's telegram. In two hours it came, but without particulars.

I have only time to say that one can think now only of Maurice being at Cambridge. It is a great blessing for the place, and I hope also for him, even if he finds more difficulties there than some of his friends may anticipate. For the last few days we had almost no hope, so that there was

little room for disappointment, even were there not such great ground for rejoicing that Maurice's merits have at last been so signally acknowledged. I feel shocked at having been even for a week in competition with him ; yet, under the circumstances, it was inevitable, for I looked upon his candidature as the madness of some too zealous friend, and anticipated for him only bitter mortification, which to a man of his years and position would have been cruel. Happily a majority of the electors were wiser and braver than I thought.—Always truly yours,
F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. LIGHTFOOT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *October 25th, 1866.*

For several days past hope had been at so very low an ebb that I believe your message made me as glad as sorry. My misgivings remain as to Maurice acquiring as much influence as his more sanguine friends anticipate, but apart from his 'claims,' which are incontestably far above those of every other candidate, one cannot but feel that his presence will be a true blessing to Cambridge, and I hope Cambridge a happy home to him. I do trust he will receive a cordial welcome. Few men deserve it more, and few would prize it more.

TO HIS WIFE

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, *December 4th, 1866.*
5.40 P.M.

. . . Lightfoot had, I think, eight to breakfast, and that was pleasant. Then I went with John Mayor and Norris to see the new Chapel of St. John's, and with the former to his rooms ; left a card on Beaumont, and another on Thompson. Then I had some quiet time in Trinity Library, and just got a very few minutes with Bradshaw in the University Library before going into the Senate House. I had a seat next to Arthur Blunt and Venn. It was a great sight to see Maurice stand up to lecture.¹ He was most warmly received and

¹ The lecture referred to was Maurice's Inaugural Lecture as Knightsbridge Professor.

without a single sign of disapprobation. It was a very interesting and ingenious lecture, rising in parts into great fervour and loftiness. It seemed to make a very good impression.

After some little chat with Lightfoot I went with him by appointment to fetch Maurice for a walk, from which we have just returned. Exceedingly pleasant it has been.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, *February 21st, 1867.*

. . . You will, I daresay, hear all you will care to hear about the curious vicissitudes of the Professorship from Blunt. At all events they can wait till we meet. Utterly astonished as I and almost every one was at the courage of a majority of the electors (now virtually endorsed by the whole body), I could not help rejoicing at it very much. . . . I do think that Maurice's influence in the University generally will be both great and beneficial. And for his own sake one must rejoice unfeignedly at his success. He may find himself less able to do good than his more sanguine friends lead him to expect, but he has a congenial post in the place of his oldest affections, and above all he feels that the Jelfian doom is now reversed by a higher *Cour de Cassation*. This last thought has already made another man of him. To be condemned by authority was always to him the cruellest of blows, and now a far worthier authority has chosen him out for honour. To myself it would have been peculiarly painful to be elected over his head, if it had turned out that he would otherwise have had a reasonable chance of success. So all is better as it is. I went up to his Inaugural Lecture, which was very interesting and very characteristic. It was all founded on a misinterpretation of his title of office, yet the distribution of subjects so obtained was a really good one, and it involved a curious appropriation of the word *Casuistry* to denote the one aspect of Moral Science for which he has much care, apart at least from theology. It was a great sight to see his dear old head uttering oracles out of the very peculiar *bema* of the

senate-house in such a large assemblage, and to hear the unbroken cheers which greeted him.

I hardly know whether to be glad that I came forward or not. Lightfoot was very desirous that I should, if I wished to try at any future time for any post at Cambridge, and so I suppose it was the right thing to do. I think the result has been to draw me into a closer connexion with Cambridge than before, though not to any great degree, and certainly to revive in a strong degree my old fondness for philosophy proper, and make me anxious to make it a serious and constant study. On the other hand, I fear I must say that the whole business has had an unsettling effect as to this place. I try to go blindly ahead and do the work of the day as well as I can (which is not saying much); but I am less than ever able to look upon it as a permanent occupation, while at the same time there is not the least prospect of any other coming within reach. However, sufficient unto the day—

I have not seen the *International Essays*,¹ or *The Church and the World*,² or the *Eirenicon*,³ so pity my darkness. Parts of all must be well worth reading; and even Comtist rubbish (not to speak of Comtist sense) has its interest. I want particularly to see the feminine contribution to *The Church and the World*; it apparently contains, if not as new a religion as the Comtism, at least one as far removed from anything anywhere reflected in the New Testament, to say nothing of the Old Testament. Touching Lightfoot's *Galatians*. . . . Certainly his doctrinal comments are far from satisfying me. They belong far too much to the mere Protestant version of St. Paul's thoughts, however Christianized and rationalized. One misses the real attempt to fathom St. Paul's own mind, and to compare it with the facts of life which one finds in Jowett. On the other hand, he is surely always admirable on historical ground, and especially in interpreting passages which afford indirect historical evidence, as also in all matters of grammar and language and such like essential externalities. Davies said to me in Switzerland that it was very learned, and

¹ By English Positivists.

² A series of essays, edited by the Rev. O. Shipley.

³ By Dr. Pusey.

very wise, and very moderate, and very perfect every way ; but he wished for a little more imperfection, and I am afraid that carnal aspiration is not altogether to be condemned.

. . . I had not expected much from the Conference,¹ yet even so was disappointed. Hardly anything, it seemed, came out about the real causes why artisans do not attend church or chapel. Nearly all the reasons given were manifestly either false or delusive. On the other hand, there was some undeniable evidence—not of the pleasantest kind—about the thoughts current among the artisans just now on other matters. The social bitterness came out as plainly there as in the Reform manifestation or the Eyre² controversy. It was disheartening also and bewildering to see the strange ignorance and blindness of shrewd men to plain facts daily surrounding them, and their complete enslavement to their own lecturers and newspapers. All this certainly does not excuse that article in the *Saturday Review*, the tone of which was quite indefensible ; but I cannot think they were wrong in their inferences. One does and must hope that artisan constituencies will introduce new and valuable veins of thought and feeling into the standard notions of the House of Commons. But surely from that point of view that singular Conference was not promising. There was hardly a trace of a wise or generous feeling which was not a class feeling. . . . If only Gladstone will continue to keep his temper ! More rests with him than with any man. If he is wise, he can equally call out the true patriotic and sympathetic feeling which is also widely spread in the upper classes : whether in the middle or in the lower is not so clear. In spite of the great and growing evil in the upper classes, I feel more strongly than ever that, if their virtual supremacy is destroyed, the history of England is nearly at an end. It cannot then be long before we become a bone over which France and America may fight, as Syria and Egypt fought over Palestine.

¹ See *Guardian* of January 30th, 1867. A Conference held at the London Coffee House, to which a number of religious men of various denominations, lay and clerical (including Maurice, Dean Stanley, Mr. T. Hughes, and Mr. Newman Hall), invited some sixty working men to come and state their reasons for not attending church or chapel.

² See *Life of C. Kingsley*, vol. ii. p. 235.

For reasons, an uncharitable man would say, best known to yourself, St. James has made no progress: however, I fear he would have slumbered in any case. The winter is going fast and leaving sadly few written results. I have done a little text, but not much. I am rather thinking, if I can manage enough continuous work, of writing and printing separately the essays on *Religion and its Substitutes* and on *Prayer*, which I designed to accompany St. James. I should like to publish this year, but am not sanguine about completion. Just now I am trying whether I can put into shape (probably for *Macmillan's Magazine*) a paper¹ on Thirlwall's and Mill's addresses on Education, and the relations of Science and Literature. But I seem unable to make progress with anything.

TO A LADY

(Who had recently joined the Church of England from the Society of Friends)

ST. IPPOLYTS, *February 23rd*, 1867.

. . . It seems to me a clear duty to conform to the practice of the Church to which we belong, where we do not feel it to be mischievous and wrong; and I am sure you would not object to Confirmation in such cases as yours as anything worse than superfluous. But secondly, I think we may find a distinct meaning and a true benefit in it even in these cases. Whatever else Confirmation may be, it is a solemn Christian entrance on the responsibilities of mature life. Baptism chiefly concerns us as to what we *are*, Confirmation as to what we *do*. Baptism assures us that we are children of God, members of Christ and His body, and heirs of the heavenly kingdom. But when we reach manhood or womanhood, we enter on a world of duties far more distinctly than before; we begin to have works to do for our Lord and our brethren. For these new tasks we need special help, and this is what Confirmation gives us. It is an assurance of active 'gifts of grace,' varied helps from the One Spirit, a spirit of 'wisdom,' of 'strength,' of 'holy fear,' meeting all our own

¹ Only a fragment of this paper was written.

efforts and giving them power from on high. Confirmation reminds us strongly that Baptism is not so much a single event, accomplished once for all, as the beginning of a life which calls for daily rekindling and renewal. Doubtless we have no right to say that the unconfirmed receive no such strengthening from the Spirit, any more than we dare say that the unbaptized are strangers to God and His kingdom. But there is a clear benefit in taking advantage of the outward expression of this 'grace,' not only because it is our duty as Churchmen (though that is not really a small matter), but because the tangibleness of the outward form gives us true assistance by enabling us to *take hold* of the blessing, to *use* it confidently as our own.—Believe me, sincerely yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *May 2nd*, 1867.

. . . I tried hard to impress on — the fallacy of supposing that much real education is to be got out of natural science, except to a moderate degree out of natural history and chemistry, because there alone can you have an adequate supply of problems within the reach of boys.

. . . I seem to have got through nothing all the winter except H. Dixon's interesting but exasperating *New America*; and daily I fret and fume at the way that months flit away with nothing done. All I have heard of Comte is most alluring, and I frequently resolve to work him thoroughly, knowing that it will be not wasted time. But with no time to waste life is simply Tantallic.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ECKINGTON HOUSE, CHELTENHAM,
July 12th, 1867.

. . . On looking back I do not find much to say about the Rugby day,¹ though at the time it was strangely impressive;

¹ The Tercentenary Festival.

certainly to myself, and, I think, to others. . . . It is undeniably true that the Bishop of London was the principal figure, though Stanley and Temple were very delightful. The *Guardian* gave a very fair report of his speech. It was not specially original, but carefully and forcibly worded, and delivered with the emphasis of strong conviction. Every word struck home.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

HOTEL DU GLACIER DU RHONE, GLETSCH PAR BRIGUE,
VALAIS, SWITZERLAND, *August 5th, 1867.*

. . . At Paris I learned that my possessions would not arrive till after the departure of the night express for Basel. I had nothing for it therefore but to drive to the Hotel du Louvre with what I had in my hand, and stay in Paris twenty-four hours. Of course I devoted next day to the Exhibition, which I had no strong desire to see, and do not now feel much happier at having seen. It is probably well enough for detailed study of special industries; but it is throughout absolutely unimpressive. Of course I gave most of my time to the pictures, which were undeniably worth seeing, though there was a universal absence of greatness. No foreign school out of France was well represented anything like as well as in our Exhibition of 1862; even the Low Countries sent only some fair examples of Alma Tadema and Israels, at least as far as I could see. The English gallery it is the fashion to abuse. Certainly nothing best of our best painters is there, but there is not much of our worst, and a reasonable average impression of the school as it now exists is presented to foreigners. Among the few American pictures I ought to mention Church's 'Niagara' and a Bierstedt's 'Rocky Mountains,' as also two striking portraits of Lincoln and Sherman. The real interest belongs to the French galleries. There too there is an absence of real greatness; but one gets a fair selection from the salons of several years, and the result is not flattering to Trafalgar Square. The prevalence of good drawing, good taste, and often genuine feeling is very striking,

though of course there are frightful exceptions. I was especially glad to see a good series of G romes. His cynicism is startling and not altogether admirable; still it is something that a popular Frenchman of so much power should at least show a spirit like Juvenal's. In our own Academy it is becoming difficult to discover feeling of any kind.

. . . The abundant patches of snow all about the Furka induced me to come on to this very nice hotel. Its height is 250 feet below the 6000 which I try now to make a minimum; but the glacier half a mile off gives abundant compensation. The air is magnificent and quite cool enough to be pleasant—decidedly cooler, a young Prussian told me yesterday, than the Riffel, from which he had just come. The flowers are in full beauty. I have found very little new, but there is quite enough to occupy me. We have three daily papers, the *Bund* (of Bern, the leading Swiss paper), the eminently respectable *Journal de Gen ve*, and *Galignani*. For other reading I have brought with me more than enough, the Duke of Argyll's *Reign of Law*, which will at least suggest some things requiring to be said at some time; a couple of volumes of Comte; one of Mill; Novalis (many years nibbled at and never properly read); Clement of Alexandria and half Epiphanius; and two things picked up on the way, V. Hugo's *L gende des Si cles*, and a curious pamphlet by E. Sue and Quinet on 'The Religious Question.' The Greek Fathers are for a purpose that I forget whether I have mentioned to you. Dr. Smith is preparing for a Dictionary of Christian Antiquities (from the N. T.—exclusive—to Charles the Great). Westcott and Lightfoot have happily got the virtual controul, and have reserved for their own express editorship the department of Biography, Literature, and Doctrine. After some discussion it is agreed that I am to take the Gnostics and the Greek Fathers who treat of them, specially Iren us, Hippolytus, and Epiphanius. They talk of beginning to print in about a year, so that it will be hard work to be ready; not to speak of small articles. Bardesanes and Basilides come inconveniently early. Westcott and Lightfoot urgently entreat me to be perfunctory and eschew exhaustiveness; but that is easier said than done. Besides the German treatises which must be read, the ancient

sources require very minute criticism to yield anything like trustworthy results. I am now working up carefully a very important book published but two years ago, which completely transforms our knowledge of the relations between the different early authorities, and thereby sets the whole subject in an entirely new light. The proposal to take part in the Dictionary was on all accounts impossible to reject; and the work will be most interesting. But I groan over the distraction from other things. The text is clamouring to be finished. I am most eager to write and print separately the essay which I mentioned to you long ago as likely to be attached to *St. James*, on 'Religion and its Substitutes.' It haunts me perpetually, and yet I find it most hard to get anything on paper. Then not least I want extremely to find time to work at philosophy in earnest. Thus I am torn in I know not how many directions at once, and seem to make little progress in any.

M. Arnold on Culture I have, alas! seen only at second hand. I am curious about H. Sidgwick's onslaught (for so it must be) announced just as I left England. In a stray number of the *Spectator* I read what seemed to be a very just estimate of the original deliverance. Did you read F. Harrison's very remarkable manifesto on Reform on the part of the young Comtians in the *Fortnightly*? A few lines there acted, I imagine, as a stimulus to M. Arnold. The fanaticism of those sweet youths not only is startling, but may breed serious mischief in the present ill-omened mood of the working classes; yet on the whole it is refreshing and hopeful. Any savour of life and assertion is acceptable now in the strange atmosphere of negativity which has settled on England.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

RHONE GLACIER, *August 27th, 1867.*

. . . Proportion, yes, it is the indispensable basis, and how hard to reach! Yet all advance is by transgressing it, at least as the first step. But you do right to preach.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *October 30th*, 1867.

. . . I have about a fortnight for setting half of nine papers¹ and an undefined proportion of three more in fourteen authors (one of them *Plato's Moral Dialogues* *!*) plus the whole history of philosophy. The only comfort is that audacious ignorance sometimes will do the work of knowledge; but then how to summon up the requisite audacity? The subject is always delightful, but I do not want it as relief just now. Text and the Gnostics amply suffice.

TO THE REV. DR. LIGHTFOOT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *October 26th*, 1867.

. . . I hope I may be able to send your essay² to-night; if not, to bring it. As far as my very imperfect knowledge goes, your historical account seems to me substantially the true one, though I have ventured to criticise some details. I wish we were more agreed on the doctrinal part; but you know I am a staunch sacerdotalist, and there is not much profit in arguing about first principles.

TO A FRIEND

ST. IPPOLYTS, *January 16th*, 1868.

. . . You certainly are not to like anything that you *don't* like. But I think you will like this poem³ better on the second or third reading. The last division seems to me likewise the best, except perhaps pp. 18-20; and there are some very good single stanzas or more elsewhere. I should not call it a very great poem; but I think there is

¹ For the Moral Sciences Tripos.

² Apparently that on 'The Christian Ministry,' published in Lightfoot's edition of the *Philippians*.

³ Mr. F. W. H. Myers' *St. Paul*.

much true and uncommon poetry in it. It is not an imitation of any one else, and yet it is free from extravagance and eccentricity. There is also (with a few exceptions) a specially commendable absence of merely ornamental language, and yet no prose. I am afraid I cannot agree with you about St. Paul himself being the speaker. Surely for purposes of poetry (and for the purest and subtlest representation) this dramatic monologue is the best adapted. A *description* of St. Paul's mind would be very difficult to make into a poem. The truth of the representation is another matter. There certainly I should complain that only a fragment of St. Paul's nature is given; one might almost say, a fragment of the feeling of the Epistles to the Corinthians. Still that fragment is treated with real sympathy and occasional passion. There is a self-consciousness, but it is not often obtrusive. It is so unusual to come across anything of what is called religious poetry which is not simply detestable, that a combination of real imaginative thought, high feeling, and pure poetic form has at least the charm of novelty.

I believe I have not written to you since the Cambridge episode. It came very unexpectedly. One morning I had a note from Dr. Lightfoot, an old and intimate friend, asking if I would serve in place of Mr. Mozley, who was obliged to throw up his office¹ for the second of his two years. I wrote in half an hour, but was already elected. The notice was cruelly short, and I could ill spare the time. But it would have been wrong to have thrown away such an opportunity of being brought up to Cambridge officially, and in connexion with philosophical subjects. There were, moreover, the inducements of Cambridge itself, of being compelled to plunge again into much cherished but neglected pursuits, and not least of being associated with Maurice. (I ought by the way to say that he was elected for 1867-68; I—as Mr. Mozley's ghost—for 1866-67. This explains Maurice's name appearing after mine.) Maurice and I had charge of Moral Philosophy, Mental Philosophy, and Logic. In these subjects we had nine papers to set. We had also a share in two essay papers, and the same (or rather the lion's) in the closing paper on the

¹ Viz. of examiner for the Moral Sciences Tripos.

History of Philosophy. It took above a fortnight of very hard work to get the papers set, preceded by a visit to Cambridge to make arrangements, and followed by another for a joint revision of papers by all the examiners. Then came a very pleasant week at Cambridge for the examination itself; then another more than week of hard work in looking over (in the early part of which some troublesome business intervened); and lastly a fourth visit to Cambridge to add up marks, arrange and bring out the list, dine with the examiners and others, and attend a meeting of the Board of Moral Sciences (of which I am a member for nearly a year) next day. Every one was most cordial; and I seemed in a manner once more to belong to the place. But I cannot honestly say that I see any prospect at present of a nearer connexion with it. Perhaps the most deeply interesting part of the whole was the crisis through which Dr. Lightfoot was passing at the time of one of the visits. Lord Derby, a perfect stranger, offered him the bishopric of Lichfield. To have accepted it would have been to him a most painful sacrifice; but this only made the inward struggle more severe. The very few friends whom he consulted almost all urged him with all their force to accept it: the pressure was very strong from two at least, who from their position in the Church and their character had the strongest claim to be listened to, and who vehemently adjured him for the sake of the Church not to refuse. They not only knew (in common with all his friends) how admirable a bishop he would make, but felt that no one living could be of greater service at this critical time, when there is so much danger of the Church splitting in pieces, both by holding different parties together, and by opposing his own liberality, learning, and strong Christian feeling to the efforts now being made (through the Lambeth Conference and otherwise) to crush freedom of opinion in the Church. On the other hand, he was firmly convinced that (for the present at least) he should be able to render the Church greater and more lasting good at Cambridge than as bishop. After the first minute or two, I agreed with him. Life is once more stirring at Cambridge in various active ways; and the ferment will be yet greater if, as I trust, a wider sphere of action is presently opened to the

University. Dr. Lightfoot is not speculative enough or eager enough to be a leader of thought. But his mere presence is a great mediating power, and his remarkable position as looked up to by every one is such as nobody else could fill.

On my last day I saw Kingsley, for the first time for a great many years. Indeed I had hardly seen him since 1851, when I first made his acquaintance. Unfortunately he had to go off almost immediately before we had exchanged more than a few words. Later in the day I hunted for him through the town, but in vain.

You can imagine how pleasant it was being with Maurice so much and under such circumstances. But there is not much to say about it. I heard two of his lectures, full of good matter and brilliantly written, but miserably attended. I fancy he has been lecturing too often. Few graduates have time to attend many lectures, but I was disappointed not to see more of the younger men. As mere pieces of vigorous and pungent criticism I should have thought the lectures would have attracted even those who did not care for the doctrines. However he has met with a most friendly reception from all but the *most* narrow-minded people. He and Mrs. Maurice said so repeatedly; and I heard the same from others.

Dear old Sedgwick I met once in the Great Court of Trinity with his respirator over his mouth. What was visible of him looked not much older than twenty years ago, and he is lecturing as ever, having grown tired of giving farewell courses. I was sorry afterwards that I had not called on him; but really it was no easy matter to find time for anything.

We have been a good deal interested about Haileybury, which our friend Mr. Arthur Butler has unfortunately had to give up from ill health. At least five friends of mine were among the candidates. The successful candidate, Mr. Bradby, now a master at Harrow, was a little senior to me in my house at Rugby, and I owe him a great deal, though we have never been very intimate. He will, I think, make an admirable Headmaster.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *January 21st*, 1868.

. . . Joseph Mayor has been with us from Friday to yesterday. Shortly before starting he urged me to offer myself for the Hulsean Lectureship, mainly to keep my name before Cambridge. I had hardly given the matter a thought, supposing my chance *nil*, and not wishing to take on further work; having moreover a growing dislike to the position of an avowed and official apologist. . . .

Chances apart, I am in very great doubt. I think I may say that I would not make the attempt, if it were necessary to take in hand a fresh subject. Nothing but some very distinct call seems to justify that. Nothing as yet has occurred to me connected directly with the New Testament or early antiquity which offers a tolerable subject. It would on the other hand be no loss of time—perhaps the reverse—if I could do anything with the long-meditated ‘Religion and its Substitutes.’ But there are difficulties. Much has to be said which I could not preach, or add as notes to sermons. Yet more, the book would fail of much of its purpose if it were in the Hulsean Lecture form: it would create against itself an invincible prejudice in those whom I should most wish to read it. On the other hand, the Calendar says nothing about printing under the new regulations. Would it be possible to deliver four lectures on the principal points of such parts of the book as would be *ad Christianos*, and then use them as materials, and nothing more, in a book with no ‘Hulsean’ brand? Yet again would the relations of religion to theology, morality, and ritual come under “the evidence for revealed religion,” or the explaining of “some of the most difficult texts or obscure parts of Holy Scripture”?

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *January 30th*, 1868.

. . . Have you seen Mark Pattison’s book?¹ I have not finished, much less digested it. The proposals are startling,

¹ *Suggestions on Academical Organisation*. 1868.

but deserve ample consideration. It is a mature and solid book on any view. The main purpose is the organization of the University as a learned body, appropriating for that purpose a large part of the sources which have come to be devoted to teaching and its adjuncts. Pattison's picture of the non-textual part of Oxford 'greatgo' Classics (really pantosophy) is amazing. He cannot restrain a certain admiration for so wonderful a creation; but it is, as he says, a splendid 'Sophistik' in the worst sense. I wish I could have a talk with you about the 'spiritual power' which you propose to organize at Cambridge. I confess my thoughts are misty. You cannot mean an ecclesiastical organization; and I think you would hardly call even a combined influence merely personal an organization. But I can imagine a valuable spiritual power grafted on an organization of knowledge. Am I quite at sea? I fear so.

You may perhaps find time to look over some *éloges* of a remarkable man, Dr. Bouley, before I return them to Paris; so I send them by this post. I heard of him this summer from a friend of his, and looked forward with much interest to knowing him and the work which has been now cut off. Besides what you will read in the statements of his friends, which do not appear to have been exaggerated, he was specially interested in German and English theology and philosophy, and deeply read in all. He was a Christian of, I gather, Ullmann's type, greatly looked up to not only by men of science but by *littérateurs* and philosophers, who were accustomed to ask his advice constantly. Among his intimate friends and clients was Renan, whom he used to call '*pauvre Renan*.' Altogether he must have combined many things rarely seen together anywhere, least of all in Paris.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

(On the loss of a child)

ST. IPPOLYTS, *January 31st*, 1868.

My dear Westcott—I can but send you and Mrs. Westcott our warmest sympathy. Mrs. Hort well remembers the little child and her brightness. It is indeed a bewildering

stroke. There is surely nothing in which it is so necessary to let the contradiction lie unreconciled. We are surrounded with such darkness on either side. We can but trust both nature and the Conqueror-Redeemer of nature.—Ever yours affectionately,
F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE

ST. IPPOLYTS, HITCHIN, *March 3rd*, 1868.

My dear Sir—I have been thinking over your kind proposal that I should write in the *Contemporary Review*. Much that I might say would be quite in harmony with what appears to me to be the general spirit of the leading contributors. My own position probably differs somewhat from theirs. Middle ways have less attraction for me than the attempt to combine extremes; and my centre of gravity, so to speak, is I imagine nearer to the 'Liberal' side on most questions than that of your *Review*. I wish to mention these differences, if such they are, at the outset; but they would not at all prevent me from cordially co-operating with a periodical which seems to me to be doing an admirable work, and of course I should fully recognise the reasonable conditions of self-restraint which all such co-operation implies.

At the present moment however I fear that I ought not to make any definite engagement, simply for want of time. I have always more things on hand at once than I can manage, and just now I am specially pressed by two pieces of work,—the Greek text of the N. T. which Westcott and I have been employed upon for many years, and which is very slowly passing through the press,—and the new *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, in which I have undertaken the articles connected with Gnosticism and its chief antagonists. This latter subject is of course not new to me; but it requires at starting much detailed study which will I hope soon be unnecessary. Papers on some points of mere criticism which arise by the way will probably go into the reviving *Cambridge Journal of Philology*; and it is not unlikely that subjects may occur for articles of a wider interest, should you think it worth your while to accept

them. Westcott is always urging me to write on matters of pure speculation, for which I much crave some mental leisure. If he succeeds in his efforts, the result ought probably to take an independent shape ; but there again detached points might find a place in the *Contemporary*.

I observe you specially mention education. That is a subject in which I take a keen interest at all times, but especially just now. But I have some doubt whether your readers are the class for whom I could write with most advantage on this and some other important matters. The bridge over the fatal chasm between the Church and the old world generally on the one side and Young England on the other has to be built from both ends. The two processes have a common purpose, but they are not identical, and my own impulse is chiefly to try to speak to the Liberals.

Forgive this egotistical letter, which may perhaps preclude misunderstanding hereafter. I may be thankful to be allowed to contribute to your *Review* from time to time, as you have so kindly asked me. But I could not make any more distinct promise now without much risk of either disappointing you or overburdening myself or both at once.—I am very truly yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, *March 15th*, 1868.

. . . I am afraid just now I have not time to go into the history of the names 'hymn,' etc. It will certainly be a long business. From what you say I suspect that Augustine copied Ambrose, and Ambrose Origen. The patristic distinctions probably arose out of attempts to explain the force of the LXX. versions of the Hebrew inscriptions of the Psalms, perhaps not without reference to Eph. v. 19, Col. iii. 16. Whether the distinctions came from Greek grammarians originally, it would take some time to ascertain, but I much doubt it. The name ὕμνοι is applied to one class of Pindar's (lost) poems, and Boeckh evidently has not much to say about them. But he quotes the grammarian Didymus

as stating that *a stantibus ad citharam canebantur*, and a vague passage in Athenæus about hymns being sometimes danced, sometimes not. I have this moment found that I had the means of following up a reference to the Chrestomathy of Proclus (*the Proclus*). It is summarised by Photius (*Bibl. cod.* 239, pp. 319 f. Bekker), and is worth quoting.

[Here follows a quotation from Proclus.]

The passage confirms your view, by laying down that (1) hymns were to Gods, (2) that it is a generic term including *prosodia*, *pæans*, and the rest. It is not distinctly stated that the mode of address is praise; but my impression is that that is the proper early Greek meaning of the word.

. . . I want much, if I can, to say a word in some magazine on behalf of M. Pattison's invaluable book on University Reform. But I don't know how to get anything written or accepted. He sees clearly, as I fear few do, that all improvements in *teaching* or extension are trivial compared with converting the Universities into places of *learning*, with an active and full intellectual life. For such an end I am prepared to be very revolutionary.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. LIGHTFOOT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *March 16th*, 1868.

[*Postscript.*]

Tuesday Morning.—Your letter and petition¹ just come. The latter is admirably worded, and has my strong sympathy, but I fear I cannot sign it. It exactly expresses what has been my view till lately. Now I have come to the conviction that the Colleges as well as the University must be thrown open. If we resist that, I think we are throwing away a magnificent opportunity. What we want now is, not petty improvements, but larger aims altogether. I am not at all insensible to the immediate evils and future dangers of the change, but I am hopeful about their being surmounted. A

¹ Concerning the abolition of religious tests at Cambridge.

powerful current is already in motion in public opinion against doctrinaire secularism. If we are wise now, I think we may keep our position as the *standard* 'denomination,' though not as the *exclusive* one; and if so, the most important parts of the religious machinery may be preserved, and I believe neither Church nor religion will suffer in the long-run. Even if the doctrinaire view prevails, I believe we ought to run the risk.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, *April 22nd*, 1868.

. . . Surely the Irish Church *ought* to go, now that the demand is made (though I prefer Lord Grey to Gladstone). There are times and circumstances when the appearance of justice has higher claims than justice itself. I don't in the least expect that the sacrifice will settle *La question Irlandaise*, but it seems an indispensable preliminary, and the gain in our foreign relations will be immense at once.

TO THE REV. DR. LIGHTFOOT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *April 29th*, 1868.

Your sheets reached me at the right time, but I have not been able to read them till to-day. I have made a few little notes, but, as far as my imperfect knowledge goes, I think the essay¹ is substantially right. The only important point where, with my present lights, I should venture to differ, would be as to the Oriental origin of Stoicism and the supposed results of this fact. Of course the fact that the early Stoics were for the most part not pure Greeks, and often came from Shemitic populations, is a striking one; but I cannot trace the consequences in Stoicism.

(1) What evidence is there that Shemitic races in general had a strong 'religious consciousness'? Acts of devotion or superstition were natural to them, but surely not verbal utterances.

¹ 'St. Paul and Seneca,' published in Lightfoot's edition of the *Philippians*.

(2) I see nothing prophetic in Stoicism. Prophecy begins with a speaking God; Stoicism sometimes ends with Him, but never recognises Him as speaking. Stoicism is surely (in this aspect) rather gnostic, like the Book of Proverbs.

(3) I cannot see that the genuine Stoic had any dislike or contempt of dialectic. He *could* not have much faith in it, because philosophy was failing; but he used it as far as he could for his own purposes.

(4) Stoicism seems to me Greek in its own character, and fully explicable by Greek antecedents.

I do not of course doubt that Seneca and other late 'Stoics' had many thoughts derived from Oriental, including Jewish and Christian, sources; but these accretions are surely not Stoicism, and often harmonize badly with it.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, *May 16th*, 1868.

. . . On Thursday I went up to town with Lightfoot to the first Dictionary Dinner,¹ and was rejoiced to hear that you and he had made acquaintance at Moorsom's. By good fortune I sat between Stanley and Grove, and subsequently made acquaintance with Stubbs. Ffoulkes, Fergusson, Benjamin Shaw, and Wharton Marriott were among the revellers.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, *June 4th*, 1868.

. . . I have not yet seen Max Müller's second basket of Chips.² The first was very interesting, and was satisfactory. We have Newman's and Arnold's poems, but have finished neither; it is hard to finish anything nowadays. As to *St. Paul*, I quite think that it represents only one phase (which we may call that of 2 Cor.), and that considerably modified. Still there is true dramatic insight, and there is no commonplace.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

¹ Of those employed on the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*.

² *Chips from a German Workshop*.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

GLANWYSK, SENNY BRIDGE, BRECON, S. WALES,
July 8th, 1868.

My dear Ellerton—I was interrupted the other day when trying to answer your query about the hymn-book, and have found it hard to resume. What I wanted to say is this,—so far as I see my way. I greatly mistrust committees for this purpose. Two or three friends who generally agreed in opinion might be able to work together, and would check each other's idiosyncrasies usefully. But if that cannot be had, and I don't see how it can, the next best thing is a single despot of varied sympathies to start with, who will by a series of deliberate dramatic efforts criticise his own work from external points of view. Most clergy and most congregations love bad hymns, and are not indisposed to hate good ones. A good hymnal *cannot* therefore, I think, be effectually floated by its own merits. It could be floated by great names recommending it (which it is probably impossible to obtain) or great names attached to it (which is inconsistent with its own supposed goodness). But it might be floated by its music: either its musical merits (for good taste on this head is much more widely diffused than on hymns) or its musical names. . . . As regards comprehensiveness, that I think should have its limits. You would of course take good matter from all sources and all schools, and endeavour as far as possible to meet the requirements of all existing schools. But I suppose you would exclude decidedly sectarian hymns of any colour, such as would reasonably offend intelligent men of other views, and pitilessly exclude trash, *i.e.* nine-tenths of 'favourite hymns.' I fear I grow increasingly intolerant of the debasing effeminacy and luxuriousness which is beginning to unite people of different doctrines.

I wish I could think of coadjutors to suggest; but none have hitherto occurred to me. As regards myself, I fear I must give you a shabby answer. I shall be very glad to give any indirect help in moderation; but it would not be right for me to undertake either research or translation. My hands are too full already. The text and the Dictionary are more than

sufficient for philological work (and the latter will be connected with other matters of a similar kind for the revived *Journal of Philology*), while I am most anxious to get a little free for direct theology and philosophy.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

CAMDEN HOTEL, TRECASTLE, BRECON, S. WALES,
July 16th, 1868.

. . . Apparently we do not really differ much about the Irish Church after all. This would be more apparent if you could bring yourself to do justice to Gladstone. He is not wise, and he is passionate; but I wholly disbelieve that the consolidation of his party was to him the end, and the present movement the means. The state of Irish feeling revealed in and through the Fenian doings must have impressed him, as so many others, with an instantaneous conviction that it is madness to delay prompt and vigorous action in Ireland, and to wait for opportunities for plans best in themselves. The main point was to give Ireland (and the civilised world) a pledge at once. The land question was really of greater consequence; but selfish and powerful interests would prevent there the immediate action which was indispensable. In the case of the Church the pledge *could* be given at once, and so I think Gladstone was right to propose it, though he could only succeed through the baseness or the indifference of others. No doubt Gladstone personally has an irrational leaning towards 'Free' Churches, and this has enabled him to strike without hesitation. But I see no evidence that he has been actuated by any unworthy motive whatever.

You find fault with the negative resolution. The point to be gained was itself negative, the abolition of Anglican supremacy. It is surely a great merit that the manner of doing this is left undetermined. That is a matter of English or Imperial policy, not of justice to Ireland. I am sorry that Gladstone has spoken so strongly against endowment of different communions or establishment of Roman Catholic supremacy. There, no doubt, his personal opinions intervened. But that

is not the whole matter. Without the help of the Dissenters and the Scotch no measure of anything but internal reform (and therefore wholly useless for the pressing purpose) had a chance of passing, and they would never consent to anything being given to Romanists. As it is, they were suspicious, and I doubt whether Gladstone could have secured the giving of the pledge if he had not committed himself (in accordance with his own convictions) to their requirement.

I cannot believe that any prospects of the future have so been sacrificed. As far as it is possible to look forward, stupid and selfish fanaticism shows no sign of being on the wane, and this is a matter in which the increase of a better spirit and truer wisdom is not likely to command votes in any adequate proportion.

It is impossible to be sanguine about the measure. It promises abundant evils to Ireland and to England, some of which you suggest. But the case seems to me to be one of those in which it is a clear duty to disregard consequences. In such a state of things formulæ about destruction and construction are surely misleading. Granted in the most absolute manner that construction is the thing now paramountly needed, and that the wisdom of the Press and Parliament tacitly assumes destructiveness to be the test of truth, how does that imply that at a given moment a given act of destruction is not a necessity?

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

CAMDEN HOTEL, TRECASTLE, BRECON, S. WALES,
July 27th, 1868.

. . . I have had no energy, and have failed even to write a letter requiring thought. You must not therefore wonder that I have been unable to set down anything of the kind that you desire, notwithstanding a strong craving. It seems as if it were necessary to write, to obtain a basis for further thought and reading, of which I feel much need. But surely your co-ordination fails in this, that it merely exhibits a relation or relations, while religion must be fundamentally the consciousness of a relation or relations. It is doubtless true that false

religion (of Christian origin) usually arises (when it is not idolatrous) from an effort to extricate the worshipper from the world, and God from the world; whereas such effort, if consistently successful, could only end in reducing the worshipper to a pin-point of nothingness and destroying the medium through which alone God can be known. The world must therefore 'assist' at all religion, and true religion will welcome its presence. But I cannot see how without consciousness or power of response it can take rank on equal terms. The doctrine of Comte (whether in this sense there are any Comtists I know not—perhaps Bridges may be one) not only indicates a fatal error and defect in current theology, but contains thoughts which are apprehensions of truth; yet I cannot think that it is capable of adoption in a simply complementary manner. I believe the pith of my view might be thus expressed. (1) All human life is transformed by religion; all religion is transformed by Christianity. Yet (2) not all human life is (rightly) religion, not all religion is (rightly) Christianity. I fear you would differ by saying that holding (1) you are bound to deny (2).

It puzzles me much that you can think the Conservatives to have had either the will or the power to carry a sound measure for the Irish Church, for of course you would not consider as such an internal reform which left unaltered the relations to other communions. A few Parliamentary politicians of the party might be willing to acquiesce, but surely the strength of the party is 'Protestant' in an uncompromising sense; and again the accession of the Dissenters and the Scotch would render them invincible. Again, everything that I can see and hear exhibits the clergy as practically unanimous on behalf of Anglican supremacy; and what astonishes me most of all is the passionate clinging to Church and State in all parties alike. This seems the one thing on which they dare rely when faith and order are rocking. Pusey (like Gladstone) no doubt protests, and a few follow him; but how few! It seems as if the lessons of the early Oxford Movement had to be learned over again,—a penalty for the hatred of everything but the Church, and the fearfully one-sided conception of the Church which accompanied the teaching.

Meanwhile I must think that it was well to testify publicly for a simple political duty, though the result might endanger high interests. Great pains were taken to show that the protest was not for Gladstone's special policy, but merely against Anglican supremacy; and I think that is now tolerably understood.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *August 18th, 1868.*

. . . One word more on your formula. I, too, do not see how a relation can ultimately be interpreted as anything but the sense of a relation. We all, consciously or unconsciously, mean by existence the sum of appearance. And for some purposes this truth must be kept in mind. But I do not see how it applies here, because it holds good equally of both members of the comparison, and must therefore be expressed of neither or of both. In your language I should say that you make religion the sense of relations between man, and world, and God; while I think it must be the sense *of the sense* of relations.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, *September 23rd, 1868.*

. . . You may perhaps not have recognised the Aylmers in the Abergele¹ list as my cousins. It was a great shock to us. Father, mother, and eldest son perished together. The second son died two and a half years ago; the toil and anxiety of nursing him was, I believe, the chief cause of my mother's death. Now there are left two boys, of thirteen and ten. The house (Walworth Castle) was the only place that from early association my father could regard as a home, and he feels its desolation most keenly.

I am going to Cambridge on Thursday to add in last references to my stock (sixty or seventy) of A.s.² This letter does not include a single article of importance, though two or

¹ The Abergele railway accident.

² For the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*.

three have some curious matter. But I am vexed at the absorption of so much time in mere trivialities. B has Bardesanes, Basilides, and the Gnostic book of Baruch, which are much more serious undertakings.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *December 23rd*, 1868.

. . . I have just finished your book,¹ and entirely retract the grumblings which seemed natural during its progress. The direct value of the story is considerable; and its indirect results, intrinsically and through yourself, will, I trust, be of yet greater importance in several directions.

The extracts from Tyndale are to me new and wonderfully impressive. Their penetrative reality and compressed force are most striking. Can no one be led to make him the subject of a complete monograph, including his whole writings? The foundations of a history of the English Church ought to be laying.

Not less marvellous is the catholicity of our version, as you have displayed it. It is very pleasant to have Erasmus and Luther coming in side by side. . . . I wish you had said a word of regret at the terms of Latin theology intruded from the Rhemish version. They have done grievous harm, and the evil is now, I fear, past remedy. The isolation of theological words from vernacular etymology is an evil which seems to me without adequate compensation.

Had you any reason for not dwelling on the alternative readings? I do not think the significance of their existence is generally understood.

—'s theory corresponds exactly with my impression of him: a favourable specimen of the conventional English ecclesiastical scholar, who does not willingly violate truth, but has never discovered that there is such a thing as truth. Our character as a nation of advocates is curious in the presence of nations of theorists. Yet perhaps ours is the more hopeful basis for improvement.

¹ *The History of the English Bible.*

TO A FRIEND

ST. IPPOLYTS, *January 6th*, 1869.

. . . The autumn has passed away very quietly. I had to go to Cambridge again for the Moral Science Tripos examination. An unfortunate combination of Calendar arrangements sadly reduced our time for looking over papers, so that I had to work pretty hard all the time, and saw little of friends except by snatches. However, it was a pleasant time. Maurice, I fear, worked much too hard. He was tired before I left, and has since been ill in consequence; but I have heard no particulars. He was in excellent spirits, and is evidently now as much at home in the University and town as if he had been there all his life. Everything connected with the Universities is specially full of interest just now. Various changes are impending or talked of; and, though some of the floating ideas are foolish enough, I think there is good ground for hoping that in due time the Universities will exercise an influence for good over various classes in ways hitherto hardly dreamed of, and be equally benefited themselves by the enlargement of responsibilities.

For the last few days this absurd judgement of the Privy Council has been an engrossing subject. Unless Parliament interferes, it seems likely that we shall all have to alter very much the character of all our services, and to wear the very vestments which are as a red rag to wise John Bull: certainly a curious result from the prosecution which was to vindicate outraged Protestantism. However, I think we shall most of us venture to disobey the judgement for the present, rather than bother our congregations with novelties, harmless (with two or three exceptions) or even good in themselves, but objectionable from their startling character.

I hope you have seen that Norwich sermon of Bishop Magee's which you did not hear. If not, pray order it; the Dublin sermon on *The Breaking Net* being a worthy companion. Their greatness was, I confess, far beyond anything that I had anticipated. He has lately been showing his wisdom by making Mr. Westcott one of his examining chaplains;

and has since, I rejoice to say, given him a vacant canonry at Peterborough. Mr. Westcott's health has latterly been quite breaking down under his Harrow work, so that the change is most welcome. He has just brought out a History of the English Bible which, I think, would interest you. It is a clear account of the various events in Church and State which led to the successive revisions culminating in the Authorised Version, and the men who played the chief parts in the work; and then an attempt to discover by internal evidence the various sources from which the several revisers drew. The result is a very curious illustration of the true catholicity of the English Bible, as profiting by the labours of every school and every time.

I am slowly working through the first volume of Bunsen's Life. Every page is good, and almost every page has something new. One cannot help wishing that some one possessing a competent knowledge of German theology and philosophy in the first quarter of the century had had a share in describing Bunsen's early youth. Evidently permanent impressions were made then, of which Baroness Bunsen has little or no inkling, and one has to guess at them by accidental indications. But that is about the only defect that has struck me thus far in her own work. The picture which she unconsciously draws of herself is as satisfying to look upon as that of Bunsen himself, perhaps in some respects more so.

Since my father has been here, we have been reading Mr. Dilke's *Greater England* in the evenings, and find it decidedly better than it looks. He is a very advanced young gentleman; but, if one can tolerate a few harmless theories, a great deal is to be learned from the book about some of the strangest political and social occurrences now proceeding in the various countries colonized by England. . . . The most impressive facts, perhaps, are the great variety and complexity of things which we are accustomed to class vaguely together, and the rapidity of changes which are likely to affect the whole human race for centuries to come.

We, I am sorry to say, find it hard to reserve time for reading. Except fugitive things, I have scarcely seen anything else of late, unless it be Darwin's new book on Domestication;

not at all a book for reading out, but full of deeply interesting facts told in the best way.

Since I began to write, I have been with Mr. Waterhouse, the architect, to examine sites for the Ladies' College, which is probably to be planted down in this neighbourhood! One of the sites, not one of the best, is even in my second parish, Much Wymondley. But I do not know much of what is going on, and Mr. Waterhouse was apparently still more in the dark.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, *January 22nd*, 1869.

. . . We are greatly rejoicing at Westcott's appointment,¹ though it is an anxious matter considering his large family, as he would not venture to take a living. He has, however, some hope of obtaining Cambridge employment. But he considers the education of the clergy as henceforth his work. With great labour he has succeeded at last in inducing H. Bradshaw to undertake the Irish saints for the Dictionary, and has just wrung from him a bare list of those whose names begin with A. They are above 200 in number! Green of Stepney, who has few rivals in knowledge of the early Church History of Britain, had sent in a list of two!

I long to hear more of your hymn-book and your plans for it.—Ever affectionately yours, F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *February 17th*, 1869.

How often during the last few days have I longed that our few words in the gusty Harrow station about the *Cænobium* could have been extended! There are evidently two separable ideas—plain living and common living. To take the last first, I have long thought that the old *cænobium* needs revival in various forms, of course with great alterations. But

¹ To a canonry of Peterborough.

its permanent characteristic is that the unit is the individual. Its purpose is to be an artificial family as a substitute for a natural family, the advantage being twofold, both for the personal and social life of the members, and for the work which they may jointly do for the world without. A *cœnobium* of which the unit should be the family has always seemed to me hopeless. It was, I believe, that feeling more than any other which set me against the designs of the College Reformers ten years ago.¹ The College seemed to me to lose its cohesive power in proportion as its members belonged as residents to the smaller and more natural society. If you can persuade me that I am wrong, I shall be very thankful. My present feeling is that in daily life a superhuman amount of forbearance in each member of each family would be required to prevent disintegration. Even in *cœnobia* on the individual basis, founded from exceptional zeal, the standing cause of miserable failure, real if not apparent, is the extreme difficulty of maintaining mutual forbearance. If the plan can be worked, its moral effects ought to be great in a certain number of cases, not perhaps the most numerous. About the economic gain I am rather in the dark. Would there be advantages except as to combination of servants and education, and what would the proportionate advantage be under those heads?

Plain living I feel more strongly about, but here, too, can hardly see my way. No one who has really thought about the matter can doubt that luxury (and much that is called comfort is really luxury) contributes little or nothing to happiness, and tends to relaxation of character. And again it is always an appalling thought to find that in spite of this conviction one is perpetually spending huge sums on things which have no evident connexion with the necessities of healthy and orderly existence. Nevertheless I have always been baffled in attempting to see what a family like ours can discard, though, apart from moral grounds, I have always had every motive to press to a solution. . . .

Am I or am I not right in going on with the Dictionary? The work is most interesting, and ought to be profitable both

¹ See vol. i. pp. 362-4.

as leading into the heart of early Church history and as forcing a consideration of the great cosmical problems. Yet the consumption of time is cruel, and the greater part is inevitably absorbed by antiquarianism. The Dictionary *must* have the antiquarian matter, and I do not think it ought to be entrusted to other hands than those occupied with the great doctrinal systems. Whoever has *that* work must labour through many *minutiae*, for there is no other road to the requisite knowledge. A perfunctory sketch taken from the surface would be simple falsehood. As far as I can see, none of the German investigations can be even roughly and provisionally trusted: they are full of good pioneering and no more. Minute verbal criticism appears to give the most hopeful clue.

Details are not distasteful, but they are very engrossing. The text has more than enough of them, and even *St. James*. Meanwhile the thorough thinking out of great questions, which for me at least is impossible without writing, is indefinitely thrust off; and this while each month seems to bring a fresh crisis inviting the utterance of even the most imperfect results. I feel to need both thinking and writing, and each for the sake of the other. Thus occupation with the small facts of the second century seems at times hard to distinguish from fiddling when Rome is burning. Yet I should shrink much from severing myself from an accepted and commenced connexion with such an undertaking, especially when it fits so well into past work and projects of future work. Sometimes I think that, by adjourning the text till (say) the autumn, I ought by that time to be able by resolution to make a thorough study of the doctrinal matter, so as to be able to write confidently the earlier articles and leave not much to do for the later, besides being ready for 'Gnosticism.' But I think in that case I should have to rely on untoward circumstances throwing the April engagement into the autumn. The three literary articles—Ephraïm, Hippolytus, Irenæus—would be a huge addition; and indeed I do not see my way to writing about Basilides, Bardesanes, and the book of Baruch, till I know much more of the whole subject. What do you advise?

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, *February 25th*, 1869.

. . . I am ashamed to have detained your hymns so long, but send them at last with a few fragmentary comments. The great *differentia* of the book ought to be its manliness. It ought to be possible to form a large, comprehensive, and most positively Christian hymn-book, wholly free from clerical femininities.

I have read part only of Ffoulkes' pamphlet,¹ but must finish it. It is an event in itself. But it makes one more than ever curious to see the actual evidence accumulated in his second volume. I hope you received Westcott's Commemoration Sermon,² a treatise in small, which I sent a few weeks ago. I think you will find it repay considerable study. He has let me have a few copies of a little Harrow sermon of last autumn, which is hardly, if at all, less pregnant; so I have put one among the hymns. It is hard to resist a vague feeling that Westcott's going to Peterborough will be the beginning of a great movement in the Church, less conspicuous, but not less powerful, than that which proceeded from Newman. His present feeling curiously reminds one, by similarity and by contrast, of Newman's temper when he returned from the Mediterranean. May the hymn-book be a contribution to the same work!

We have been making the unpleasant discovery that, economically as we have always lived, we must somehow contrive to retrench further, and even then must find some way of adding to income. The enormous worry of pupils, as regards both time and responsibility, leads us to prefer almost anything to them. At present we chiefly incline to (*e.g.* young lady) lodgers or to India pickles, *i.e.* stranded children of well-to-do parents.

¹ Probably *The Church's Creed or the Crown's Creed? a Letter to Archbishop Manning*, by the Rev. E. S. Ffoulkes, 1868. Mr. Ffoulkes published in 1869 another pamphlet, entitled *The Roman Index and its Proceedings. A second Letter to Archbishop Manning*.

² 'The Spiritual Office of the Universities,' preached at Trinity College Commemoration, December 15th, 1868, and published by request.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *March 3rd*, 1869.

. . . I am afraid you still do not quite understand my Dictionary difficulties. They do not arise from too high a standard of completeness. I am quite content to come short there. But I cannot write anything on Gnostic subjects, however roughly and broadly, without considerable minute study, because otherwise what I wrote would not be substantially true. I doubt whether you can fully enter into the embarrassments of a slow reader with a wretched memory.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, *March 23rd*, 1869.

My dear Ellerton—Your prospectus¹ has been kept too long. . . . My only clear cavil would be about the last head, 'Hymns for Personal Use.' These do not belong to 'Common Worship.' If they are meant to satisfy the plea that for many their 'hymn-book' is virtually a manual of devotion, the collection must be greatly enlarged: indeed there is no reason why it should not be doubled in size, and then perverse clergy *will* sing the private hymns in church, and the opportunity of forcing people to see that they are out of place there will be lost. Possibly you may only mean the head however as a limbo for a few favourites which you would like to omit, but dare not.

After I wrote the other day, it struck me that I had failed to mention what seems to me the greatest of all the aims that should be kept in view throughout, viz. the building up of the Church as a body, whether the Church at large, Universal or National, or the congregation. Mere variety and healthiness of religiousness in the ordinary (not the bad) sense is not enough. Common worship must be felt to be, not the combination of individual worships, but the only worship which is not maimed and imperfect. Worship must interpret the belief

¹ *i.e.* of Mr. Ellerton's hymn-book.

that each man's work must be wrong, even while he is unreservedly labouring for others, when he looks upon himself and his work as a whole, and not as a part of a larger whole. When this belief is wanting, it seems to me that we may have religion coloured by Christian ideas, but not Christianity itself. For a long time past I have been coming in various ways to feel that perhaps our most urgent need in the English Church is the creation of a true congregational life. It is the indispensable preparation for disestablishment, and it may also make disestablishment impossible. But, what is of more consequence, a new congregational life would give back to Christianity itself a power of which people little dream.¹ I am painfully conscious of the difficulties of bringing such a state of things into existence; painfully conscious also that I do not clearly see my way to using the idea in the construction of a hymn-book. Yet the thing must be possible. Few single agents can be so potent congregationally as a good hymn-book; and it is at least worth while to keep the purpose steadily and distinctly in view.

I do not know that any theological college at Peterborough is in prospect. But Westcott is very anxious to make the Ordination Examination much more than a test, submitted to and left behind. He wants to keep up a connexion with the clergy who pass through his hands, to lead them (if I understand right) into plans of systematic study and systematic work, and to make their relation to the Cathedral a permanent one. The *point d'appui* for the enterprise, I imagine, is his being at once Canon (always resident) and examining chaplain.

Our own plans are somewhat altered since I wrote. The Blunts have rather discouraged our hopes of obtaining either pickles or inmates, and Westcott urges me to try what writing will do. As this is unavoidably a broken year, we are disposed to take the advice, at least for the present, trying meanwhile what can be done by giving the tight screw another twist. At the same time, if we heard of any very tempting invaders, I think we should try to receive them. Time un-

¹ Compare the sermon, preached twenty-one years later, on the occasion of Dr. Westcott's consecration to the See of Durham; see p. 373.

fortunately is more and more encroached on ; and I have not felt it right to refuse the stool of Church History at the 'Women's College' which we are to have at Hitchin. The scheme seems to me to promise unmixed good, and I am very anxious that it should succeed. The theological department will require delicate management, especially at first, and I hope I may be of use in fixing from the outset the Church in its proper place along with the amplest freedom.

I have never, I fear, myself thanked you for the very beautiful—much too beautiful—book you sent to Arthur. I do not know such thoroughly delightful natural history pictures. It is quite a refreshment to take up and study one of them.—Ever affectionately yours, F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, *Easter Monday, March 29th, 1869.*

. . . I did not understand Westcott to object to the arrangement of hymns in a book, but to *Loci communes*, printed headings (or rubrics, as the Germans say) under one of which each hymn must fall, as a soldier must belong to this or that company of his regiment. I do certainly think all such headings in the text a mistake, as also references of any kind. But I see nothing but good in an ample, unobtrusive index at the end, in which the same hymn may be indicated under several heads, if need be. Such index need not correspond in all respects to the arrangement of the book—probably it would include that and more.

I am not at all surprised that you find yourself obliged to be more and more peremptory in exclusion. I am sure it is a necessity. The difficulty is no doubt great in filling the gaps, including the gaps which as yet are not even choked with rubbish. Still the attempt must be made ; and it is better to confess and lament imperfection than to hinder progress by allowing bad stuff to vitiate the tone of the whole. No work can be final. In due time the need may be supplied. It is a great thing if you can set up a sound ideal, though you may and must fall short of it, in some points conspicuously

so. But the ideal will be disfigured and falsified and so lost by undue toleration.

But pray, pray, do not be satisfied with merely supplying a better hymn-book to a churchless Christianity, not the less miserably churchless because its nakedness is bedizened with ecclesiastical 'properties,' as the theatres say. Merely to keep *Ephesians* or even *First Corinthians* in mind when at work would do much.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *May 20th*, 1869.

. . . Of course I quite feel that the separation of Triposes is so far an evil (a creature wants us now to have an English Tripos); but I do not see how in practice such a number of subjects could form parts of one Honour examination, except on the plan of two sides, with alternative papers. As far as my own experience went, that arrangement did not work well, though perhaps not so badly as some think. The political side was on the whole an inferior affair, owing, I suppose, to its being thought an intrusive and secondary thing in a Philosophical Tripos. I confess I think the new plan dissipates more than it co-ordinates. My two supposed Triposes would each have been organic; *now* the purposelessness of the arrangement isolates every subject from every other. In the next number of the *Gazette*, Maurice, as Chairman of the Board, defended the scheme on its merits, chiefly on the ground that Politics could not be separated from Morals, and that their association is the best safeguard against Politics being engrossed by Political Economy. I enclose the 'copy' of my brief reply, which you can burn. A fortnight ago there was an interesting letter from John Mayor about new Professorships generally, and last week a still more important welcome of it from Sir G. Young.

. . . But I must just entreat you to write strongly and clearly somewhere and somehow on the Cathedral question before it is too late.

TO THE REV. B. F. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *June 8th*, 1869.

. . . A few days after I mentioned to you Lassalle's *Heracleitus*, I was lent the April *Fortnightly* with an article on Lassalle by Ludlow, which you must read. I never had dreamed that the 'scholar' and the demagogue were the same man. But the story of the cult which has arisen around the demagogue is one of the strangest things in the strange religious history of the nineteenth century. I find I become more and more sceptical as to anything being psychologically impossible.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *June 21st*, 1869.

P.S.—. . . I am sure that mere ignorance and dulness produce much of the vulgar misunderstanding of cathedrals, and that great good would be done by temperate exposition of what is needed, accompanied with knowledge of the main facts of cathedral history. I bought a stray number of the *Saturday* to-day, and saw that Freeman is on the whole going on the right tack,—of course in consequence of his historical knowledge. But an expositor of another stamp is needed.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *June 28th*, 1869.

This is a year of the discussion of plans. A letter has come from Miss Davies which perplexes me much. The 'Women's College' Board do not expect to require a separate set of lectures this year in Church History; and having failed to induce either Lightfoot or you to take 'Divinity,' now wish me for a year to represent Divinity, lecturing on what I please. Thus much I have elicited partly from Roby, partly from Miss Davies' letter.

I stand at present committed to lecture on Church History,
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if required. The old reasons against refusal are still in force ; a wish to help the College, who will certainly not find it easy to find lecturers on these subjects without sacrificing either their Church or their liberal character ; the obvious convenience of being on the spot ; the great interest of the work itself.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *July 8th and 9th*, 1869.

It seems useless to discuss 'pressure.' Its value is undeniable ; absence of limits means powerlessness. But there is such a thing as bursting from over-pressure, and I sometimes seem near it, never, I think, so near as this year.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *August 5th*, 1869.

. . . I am very glad you agree with my own inclination for the History of the New Testament, and quite think it should be founded on the History of events and states out of which it sprung. I am not yet clear, however, about separating the two subjects, or about the arrangement of the history of the books. Neander must, I fear, be the handbook ; but oh ! he is heavy. I think I must dispense with any book on the Acts. Baumgarten abounds in valuable matter ; but surely no one under forty ought to tolerate him, and no one above forty to like him. He is not only heavy, but artificial and depraved in his ingenuity. But I speak (as usual, I fear) from slender knowledge.

I wish we could agree about John xxi. Your view does not in substance contradict mine. If St. John wrote originally xxi. 25 continuously with xx. 30 f., and later wrote xxi. 1-23, and this addition was inserted either by himself or (it may well be) by the elders before xxi. 25, and they further inserted xxi. 24 as a note of their own, I do not see that any difficulty remains unexplained. How best to signify in printing the nature of xxi. 24, is not so easy to say.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CLAPHAM, *September 27th, 1869 (after post).*

I have been drawing up a rough outline for the Hitchin lectures, which I shall be much obliged if you will criticise freely. The scheme which you sent some weeks ago omitted the Canon,—surely not intentionally. No doubt I might refer the pupils to you, but I think it would be well to treat the whole subject uniformly. I am for the present assuming that there will be three terms of eight lectures each. This will probably hold good for Michaelmas Term ; Lent Term may probably have more, Easter Term less. But that matter can wait. As a general title I thought of ‘The origin and history of the New Testament.’ The three terms would then be occupied by—

- I. The origin of the different parts of the New Testament.
 - II. The growth of the New Testament as a whole.
 - III. The history of the perpetuation of the New Testament.
- For the first course I have set down—

- 1. Introductory. (The Old and New Testaments. The Septuagint. The First Century. The New Testament written in Greek by Jews. The several books of the New Testament due to necessities of the Church. Division of the subject.)
- 2. The Gospel and the Gospels.
- 3. The Church and the Acts of the Apostles.
- 4. The Church within Judæa.
- 5. The Church receiving the Gentiles. St. Paul’s earlier Epistles.
- 6. The Church settled : Rome and Jerusalem. St. Paul’s middle Epistles. St. James and St. Jude.
- 7. The Church in martyrdom. St. Peter. Hebrews. Pastoral Epistles. Apocalypse.
- 8. The Church Universal. St. John’s Gospel and Epistles.

TO THE REV. DR. LIGHTFOOT

ST. IPOLYTS, *October 11th, 1869.*

. . . I have to thank you for an earlier note on the Lectionary, etc. I must try to put what I have to say on

paper before the Archbishop returns; but just now I am staggering under advancing New Testament text, lectures to Women, and Moral Science Tripos combined, besides parish. I should add, helping Joe Mayor in his editing of *John Grote*.

We left Grasmere on the 23rd, and spent a week at the Flying Horse Shoe in the hope of an airier air. We had it once or twice, but for the most part the weather was wet, soft, and warm. We 'did' nothing, neither Ingleborough, nor cave, nor 'pots,' nor Malham, nor even Settle. Perhaps we may try the inn at Malham itself another time. I too saw no plants but brambles.

TO THE REV. DR. LIGHTFOOT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *October 23rd, 1869.*

. . . Yesterday we had Bishop Claughton's Primary Visitation and Charge. It was full of his own genuineness and greatness, and should do great good. But there were some strange blunders or worse; and not only absolutely no recognition of a use for thought or knowledge or love of truth, but repeated fierce denunciation of every one who questioned an article of the Christian faith as "the enemy of God and holiness." His speeches afterwards were every way admirable.

—Always yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (DR. TAIT)

ST. IPPOLYTS, HITCHIN, *November 12th, 1869.*

My dear Lord Archbishop—I cannot send these five sheets of foolscap¹ in silence as if I were a stranger to your Grace, known only through a friend, even though that friend be Dr. Lightfoot. You will not, I am sure, be displeased if a word of respectful but most cordial greeting accompanies them.

More than ten years of Cambridge and more than twelve years of a country parish have not driven out the recollections of the five years of Rugby which preceded them. Indeed of

¹ I do not know what the enclosed paper was.—A. F. H.

late years school-times have rather returned to mind with increasing power. When forty is passed, one is led to look back more than before over the whole of life; and unsatisfactory in my case as the retrospect is, I feel that I can never be sufficiently grateful to Rugby and to yourself. As posts of greater and greater responsibility in the Church have been committed to your Grace, it has been a constant satisfaction to look back to the personal knowledge which came to me as one of the Sixth now nearly a quarter of a century ago, and rejoice in the good omen for interests even more precious than those of that great school. Never, I think, has the future of the world seemed to depend so much on the Church of England, and never has the spirit which we are proud to think characteristic of Rugby been more needed to guide the Church through surrounding dangers, and help her to turn them into occasions of future triumphs.

Trusting that your Grace will pardon the freedom of these few lines, which I have long wished to have an excuse for writing, I remain, ever gratefully yours, F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *November 20th*, 1869.

. . . As regards the College,¹ at least I have whatever encouragement comes from response. The subject does seem to find a keen interest, and the corrected notes given in to me (I have not as yet been able to compass more) are all intelligent, and some remarkably good; and I do succeed in getting a few questions asked.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *November 26th*, 1869 (*after post*).

. . . I forgot to mention that on Sunday week we read 'Saul' (a bit of it was the first of Browning that I ever met,

¹ *i.e.* the Ladies' College at Hitchin.

about twenty to twenty-two years ago), and surrendered at discretion. Besides the thought, it is all pure and high poetry, and a poem. The closing symphony rises above Milton. But after that to return to studies in casuistry and the like——

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *December 13th, 1869.*

. . . I was rejoiced to find that you had sent Maurice your sermons, and that he fully understood their value. From the 6th to the 10th I was alone in Trinity. The Tripos was very interesting this time. Some men of remarkable vigour were in—a votary of Buckle and physics with a dialectic power unusual in those regions; a sensitive and subtle Scholar from King's who believes himself, Bradshaw says, to be a Positivist; an ex-Dissenter with a much wider view than either of these, if less exact; and others.

The Ladies' College and I have suddenly and unexpectedly parted company. Miss Davies writes that the students find they have too much to do, and, as they are unanimous in desiring to enter the Cambridge examinations, are unwillingly obliged to throw over their Divinity and English.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *January 12th, 1870.*

. . . Sometimes I think I must explode in a long letter to the *Guardian* about the insane passion for narrowing the Church which terror and faithlessness seems increasing in many quarters, and even among the Bishops. And on the other hand ugly counter signs are abroad, as the Education League, the secessions at Cambridge, etc.

Two things are encouraging, Maurice's book (which I am rejoiced that you like, or at least part of it), for though in substance it is not new, the word wanted saying just now; and Church's sermon on Episcopacy at Bishop Moberly's consecration, of which one might say much the same.

TO THE REV. PROFESSOR MAURICE

ST. IPPOLYTS, *February 2nd*, 1870.

My dear Mr. Maurice—I want much to ask your opinion about Davies' 'Syllabus,'¹ to which he says you are "on the whole favourable." May I ask the nature of your concurrence? My own feeling is one of great perplexity. In some matters there is evident and urgent need of reform, chiefly with a view to avert the dangers which anarchy and isolation are bringing upon us. Yet the manner of action is beset with difficulties. Most Church reformers have a purely Erastian ideal, such as pervades those 'Essays on Church Policy' (except Davies') . . . What made me on the whole like the Syllabus itself was the absence of plans belonging to the 'Broad' platform, though some suggestions, as that for the abolition of Election and Confirmation,² strike me as highly questionable. But then how far will it be *possible* (not desirable) to co-operate substantially with a set of men who really have quite other ends in view? And again, ought the perils of legislation to be faced? . . . If the destroyers were not coming upon us so fast, I should certainly think it better to wait for the revival of action within the Church itself through the wiser Bishops, who are already doing much, as in every way preferable to Parliamentary coercion. But is there time? On the whole I should be inclined to wish that a few Catholic churchmen should take counsel with the Broad people in the first instance, and see what can be attempted with safety; remaining prepared to withdraw later if necessary. I have just written in this sense to Westcott. But I cannot pretend to see my way with any clearness, and shall be most thankful for any light from you.

. . . What you say of Locke is most interesting and, as far as I can judge, true. He is essentially the sensible Englishman who will stand none of your nonsense, but who is also determined to use his sense in philosophy as in other things, and so comes to make all sorts of purely philosophical as-

¹ Concerning the 'Church Reform Union' (see pp. 58-61).

² *i.e.* of Bishops.

sumptions without knowing it. Notwithstanding the differences, he strikes me as singularly analogous to Descartes as self-depicted in the early pages of the *Discours*. Erdmann is surely right in insisting that Descartes' position is that of a man trying to escape from a literary world of scepticism (Montaigne one brilliant example only) without going back to doctors of any sort. So one feels Locke always trying not to be Hobbes.

TO THE REV. DR. LIGHTFOOT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *March 29th*, 1870.

My dear Lightfoot—Submit, submit, as Clough says. It is of no use to curse one's natural enemy, or even resist him when he stands armed with the power of an English publisher. So I will faithfully cut everything interesting out of the 'Adams,'¹ though it goes against one to destroy those fresh Eastern pictures which I had mentally looked at as an oasis in those heavy volumes of criticism. In this way about five columns of slip ($3\frac{3}{4}$ pages of book) may be saved, perhaps also another page out of the Greek book at the end. I am somewhat tempted to *réchauffer* the *débris*, and offer them to the *Contemporary*; is Plumptre still at the head? Alford, I see, is said to be retiring.

'Asenath' must, I presume, go the way of 'Adam.' I do not know of anything at all similar to come in the alphabet, at least in my department. I do not think I have hitherto used many superfluous words, but in future the packing of a port-manteau shall be the model.

I am waiting for a book or two out of the Library, and then you shall have all A back. Some ('Areban,' 'Asenath') is not in type yet.

I do not know how far you are following the vicissitudes of elementary education, or what your view is. But I am tempted to send you a petition which some of us here are getting up and hope to spread widely. We are in great terror

¹ This and the following 'A's' refer to Hort's articles for the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*.

at the kind of compromise which Gladstone hinted the other day, thinking that it will destroy most of the virtue, and encourage any latent vice, of 'denominational' education. It must draw a sharp line between 'secular' and 'religious' instruction, and keep constantly before the eyes of the children the ugly fact of divisions while intensifying those divisions themselves. In short, it is truly sectarian without securing the integrity of thorough Church teaching. It seems quite worth while to try to set up the Apostles' Creed as a common standard; it is printed by the Congregationalists in their Year-Book. Such an union may lead to a better understanding between Churchmen and Dissenters in *all* matters. T. Hughes strongly encourages us at least to try the petition, which (between ourselves) Forster also likes. No doubt the name of the Catechism on one side, and the jealousy of the Church on the other, may annihilate all common ground. But it seems worth trying whether the more reasonable Churchmen and Dissenters cannot save some real Christian teaching. If you approve, can you do anything at Cambridge, or can you suggest any one who can and would? No time is to be lost.
—Ever yours, F. J. A. HORT.

This day week I go to Harrow to examine for their Scholarship.

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. GARNONS WILLIAMS

ST. IPPOLYTS, *March 29th*, 1870.

. . . It is work, work, work from breakfast to bed, and still always with the feeling that three-quarters are left undone, and that harm is constantly happening to others in consequence. In some ways I am better, and my head keeps very fairly well; but bodily strength dwindles continually, so that I am driven to be absurdly careful about fatigue, for fear of being unfit for anything for two or three days. . . . As regards the parish I am always unhappy, always feeling how much is needed in this straggling place which is quite beyond me; the thought both frets me day and night as regards myself, and also suggests that some one else might have better success. . . . This is one side of

the matter. On the other, I cannot help hoping that I am not quite useless here, and in a place where tact is much needed a younger man might fail more signally. Again, I see that I am increasingly of use in the Church outside the parish, in clerical meetings, etc. Between ourselves, it is by my own act that I am not rural dean. . . . If, as is quite possible, I should be chosen representative of the deanery at the Diocesan Conference which, I am thankful to say, the Bishop is summoning for July, there would again be a field opened which I should have no right to abandon without clear duty.

As regards the future, if I live, I think that unless specially called elsewhere, we shall eventually go to Cambridge, *i.e.* as soon as I can afford it, whether by office there (of which I am not very sanguine) or by means of my own. That would certainly not be my choice, if we were merely to think of what we like best. In spite of its many satisfactions, there would be grievous drawbacks; and it would be far pleasanter to live quietly in the country and read and write in one's study only. But this would be self-indulgence, which could only be excused by actual *necessity* of health or some such thing. The work of the Church has to be done, and the need becomes greater every year. Parish work is one kind, cathedral work (to which I am not likely to be called) is another, University work is another, and probably the most important of all. At all events, it is what is most neglected by those who care for the Church, and it is that for which, if I dare judge, I am less unfit than for others. The Church can be served by literary work, otherwise I could not do as I am doing. But very much more is needed, and if by that time I have enough vigour left to be of use to anybody, it seems at present clear to me that I ought to give personal labour and intercourse to the University as soon as it is in my power to do so. Although a rest of a few years (if so it be) in Wales might be of real service in renewing bodily and mental strength, still I do shrink very much from giving up my present work (however badly in itself and painfully to myself it is done) without some plain sign that I ought.—Ever your affectionate brother,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, *April 1st*, 1870.

. . . If you agree, cannot you get this¹ signed? It is meant as a substitute for Gladstone's unlucky compromise (a private arrangement with Dixon), which, under cover of saving denomination, separates hopelessly 'secular' from 'religious' education as two distinct things, and promises an endless crop of sectarian bitternesses, all in the eyes of the children. The Creed gives just the base that we want for working with Dissenters, and with working will come mutual understanding, while virtually the Church, by not *claiming*, will be permitted to take the lead.

Hensley, Blomfield, and I are authors. We have high encouragement (Hughes, Forster himself, E. Baines, etc.), though some doubt whether the Creed will be endured. I think we shall have the Wesleyans *en masse*, and we hear of secret complaints of conscientious Dissenters at the way things are going. But they entirely mistake the feelings of Churchmen, and will be greatly won by an overture like this.

If only the clergy will not be mad enough to say 'Catechism or nothing.' Baines' letter was quite beautiful.

TO HIS WIFE

ST. IPPOLYTS, *Easter Eve [April 16th]*, 1870.

. . . On the way to Wymondley I have been reading Westcott's Resurrection sermon in the Peterborough volume to help me this evening. Really almost each sentence is a book. By the way, did you hear Butler say that he has persuaded Westcott to print a volume of Harrow sermons as a legacy to the school? I had long been hoping, but hardly expecting it.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *April 23rd*, 1870.

We have thought much of you this week—an Easter week to you, I am sure, with all its labours and anxieties. Your

¹ Enclosing copy of petition (see p. 58).

apprenticeship has produced more fruit than most men's lives, but an apprenticeship only it surely is. In due time your work will now begin.

You ought to see the *Spectator* of the 16th. There is an article on the *Cænobium* which I am much inclined to think you should answer. My impression is that it is by J. M. Ludlow, a competent and sympathetic critic, who probably knows more of the various Socialistic systems than any man in England, and has paid some attention to religious orders. What annoys me especially is his ending, in which he assumes that the scheme is developed out of a glorified Cathedral Chapter. This is so very captivating a suggestion, that it ought to be silenced. His main complaint is that it gives no help to the poor and the uneducated. This comes from his assumption that the inward advantage of the members themselves is wholly or chiefly aimed at, and the consequent failure to see that a special and peculiar result is desired, requiring special and peculiar means.

TO THE REV. PROFESSOR MAURICE

ST. IPPOLYTS, May 4th, 1870.

. . . You were by no means the only friend who hesitated, to say the least, about the plan suggested in the petition, while taking much the same view of the question at large. . . . Westcott was inclined to accept the Dixon-Gladstonian-Time-table-Clause, believing that all the classes except those of the Church would be empty. But this again is bold speculation, and leaves great risks as to the *Boards* and the *teachers*, where it seems to me that the 'religious difficulty' is serious, however trivial it may be in the *schools*, about which people seem to think exclusively.

The loss of the Catechism would be great, but I think the gain would be worth the price. If only we can keep the Creed as an acknowledged bond of union, that alone would surely repay the loss. Too often now the Creed is lost in the Catechism. But I am not sanguine about rescuing anything except the free use of the Bible, which by itself is a precarious bond. If only a plan can be adopted which does not *stimulate*

jealousies, all education must practically and unobtrusively fall into the hands of the one body that can educate. . . .

Our petition concerns only *Board* schools, not *Board-aided* schools. Perhaps we should have made this clearer.

TO THE REV. J. LL. DAVIES

ST. IPPOLYTS, May 14th, 1870.

My dear Davies—Thanks for your letter and the papers, which I return.

As far as I can see, my difference from the Association¹ is fundamental. Its leading members apparently take as first principles the acknowledgment of the supremacy of 'the nation,' the subordination of the clergy to the laity, the exclusive 'justice' of 'popular' government, and the like; which are the negations of my most deeply-rooted convictions. On the main question, that of parish organization, I agree with nearly every word Fremantle says about the evil of the present state of things, and could add more from my own point of view. I believe also that the clerical autocracy will have to be limited, and the laity in parishes have to receive recognized powers; that the change if judiciously effected will be greatly for good; and that there is danger in delaying it. But I should regard the imposition of the best possible constitution by the authority and virtual initiative of Parliament as itself one of the worst of evils; and, whatever were my own opinion, I should be sure that the mass of the best part of the clergy would so regard it; so that the result must be either an actual schism on the largest scale or a state of heated animosity against the civil power which would be as bad. Again, the greatest care would be needed to keep the parochial constitution, however introduced, from resulting in complete popular supremacy; which I should strongly deprecate.

On the other hand, the risk would be much diminished supposing cautious tentatives to be made on the part of the clergy themselves. Various influences are at work to urge them in that direction, such as the needs arising from the

¹ The 'Church Reform Association' (see pp. 58-61).

abolition of Church-rates, or (what has lately been presented to us in this diocese for the first time) the election of lay representatives for a Diocesan Conference. Of course many would do nothing for a while; but the influence of example and moral pressure would rapidly multiply in a case like this, where public interest would be so strong. Then I should especially look to two powers which are virtually ignored in the program of the Association, the Bishop and the Diocese. Congregations ought to have a remedy against violent alterations by the incumbent; but that remedy should, I think, be an increase of the bishop's effective authority. That again draws with it the need of diocesan organization, which seems to me both more important than parochial organization and its natural predecessor. Several Bishops are already trying experiments in this direction; the subject is exciting interest, and one cannot doubt that in a year or two the example will be widely followed. The result must be an increase of common action and interest between parishes, without which as rapid increase of action within each single parish would land us in the hopeless quagmire of congregationalism. When the work spontaneously begun has made considerable progress and found general approval among intelligent churchmen, clergy and laity, of different schools, then it is quite possible that the intervention of Parliament might be helpful and innocuous. Premature universality would, I feel sure, be mischievous.

Convocation had best be let alone at present. Its debates are about the most irritating and depressing part of the literature of the day; but I do really believe they do no small inconspicuous good. When Diocesan Reform, in which the Bishops must, and I think will, take the initiative, is fairly established, it must spread upwards as well as downwards. To give Convocation substantive power *now* would, as you suggest, bring on a Hibernian separation, which I dread only less than the subjection of the Church to 'the nation.' I do not think the danger need arise if the change were not made till after clergy and laity had become accustomed to work together for the Church on Diocesan Councils, and learned the limits of their province. One hopes too that by that time there would be a little less fanaticism on behalf of 'representa-

tion': if Convocation is bad now, what would it be without its official members?

What is really wanted on all sides is organization with a view to co-operation; which implies on the one hand that all the members shall have recognized functions and rights, and on the other that the authority of the upper over the lower members shall be distinctly maintained, while its abuses are carefully guarded against.

Of the four distinct liberative measures included under B, I should be strongly in favour of the first three,—unless good reasons now unknown to me should be found for keeping up clerical subscription. I do not very well see what would be gained by the increased liberty of preaching, while it would have some evident inconveniences and risks. If it is meant as an indirect way of opening communication with Dissenters, I should prefer to see that policy put forward on its own merits and considered in other bearings. Perhaps I am inclined to be a bigot in the matter, though feeling strongly the evil of the personal and social separation.

Immediate subdivision of all the dioceses is what I should crave: it is hard otherwise to obtain the requisite increase in the practical power of the bishop which is needed for almost every purpose. Whether the forms of Election and Confirmation require any change of detail, I know not; I should most strongly object to the removal of the 'shams.'¹ If, in spite of all efforts, disestablishment should come, the capitular election would give an invaluable basis for any further adaptations; in its absence we could hardly avoid being cursed with some form of popular election. It seems to me important also to keep up the Archbishop's function in the admission of new bishops. A plan of superannuation for the clergy is much wanted, but I am not sure that it is well to separate it from other pressing questions of Church finance. It is monstrous that there should be no funds for Church purposes except the episcopal and clerical incomes, the Cathedral estates, and the property in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. But here again Diocesan Reform seems to me the first step.

¹ This word is substituted in the MS. (in inverted commas) for "forms which seem to offend many people."

If the sale of next presentations and presentation of sons and brothers were made illegal, private patronage would lose nearly all its scandals. Even now it is surely invaluable. Anything is better than uniformity, whether of parsons or of patrons. All public patronage is too dangerously favourable to meritorious mediocrity to bear much extension; and it is worse jobbed than any other when public opinion is weak. If a veto is really required, which I doubt, it should be in some form diocesan, not parochial.

No rational being doubts the need of a revised Bible; and the popular practical objections are worthless. Yet I have an increasing feeling in favour of delay. Of course no revision can be final, and it would be absurd to wait for perfection. But the criticism of both Testaments, in text and interpretation alike, appears to me to be just now in that chaotic state (in Germany hardly if at all less than in England), that the results of immediate revision would be peculiarly unsatisfactory. . . .
 1 John v. 7 might be got rid of in a month; and if that were done, I should prefer to wait a few years.

The other suggested measures are in themselves manifestly good. But I doubt the wisdom of binding them together as parts of a general scheme of Church Reform, with which only a single small section of Churchmen can sympathize, and which may involve all in suspicion. B (2) is a matter wholly for the civil power; and C (3) in a great measure: surely it is not well to mix them up with (say) the Athanasian Creed. I have the strongest feeling of the mischief which the Athanasian Creed is doing, and dread of the greater mischief likely to be produced by mere tinkering. Yet who can expect a balance of good from relief imposed from without until the call from within is much louder and is more widely heard?—Ever truly
 yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

FROM THE REV. J. LL. DAVIES

18 BLANDFORD SQUARE, *May 16th*, 1870.

My dear Hort—I must protest against the imputation of the first principles which you dislike so much. How, I

wonder, did we suggest them? When you had suspected these fundamental principles, you must have read our programme in the hostile spirit they excited.

Let us, by all means, have Diocesan Conferences. I think they will do good; but they will not remedy, nor hardly tend to remedy, the evils you consider so dangerous as to require a remedy without delay. Looking over the whole social and ecclesiastical system, it seems to me that the class most injuriously left without rights is that of 'parishioners.' We propose to give them, where they apply for them, some powers which a philosopher might well consider insignificant. Your remedy is—more Bishops and more power for Bishops; for which you must apply to Parliament; and, moreover, Bishops are appointed by the Prime Minister, who is the nominee of the nation. Really, I am inclined to charge back on *you* those dreadful first principles.

No doubt this remedy is an alternative one—I have always said so. But it is curiously unacceptable to both clergy and laity. I think no one amongst our correspondents has suggested it. Several—one to-day—have objected to our proposal to increase the number of Bishops.

I confess I am puzzled, as well as disappointed, by the impression our Programme now makes upon you.—Ever yours sincerely,

J. LL. DAVIES.

We don't want to increase the power 'the nation' has over the Church. The Legislature and the Minister have already absolute power, limited by the indirect power of resistance which the clergy and their adherents possess. We want to give a crumb of 'local self-government' to the inhabitants of parishes—a thing which would not tend at all (but rather the contrary) to increase the subjection of 'the Church' to 'the nation.'

TO THE REV. J. LL. DAVIES

ST. IPPOLYTS, HITCHIN, *May 17th*, 1870.

My dear Davies—I gathered the supposed first principles not from the present program alone, but from that in con-

junction with the earlier form which you sent me, and also with what I knew (not much perhaps) of the persons whom you had named as likely to take a lead; partly also from what you said the other day in your letter about legislation.

I did not at all mean to identify you personally with all those axioms, though neither was I sure how far you would disclaim them. I rather thought that, feeling very strongly on the parochial question, you were willing to join those who would vigorously co-operate in that matter, without inquiring too closely into principles. (Here I should probably agree with you, if I took the same view as to legislation.) Let me say in passing that the first of the first principles was taken *totidem verbis* from the draft of the program. "With reforms like these the Church of England may hope to strengthen its title to be called both Catholic and National, . . . National as acknowledging the supremacy . . . of the nation," etc. The suppression of that paragraph would not change the view of the leading promoters, which in the new program is very justly hinted at as a thing that inquirers are likely to wish to know.

After all, I fear I did not make my own meaning clear. I meant to say that delay is dangerous, not that a remedy is required without delay; it is a balance of dangers. On the other hand, I do *not* object to your remedy, but to its mode of application, which I think would tear the patient to pieces. I do not see how the Church is to be reanimated without Parish Councils or something of the sort. My feeling on this point is so strong, that when your paper first came the first impulse was simply to welcome it as giving a hope that something might at last be done in that direction. But that last paragraph stuck in my throat; and further thought only increased the dread of legislative or coercive means, and also the hope that the desired object might at no great distance of time be safely reached in other ways.

If what you want is to put down the Ritualists, then no doubt our objects are different. Much as I dislike and despise most of them, I would submit to a great deal for the sake of protecting them. Where, not as Ritualists but as autocrats, individual clergy introduce violent changes against

the wish of their parishes, there no doubt I should like to see the Bishops enabled to interfere.

In that sense our remedies are alternative, but in no other sense. It is not for any such penal or corrective purpose that I care about Parish Councils. I do not look on Diocesan Reform as a substitute for Parochial Reform, but as the right way to reach Parochial Reform. Conferences are merely the first step; some more substantial constitution must follow. But the great use of Diocesan movements is that they stir up life, [and that] *must* lead to reform in parishes. It is chiefly for the same reason that I want to multiply Bishops.

Your plan surely involves a subjection of the Church to the Nation in two ways. First, in the constitution itself, for you would compel a vote to be given to every householder, whether a Churchman or not. Next, in the mode of introduction, since you would impose the constitution by authority of Parliament. The apparent permissiveness is not a great advantage, for the natural result would be that the Act would be put in force chiefly for the sake of coercing the parson; that is, it would start from the very antagonism which Parish Councils ought to preclude or soften. When both parson and people wish for a Council, and also are ripe for it, they want no Act of Parliament, though in due time one might be helpful to them. No doubt the laity would like the statutory power; and a large majority of them (by no means all except a few Church Unionists) would have no coyness about receiving it at the hands of Parliament. But the 20,000 clergy are not quite ciphers; and a very large proportion of them would be infuriated. It is quite work enough to get them to take up Parish Councils at all; if you add parliamentary compulsion, you wantonly embitter feelings already none of the sweetest, and precipitate a schism.

It is very well to say that the Legislature and the minister have absolute power. So has Louis Napoleon. But both in theory only. Their real power is great enough, no doubt; but when it comes to coercing a clergy no longer made up of hirelings, whatever their other faults may be, absolute power somehow finds sooner or later that it can't act. The

great problem now is how to keep whatever Christian belief and life there is in the Church of England from being driven into strong antagonism to all the secular powers; and it seems to me that the mode of action which you propose would enormously aggravate the difficulty. Clergy, even more than laity, require to be 'led, not driven.'

Nomination of Bishops by the Crown is now the best of all arrangements; but it might easily become intolerable if Ministers took to disregarding the opinion of the Church altogether. The opposition to Hampden was contemptible; but no Church could endure a succession of such appointments made in the spirit which Lord John showed then. I do not myself in the least deprecate the intervention of the civil power, Crown or Parliament, in a discreet way and at the right time; but I do say that nothing can avert an Irish catastrophe if there is not discretion on the side of the civil power. You say that I too must go to Parliament for my Bishops. No doubt, but that is only for the extension and invigoration of an existing authority. You want to compel the introduction of a totally new polity.

You make a real point against me when you say that people are shy of Bishops. No doubt it is so, but in great measure from ignorance, both of the men and of their work. I look to Diocesan Conferences and the like to dissipate this ignorance, and then I believe that the leading Churchmen in each diocese will come to see something at least of the manifold use of Bishops. When that much is won, we can afford to fight the clubs and platform orators. You must remember that much of the dread (as distinguished from the contempt) of Bishops arises from their seeming autocracy, and that vanishes as soon as Diocesan Councils are formed. When they volunteer constitutions, Church Reform is approached at the right end.

Of one thing we may be quite sure. Any good reform will have to be carried *against* such people as —. Their one idea is putting down something or somebody, 'Ritualism' or 'Rationalism' as the case may be. What can they know of anything which has life in it?

. . . I did not intend to write so long a letter; but I

should be sorry for you to misunderstand my view; I want Parish Councils; and therefore I am terribly afraid of your either making them impossible by causing them to be associated in people's minds with an odious mode of introduction, or else succeeding in establishing them and then finding that you have split up the Church.—Ever truly yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

Of course I don't want the parson to be swamped in his Council. But neither would you personally.

TO HIS WIFE

ST. IPPOLYTS, *May 30th*, 1870.

A very good and characteristic letter from Westcott, who evidently knows no more than I do. He had had a similar invitation¹ (I see all the names are in the *Pall Mall* to-night, which I got at the station). He feels very much as I have done; does not like the plan, but thinks it very much better than might have been expected, and believes we ought to seize the opportunity, and do what we can, especially as 'we three' are on the list. He will wait for my answer till to-morrow. I shall not *quite* decide till the early post, when I hope to hear from Lightfoot, and will then telegraph to Westcott. If you are asked point blank in consequence of the list being in the papers, you had better say that I have not yet made up my mind about accepting.

TO HIS WIFE

ST. IPPOLYTS, *May 31st*, 1870.

. . . No news, but that I have just written to Ellicott to accept! This makes it a memorable day; the beginning of one knows not what changes or events in one's life, to say nothing of public results.

It is no longer a secret.

¹ To join the New Testament Revision Company.

TO THE REV. DR. LIGHTFOOT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *June 1st, 1870.*

. . . I wrote a formal acceptance to Ellicott last night, when Westcott was to do the same. For the future it is a clear duty to suppress misgivings as far as may be, and to do one's best for the work not only by personal contributions but by cordial co-operation with the whole 'Company.' You *must* get rid of your Tunbridge engagement for that day, at the cost of any breach of morality if necessary. Those early meetings, but especially the first, will indeed be all-important, and your help will be indispensable from every point of view.

TO THE REV. W. F. MOULTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, HITCHIN, *June 17th, 1870.*

My dear Sir—It has long been on my mind to write and thank you for a copy of your *Winer*, which reached me, I am shocked to find, four months ago. It came as 'from the Publishers'; but I suspect that I have to thank you in the first instance for their gift. I had hoped before this to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance in person through our common friend Mr. Mayor; but various hindrances have prevented my staying at Twickenham with him as yet. Now that we are, I am glad to find, likely to become colleagues in a great work, and moreover to meet next Wednesday, I cannot forbear sending a line beforehand to say how much I think we are all indebted to you for your book. You may possibly have heard that some years ago I ventured to announce a 'free' translation of *Winer*. It never made great progress; and, though not formally abandoned till now, was virtually given up some time ago. Your book is on a more comprehensive plan. You have given everything that is in *Winer*, and added an excellent synopsis of English criticism, where I had intended to reproduce *Winer's* words only so far as I agreed with them, and refer to English notes much more sparingly. I am not at all sure that this compromise would have been a good one; and if I should hereafter attempt to carry out my

old design, it would certainly be on a very different plan, independent of Winer and probably not in the form of a grammar. It is a great relief to me to be relieved from all responsibility as to Winer in so perfectly satisfactory a manner. We shall all, I doubt not, learn much by discussion in the New Testament Company.—Believe me, sincerely yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS WIFE

2 ONSLOW SQUARE, *June 23rd, 1870.* 9 A.M.

. . . I will first put down what you will most want to know. All has gone off well, and promises very well.

I was in excellent time for the station. Westcott was on the look-out, and we had much pleasant and satisfactory talk on the way up. His sleeping-place was changed to Stanley's Deanery; so we parted company at South Kensington Station. . . . [Next morning] I started by Metropolitan to Westminster Bridge. At the station there I saw a portly figure with a roll of blue paper in its hand which I instinctively recognized, and ventured to suggest that we were bound on the same errand. It was Dr. Eadie of Glasgow. The train was three minutes late, and we had not a moment to lose, and had difficulty in finding the right way into the Abbey; but at last were ushered into stalls in Henry VII.'s Chapel just before Stanley began the service. It was one of the great services¹ of one's life, as you may imagine; very quiet, but singularly impressive. (We owe it all, I find, to Westcott.) Only two were absent, one a clergyman. Stanley alone officiated. We all knelt in a single row round the grave of Edward VI., almost upon it. The whole chapel is the most central spot of English history, full of the tombs of the kings, with the old banners hanging from the magnificent Perpendicular carving, and glimpses of the still more glorious earlier Cathedral in different directions. We walked quietly out in a sort of informal procession all along the Cathedral, and then through the strange little old passage to the Jerusalem Chamber. But I must stop.

¹ The Revisers' inaugural Communion Service, which provoked such a violent controversy (see *Dean Stanley's Life*, vol. ii. pp. 216 foll.)

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *June 29th*, 1870.

. . . I hope you were satisfied with the results of Thursday's proceedings. The work done was small in bulk but large in precedent ; and above all it seemed to me made clear that the Company was quite able to discuss points touching on serious doctrine with freedom and fairness.

TO A FRIEND

ST. IPPOLYTS, *July 7th*, 1870.

. . . You have no doubt seen in the *Times* the work to which the Committee of Convocation have set me. It was a complete surprise. The circumstances under which the revision of the English Bible was proposed did not seem to me encouraging to those who like to see a great work honestly and well done if it is undertaken at all. But the promoters discovered, I imagine, that they must either frankly accept fair conditions or else expect to have the scheme discredited. When, therefore, the invitation came to me, accompanied by the list of persons similarly invited and by a set of provisional rules, and I saw from these two documents that there was really a fair chance of a wise revision, I felt that I had no right to hold aloof or to refuse to give what help I could. Our June meeting was most satisfactory. The Communion in Henry VII.'s Chapel was one of those few great services which seem to mark points in one's life. There was nothing to disturb its perfect quietness and solemnity ; everything was kept out except the place, the occasion, the communicants, and the service itself ; and these combined together into a marvellous whole. The two sessions of work which followed carried on, rather than disturbed, the impression. The tone was admirable. It became evident that we could work with thorough harmony, notwithstanding differences of all kinds ; and it was equally clear that all members were ready and willing to bear their part in the discussions. There are no doubt some possible rocks ahead ; but I think

that the excellent spirit so widely spread will carry us over them, or beside them. The wise folks who anticipate a 'Frenchified' or jarring Bible would be edified if they could hear Dean Stanley fighting for every antique phrase which can be defended. Next week we have three days more of work, from 11 to 5; and in October we recommence at the rate of four days a month. As we have members from Aberdeen, Dublin, and Cornwall, the four days are very properly taken together.

The chief occasion, I suppose, of my being asked to join is an enterprise which it would take a long time to explain on paper, but which I have been wanting to tell you about in person when we might have time for a comfortable talk. Dr. Westcott and myself have for above seventeen years been preparing a Greek text of the New Testament. It has been in the press for some years, and we hope to have it out early in next year. Meanwhile this English revision has decided us to issue the Gospels separately, which we propose to do as soon as we have been able to re-examine and correct the stereotype plates. Thus revision in three or four different shapes at once fully occupies us.

I have also been induced to take charge of the Logic paper in the Cambridge Examination for Women, and I expect the answers to look over next week. The authorities of Trinity have likewise persuaded me to examine for them in Botany and Geology for their new Natural Science Fellowship in the autumn. So that altogether I have not an idle year.

The Maurices spent three days with us last week, to our great happiness. I do not think he is seriously ill; but he looks worn. Mrs. Maurice told me she thought he would have been fairly well but for a trouble which came upon him while he was at Bath, which has haunted him ever since. Have you any notion what it was? I did not like to ask further. He was in very fair spirits, and talked freely and delightfully. He is now taking charge of Eversley while the Kingsleys are at Chester.

TO THE SAME FRIEND

ST. IPPOLYTS, *July 19th, 1870.*

. . . I was perhaps fortunate in not having read criticisms on the Royal Academy this year. I confess I found a good deal to interest me in the one and a half hour which I was able to snatch there some weeks ago. There were no very great pictures, but there seemed much progress. I thought especially that there were signs of our having once more poetical landscapes, founded on real sight and knowledge; for instance, all MacCallam's pictures, and also the two by Brett (who began faithfully but prosaically enough), especially his very remarkable 'Clare Island.' Quite different, but well worth study, is Lear's 'Valdoniello in Corsica.' Some of the portraits, too, struck me as unusually good. Millais' '48' is a curious piece of vengeance; a coarse Philistine insisted on being painted, and he has got his wish! I wonder whether you remember 'Ophelia'; Millais has very curiously repeated it after ever so many years in the very different guise of a 'Flood'; but, despite the increase in skill, one longs for some of the old simpleness and tender power. His 'Raleigh' and the 'Buccaneer' do not aim very high, but they are admirable within their own limits.

Our work of last week gave even better promise than the former session. The spirit was almost incredibly good. On Wednesday we had a visit from my dear old master the Archbishop, his first public appearance. He came round and shook hands with everybody, said a few good words, sat down for a little while the work proceeded, said a pleasant good-bye, and went off. . . . It is quite impossible to judge of the value of what appear to be trifling alterations merely by reading them one after another. Taken together, they have often important bearings which few would think of at first. There is but one safe rule, to be as scrupulously exact as possible, remembering, of course, that there is a truth of tone as well as of grammar and dictionary. The difference between a picture say of Raffaele and a feeble copy of it is made up of a number of trivial differences.

. . . I envy you for having heard Chunder Sen, evidently a most worthy man. But, though quite ready to welcome light from the East, I hardly think he has much to teach us, except how far English Christianity has sunk from the apostolic standard.—Yours very truly,
F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, *July 19th*, } 1870.
BRECON, *August 10th*,

. . . The great event to me of the last few weeks has been the Revision. . . . *The* feature of the whole assembly is the almost miraculous harmony, shown in genuine co-operation and cordial good-feeling all round. Indeed, what makes the work so hopeful is the remarkable teachableness of almost every one. We are all rapidly learning from each other and from the experience of the work, and before long I think it will be really well done. We have successfully resisted being warned off dangerous ground, where the needs of revision required that it should not be shirked.

But what one goes back to again and again is that marvellous Communion in Henry VII.'s Chapel, for which we have to thank first Westcott, and then Stanley. Its quiet solemnity with all the combinations of accompaniments is never to be forgotten. It is, one can hardly doubt, the beginning of a new period in Church history. So far the angry objectors have reason for their astonishment. But it is strange that they should not ask themselves what other alternatives were preferable, and what is really lost to any great interest by the union, for once, of all English Christians around the altar of the Church. . . . But it is an endless subject.

I hope you are on the whole satisfied with the Education Bill. Forster's own personal ideal is evidently different from any that we are likely to cherish; the modified Quaker is still strong in him. But I do think he has fought our battle successfully as well as nobly. . . . The Church has a fair field, and it is the fault of Churchmen if they do not now show that they alone can educate. But powerful and speedy diocesan organization is essential, and the Training Colleges will now

more than ever be the places into which our whole strength must be thrown.

That word 'diocesan' suggests much on which I should have been glad to exchange a few words, but I must not delay this letter further. So also about this miserable war.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

[August ?] 1870.

. . . Are you sure that in the turn things¹ are now taking it is right to keep total silence? There is the strangest blindness about the Unitarian position, and the moral damage that would have been done to the acceptance of the Revision by the laity if Unitarians had been outlawed as such. Also, is it not amazing to see people who suppose themselves to be good Churchmen abandoning the Catholic position and setting up a 'Trinitarian' Alliance? There is some real faith in the Incarnation left in various quarters, but in England the Trinity seems to have become the merest dogma. It has been killed, one fears, by that hapless *Quicunque vult*, and its substitution of geometry for life.

TO THE REV. DR. LIGHTFOOT

ST. JOHN'S MOUNT, BRECON, S. WALES,
September 1st, 1870.

. . . It is, I think, difficult to measure the weight of acceptance won beforehand for the Revision by the single fact of our welcoming an Unitarian, if only the Company perseveres in its present serious and faithful spirit. But what I wanted to say on the whole was simply this, that English people generally are already deeply interested about the Revision, but strangely ignorant, and that you may do the greatest good by discussing the matter, and telling elementary facts, *coram populo*, in the tone and with the authority that belong to few except yourself. To preface the way for the reception of the Revision is as good and necessary work as to help to make the Revision itself good.

¹ Viz. in the controversy about the Westminster Communion of June 22nd.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. JOHN'S MOUNT, BRECON, *September 7th, 1870.*

. . . I am very glad you are on the Conference. Just now those seem to me almost the most necessary things to push vigorously. I am haunted by the increasing Congregationalism within the Church. Parochial reform, greatly needed though it be, will only make parishes still more isolated than before, if diocesan reform does not precede, or at least proceed *pari passu*. The lawlessness of the clergy is terrible. They stand up against their parishioners, against each other, but most of all against their bishops. To make dioceses and bishops a reality is our first want, and (not only as the sole means of counteracting the absurd popular jealousy of bishops, but for all reasons) the first step is to make the bishop's authority constitutional. Without vigorous diocesan action I don't see how the education difficulties can be properly met; and time is cruelly precious.

So the third French Revolution of our generation has begun! What to expect, or even wish for, I cannot yet see. It seems clear that the French Empire had no longer any good purpose to serve, and that the union of Germany by such a sacrifice must be a blessing, and thus far the German spirit has on the whole been noble. But one dreads for Germany the intoxication of power and conquest (though I entirely disbelieve their becoming a marauding race), and one knows too well τὰ βάθη of France. What a strange half-sentence to come from Michelet—become at last a prophet—“*attendre et respecter Dieu, qui va juger la nation*”! But Trochu's is the only figure on which one can look with satisfaction.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. JOHN'S MOUNT, BRECON, *September 10th, 1870.*

. . . Have you not become more hopeful about the war? France is in a terrible state; but is it worse for having been laid bare? The real evils were only masked. I have a strong

feeling (Monday morning) that the horrors of the war are over without leaving behind a deadly heritage. A crowd of signs in Saturday's *Times* makes me believe that, before operations commence at Paris, an arrangement is possible on the basis of razing Strasburg and Metz without cession of territory, and further, that England is at this moment interposing in that sense. Some German feeling (by no means all) is greedy; but the King is not, and all his words and acts have been those of a Christian. And that singular conversation of Bismarck with Holt White of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the authenticity and intentional significance of which I have never been able to doubt, and which are strikingly confirmed by later circumstantial evidence, shows plainly that this is the line of conditions which Bismarck himself would prefer. Is it too sanguine to hope that in a few hours Lord Lyons will have ended the war on terms that give a fair promise of being permanent?

TO HIS WIFE

ST. IPPOLYTS, *September 23rd, 1870.*

. . . I am reading *Felix Holt* in very little bits with very great enjoyment. That strange woman seems to have felt everything. I don't know where to find so large and deep an experience. Yet she seems unable to draw to any conclusion.

TO HIS WIFE

LECTURE ROOM NO. 3, TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE, *Michaelmas Day, 1870.*

. . . I came off to this room yesterday, where I found Liveing and Trotter. After a little chat I took my vasculum and toddled off to the Botanic Gardens, having first vainly tried to catch Mayor that he might come with me. I was a long time in the garden, and enjoyed it much. But there was not much to be seen, and very little indeed that would serve my purpose, though I spent an hour and a half wandering about. At this table where I am now writing with the examination going on I have a vase of plants for them to

examine. In flower a pretty blue *Plumbago*, looking rather like a *Phlox*, a queer weedy white *Petunia* with a bad smell, in flower and excellent fruit, and two batches of tolerably dry fruit, *Rhus Toxicodendron* and *Xanthium* with its curious burs. I gathered also a few seeds, and might with time have got many more, but was also rather shy of taking them, as Babington was not with me. The place is very delightful, but I was sorry to see the botanical beds miserably kept. On my way home I went to the University Library and did some work and some chat with Bradshaw. Then came hall and combination room, where we had a nice small party: Trotter, Cobb, Clifford, and Crotch, all younger men, whom I was not sorry to meet. The evening, or the rest of it, I spent with Trotter.

TO THE REV. PROFESSOR MAURICE

ST. IPPOLYTS, *November 2nd, 1870.*

My dear Mr. Maurice—Thank you much for telling us about the election.¹ Along with your letter has come a card of six words from Lightfoot, and nothing from any one else; so that your particulars were specially acceptable. The news is so great, I hardly dare think of it. If Westcott has but life and strength given him, I cannot but think this will be the beginning of a new time for Cambridge. To yourself the help of his presence will, I am sure, be great. You must often feel as if you were uttering words in a strange tongue; and now you will have the certainty of at least one coadjutor whose ears are opened. It is a special pleasure to think that you and he are at last to be really in contact.

TO HIS WIFE

2 ONSLOW SQUARE, *December 15th, 1870.*
8.55 A.M.

. . . Père Hyacinthe was at the Deanery² after all, and I missed him by not accepting the Dean's invite to dinner on

¹ Viz. of Dr. Westcott to the Regius Professorship of Divinity.

² Of Westminster.

Tuesday. However, I had a very pleasant evening, and escaped extra fatigue when I was overdone. I am glad to say Westcott, who had a strong prejudice against the Père, and did not want to see him, was quite won by his simplicity and modesty.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *February 15th, 1871.*

. . . I have been a little thinking about John xiv. 6 as supplying four subjects¹; but perhaps they are all too vast. I do mean, however, to be looking forward without delay.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

65 SLOANE STREET, S.W., *March 9th, 1871.*

. . . I stayed Saturday in town to see the Exhibition, which closed that day (I trust you have at least had a glimpse of Botticelli's marvellous 'Nativity,' containing so much beyond what one expects from any picture), and came home in the evening.

I have just opened the *Guardian*, and see that the great protest against the Ritual judgement takes only the ground of the 'position of the celebrant'; so I fear one can only hold aloof. The zeal of ecclesiastics to claim to be like King Sigismund *super grammaticam* is a singular fact. — Ever affectionately yours,

FENTON J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. PROFESSOR MAURICE

March 22nd, 1871.

. . . Luard has also sent me this morning the 'Remonstrance' against the Purchas Judgement, to which your name is added in ink. As I am writing, I am tempted to ask your view about the 'Remonstrance.' I have had a strong wish

¹ *i.e.* for the Hulsean Lectures.

to sign something by way of protest against the gratuitous narrowing of the Church, but have not as yet been able to see my way towards accepting this document.

The first 'consideration' makes some historical statements which might be questioned. But that might be swallowed. What makes me most hesitate is the form adopted. It is a request from the Clergy to the Bishops "to abstain from acting on the Decision" of the supreme court of the law. Probably such abstinence will be right and wise; but can we publicly call on the Bishops to practise it? Are they not guilty of *formal* contumacy against the law, if they forbear to enforce that which the law has recently and expressly declared to be *the only legal position* of the celebrant? That is, is it not formally part of their duty to see *proprio motu* that the law, as interpreted by the proper authority, is universally obeyed, so that custom and desuetude can no longer be pleaded? Their position is already awkward enough. Do we not injure it by compelling them either to obey the law publicly or disobey it publicly?

These are the doubts that have occurred to me. I feel sure they must in some form have been present to your mind; and, as you have notwithstanding been able to see your way to signing, I shall be really thankful to know what carried most weight with you. The crisis is a very grave one, and we ought in every legitimate way to resist the Moderates in their attempt to carry out the demands of a noisy public opinion. . . .

I hope Litchfield has sent you his Memorial to Forster against the new discouragement to music in elementary schools. Forster's concession on Monday seems to me to make matters far worse than before, though with the best intentions. What we want is music as a *liberal* means of education added to the beggarly elements; but what he gives us is, not music, but practically a few trivial school songs caught up by ear. If he would only recognise the subject as an extra for five or six years, at the end of that time he would carry every one with him in enforcing universally the real teaching of it.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER (aged 8)

HUNSTANTON, *June 24th*, 1871.

My dear Ellen—I am much obliged for your letter, and sorry to hear that Tabbieta has been lost. However I dare say she had turned up again long before your letter reached me. . . . I shall be glad if you and Arthur would put a few flowers in the *little* tin case which I left on the library table, that I may take them to Dr. Westcott, if Ellis carries it to the station. I should like a few nice pieces of *Deutzia*, either open or in bud, three or four pieces of the bright red *Lychnis Flos-Jovis*, a few pieces of the blue Lettuce with some buds on, and two or three *small* but bright pieces of the Lupine, with a few Lupine leaves. They should be cut just long enough to go into the tin box without bending or breaking, with the heads all the same way, and a few drops of water (not much) sprinkled on the *cut* ends, but not on the flowering ends.

Mamma has, I daresay, told you about the shore here, with its shells and pebbles and pretty animals that look like seaweed, and some real seaweed too. There is also such a curious cliff, white (very white) on the top, bright red under the white, and a pretty foxy brown under the red.

TO HIS WIFE

CHAPTER-HOUSE, ST. PAUL'S, *July 25th*, 1871.

. . . We have had some stiff battles to-day in Revision, though without any ill feeling, and usually with good success. But I more than ever felt how impossible it would be for me to absent myself. . . .

Lightfoot came in to Revision about half-past 11, Westcott about half-past 12. I have had as yet next to no talk, as they were not at Stanley's. It was a nice little party, with some distinguished people: Sir Charles and Lady Trevelyan (Lord Macaulay's sister), Panizzi, the British Museum Librarian,

Dr. and Mrs. Dasent, Madame Mohl, Miss Stanley (the Roman Catholic sister of the Dean, who went out with Miss Nightingale), Lady something Bruce (Lady Augusta, Stanley's sister), and Dr. Milligan.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

JERSEY MARINE HOTEL, BRITON FERRY ROAD,
NEATH, S. WALES, *September 2nd, 1871.*

My dear Westcott—I must just send one line to say how promising this place is. It is a still day of pearly mists, so that it is hard to speak of air ; but every now and then come delicious breaths. We have an immense room with three tables and five windows on three sides, which for the seaside has divers advantages. The views are to my eye delightful, despite the somewhat haycocky shape of the millstone grit hills. All is full of strange and pleasant contrasts. In no direction is there monotony, while the many level lines and level spaces near and in the sea are most soothing. Daubigny alone could paint the views, at least as they are to-day. The shore is broad sand, with an abundance of bivalve shells, and even *echini* and valves of stalked barnacles.

I send this just on the chance of your being still unfixed. Ever since we came yesterday afternoon we have been wanting you to help to occupy this room.

It enabled me to add a page or two this morning !—Ever affectionately yours,

FENTON J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

BRITON FERRY ROAD, *September 10th, 1871.*

. . . We may believe that orthodoxy leads to truth, and (or) truth to orthodoxy ; but to identify them seems to me to involve the practical loss of either the one or the other. Moreover it is a sad fact that most orthodox criticism in England is reckless of truth, and unjust to the authors of other criticism.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *October 9th*, 1871.

My dear Westcott—One line, which may perhaps catch you before you go to Nottingham, just to ask how long you think the Hulsean Lectures should be in delivery. I have spent much time on them ; and shall do hardly anything else, at least in such hours as are fit for them, till they are done ; but motion is slow.

. . . Local claims on time are unusually devouring just now. There is endless school business, and the village is a nest of typhoid and scarlet fever, involving much consideration of difficult sewage questions, besides the care of the sick. But all has its reward.—Ever affectionately yours,

FENTON J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, *October 13th*, 1871.

. . . We are building our new schoolroom, and subscriptions have to be collected, and architect and builder seen, and new mistresses to be inspected, and what not. Also of all things in the world I have to help Great Wymondley in some manorial business. Next week comes Revision. I do not half like leaving the sick, or being away from F. while she is here near the sickness. But I dare not be away from Revision after former experience of the necessity for both speaking and voting incessantly. But what most occupies me now is the Hulsean work, in which I am sadly backward ; and, alas ! I have also undertaken Botany in the Natural Science Tripos. Thus you see my backwardness is not idleness.

I forget whether I mentioned that in July we had at last our *Gospels*,¹ with a short Introduction. I wish I could have sent you one ; but we sent to no private friends, unless they had some special claim as critics or scholars. Macmillan rightly perhaps cut down this purely private issue to a small

¹ Viz. the private issue of Westcott and Hort's *Text of the Gospels ; for the Use of the Revisers*.

number; and the N. T. Company, with foreign and American scholars, left only a small proportion for England.

Our love to your wife and children.—Ever affectionately
yours,
FENTON J. A. HORT.

TO MISS MARCH PHILLIPPS

ST. IPPOLYTS, HITCHIN, *October 28th, 1871.*

My dear Miss March Phillipps—I am much obliged to you for letting me see your paper¹ on its way to Dr. Westcott. I am accustomed to consider myself a stiffish Tory in these matters except as regards education,—which is not really an exception,—but what you say in this paper appears to me nearly all right in principle, though I might be tempted to question some of your facts.

While quite conscious that one is apt to generalize too widely from one's own acquaintance, I cannot help thinking that you over-estimate the amount and noxiousness of adverse male opinion. I doubt whether even *Saturday Reviewers* believe a quarter of their own rubbish. They go on pouring it out, because they are afraid of each other's imaginary criticism, and think it is the correct thing to say. This of course is very bad in its own way, but it is not the sort of badness that you make war upon. My own impression is that the helpless charmer theory finds favour with very few men except the supremely silly. If the average Briton is obstructive in the matter, it is partly from his instinctive Conservatism, partly from his not seeing his way to anything practicable, partly from his suspicion of complicity with ulterior theories which he does decidedly object to. But the most powerful motive which leads fathers of families in at least the upper classes to give their daughters an insufficient education (about special training they are surely rather apathetic than hostile) is, I imagine, simply want of means. Good and protracted education is costly. Custom enforces the sacrifices which have to be made on behalf of the boys; it makes no such requirements for the girls, and so the con-

¹ On the Education of Women.

science is too sluggish to make head against the real necessities of the purse. The custom thus reinforced naturally acts even upon those whose means are ample.

On the other hand, I must say I think the vicious theory is most dangerously rife among women, and especially mothers of families. It is an axiom of the average sensible matron that daughters must be decoratively prepared for the market, but must on no account be solidly educated or trained, or allowed after 'finishing' to pursue or use their education, for fear of failing in the market. If they have misgivings of their own, they quench them by repeating that 'men like'—just what men with the least stuff in them almost invariably hate. Experience ought to have taught them better; but what can experience do against tradition? There is considerable excuse for all this. The mothers are generally divided between their families and 'society'; and in their society these fabulous axioms live by interminable repetition, much as do the axioms of male clubs. One main reason why something like an University life is so much to be desired for girls is that it ought to introduce a different and on the whole wiser public opinion breaking in upon the tyrannous public opinion of 'home,' that is, half of it home proper (not by any means always a very elevating atmosphere), but also at least half of it merely the society which happens to surround home.

You will forgive my saying this. Men and women are both to blame in the matter. But it seems to me a pity to give an excuse to men for holding aloof by assuming that their true way of thinking is that which too anxious mothers report it to be.

If I understand you rightly, you do not find fault with the 'wife-and-mother-and-mistress-of-household' ideal, though you most justly object to the absurd deductions from it. As far as I can see, what we want is to have that ideal taken up in good earnest, not in the make-believe fashion that society approves, and to carry it out to its legitimate consequences. You, like many others, rightly cry out on behalf of the multitudes of women in all classes who, as a matter of fact, are not matrons, and ask why no account is taken of them. I cannot,

however, be hopeful about any remedy which would practically divide women into two sets even more than they are now by setting up a separate (and virtually mannish) ideal for the unmarried. Let only the matron ideal be properly expanded and properly prepared for, and we shall find it, I think, the most helpful for all alike. You do not say a word too much about the shameful neglect of special training for the special duties of matronhood; indeed I should be glad if you had spoken more distinctly about the education of children as well as their 'management.' But this special and quasi-professional training is only half, and perhaps the lesser half, of what is wanted; it must be supplemented by a solid 'liberal' education and cultivation (no matter by what subjects), both for the sake of the quality of the professional work itself, and because nobody has any right to be merely a professional machine. Now, so far as education and the general ideas and arrangements of society among rational people can keep this purpose in view for *all women*, so far, I think, the unmarried will profit by it no less than the married. Much of the work which women can do best, and which is best done by women, consists of one or another matronly function detached from the actual position of a matron; one might call it supplementary family work. There is no doubt the home to be thought of as well as the work; and here there is more difficulty. The English family is much too exclusive a body, and takes far too little account of those who might be more or less closely associated with it with happiness and benefit to both sides. Yet I am sure this is the right point to start from. We must try to expand the family and proper home, rather than accept homelessness as the proper condition of the unmarried. Nor has anything serious really been attempted yet in the way of making artificial homes, if one may so call them, in the shape of combinations for a common life, whether with or without a common work.

I do not forget the terrible and pressing difficulty arising from the multitudes of helpless female hand-workers, though this is a matter on which I know little, and unfortunately have thought little. Happily you and others are taking up their

cause. Very possibly the case may require exceptional expedients. All I would plead is that their pitiable need ought not to give the law to our views of the whole question. They must ultimately be benefited by the prevalence of sound views and practices as to women in higher classes.

I would just say that my experience in this straw-plait district is not favourable to any plan which makes skill directed towards individual bread-winning the main thing for women. A girl who is a skilful plaiter has plenty of money soon after she has left school till she has been married two or three years, and her (parents') family is none the better, for she merely pays her mother a stated sum for board and spends the rest upon herself. Except in a few families, the old family feeling is sadly dissolved by the separate mercantile interests, and the effect on the character of the women is disastrous and permanent. There are of course analogous evils among the boys and men; but the effects are not so lasting, nor, as far as I can judge, so corrupting.

With regard to the guild, I am sure it is a move in the right direction. Some concentration is needed to resist the prevalent idleness and display. About details Dr. Westcott can write with more effect, as he has long been specially interested in the subject. He will, I suspect, urge that the guild should be primarily of families (including, therefore, both sexes), not of women, though individual women might be members, and the greater part of the direct work could only be done by women. The kind of help that you propose between women of different classes would be invaluable, but harm would be done if it could be plausibly represented as a female freemasonry; so that the subordination to the general purposes of the guild as equally male and female ought to be evident.

I have written hurriedly, being desperately busy just now, but I was glad of the opportunity of saying something. I think I see my way pretty clearly on the chief matters of principle, though my impressions are vague enough about the applications. It is somewhat presumptuous to write to you as I have done, but I think you will forgive it.—Believe me, very truly yours,

FENTON J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *November 5th*, 1871.

My dear Westcott—Could the time have been afforded, I must have run over to-day or to-morrow to discuss with you the Bishop of Ely's most kind and encouraging letter.¹ Now I must perforce ask you to help me to decide. I do not imagine that I have any special fitness for the work. Shyness that is, I fear, inveterate, not to call it cowardice, would be a constant hindrance. Yet if I could only do the work properly, the position is one that I should value extremely. It would be a privilege to take part in the expanding diocesan work of a diocese so actively in motion as Ely, and to be associated with a Bishop whom I so much love and admire. The having to deal with Cambridge resident candidates, if full of difficulty, would also be full of interest, and one might hope to be able to do something towards gaining adequate recognition for both University work and proper Cathedral work from those who lead the diocese on the 'secular' or parochial side. All this is tempting.

But I much fear it is a temptation which it is a duty to resist. Two reasons weigh on me. First, time. Were the Revision non-existent I should be less afraid on this score. But my parish already suffers more than it ought from other avocations, and especially from Revision. It may not do harm to take on this or that single bit of work besides, or the good may outweigh the harm. But I really do not see how I can keep *everything* from suffering severely if I am to be at Cambridge or Ely for three or four weeks in every year, and besides to prepare papers and conduct correspondence, to say nothing of communications after ordination. Secondly, the Bishop of Ely is one of the most sincerely tolerant of men; but ought his Examining Chaplain to need his toleration? and should not I need it? Ought he not for that special work to have some one who can naturally and truthfully move more near the beaten tracks?

Post here, and I must close. But I have said the main

¹ Inviting Hort to become his Examining Chaplain.

things. I should not wish to feel that I could not publish without risk of injuring the Bishop, to say nothing of paining him.—Ever affectionately yours, FENTON J. A. HORT.

TO THE BISHOP OF ELY (DR. HAROLD BROWNE)

ST. IPPOLYTS, HITCHIN, *November 8th, 1871.*

My dear Lord Bishop—It is certainly not for want of any encouragement that you could give me that I have found myself in sore perplexity since I received your letter. The office which you offer me is one of great and growing interest. It would give me unfeigned delight to be associated personally with your Lordship in your work for the Church. Believing as I do that the revival of diocesan organization is the most needful step just now towards the restoration of the life and power of the Church, I should think it a high privilege to bear a part in the central work of the diocese of Ely. The peculiar relations of your diocese with Cambridge, if they increase the difficulty and responsibility, yet are likewise attractive to one who, like myself, has a strong sympathy with all the aims and labours of the University.

Yet I have good reasons for hesitation. I doubt greatly whether I possess some of the qualifications needed in one who would have so much to do with candidates for ordination. I doubt also whether I have any right to undertake a fixed series of grave periodical duties in addition to those of which I cannot divest myself. The duties of this by no means small or easy cure, never as yet at all adequately performed, claim a large part of my time. The Revision of the English New Testament consumes many days of the year, both at Westminster and in preparation. Various other more or less similar work, long undertaken, ought not to be neglected or abandoned without a clearly imperative necessity. Leisure I have none to appropriate. When at home, it is rare for me to have any relaxation in the day, or to cease working till bedtime. Having trusted too much to a good constitution, I long ago wasted health and vigour which I have but very partially recovered.

Nevertheless Dr. Westcott, who is well acquainted with all these facts, so strongly urges me to accept your Lordship's proposal that I should put aside my own misgivings and venture at least to make the experiment if I were not restrained by another consideration. This also I mentioned to Dr. Westcott. He takes no distinct notice of it in his reply ; so that doubtless he regards it as of less weight than I must continue to do. But in any case it ought to be fully brought before your Lordship.

My fear is that, partly in views, and still more in sympathies, I do not sufficiently conform to any of the recognized standards to be a fit person for the special post which you offer me. I have a lively sense of your Lordship's unfeigned charity of judgement and Christian tolerance. But your examining chaplain ought not to need your tolerance, and perhaps I might. I have, I trust, a firm and assured belief in the reality of revelation, the authority of Scripture, the uniqueness and supremacy of the Gospels, the truth and permanent value of the earlier Creeds (if I value the 'Athanasian' symbol less highly, it is certainly not from any doubt or indifference about the Holy Trinity), the Divine mission and authority of the Church and her institutions, and the like. I mention these points as characteristic, and at the present time more or less crucial, not as an exhaustive list. But, on the other hand, on what might be called the details and accessories of even these matters of faith, I am not sure that my views, so far as they are fixed, would be generally accepted in all respects. Thus, to give an instance, there are difficulties, possibly serious, concerning parts of the Old Testament about which I do not clearly see my way ; though, on the other hand, I have never been able to devote to them the requisite study. Moreover, Mr. Maurice has been a dear friend of mine for twenty-three years, and I have been deeply influenced by his books. To myself it seems that I owe to them chiefly a firm and full hold of the Christian faith ; but they have led me to doubt whether the Christian faith is adequately or purely represented in all respects in the accepted doctrines of any living school.

Further, I have not merely a keen interest in criticism, physical science, and philosophy, but a conviction that their

vigorous and independent progress is to be desired for the sake of mankind, even when for the time they seem to be acting to the injury of faith. I have friends of various creeds and creedlessness, from whom I believe I should do wrong to dissociate myself. It is quite possible that I might wish to write papers or books in which some of these facts would unavoidably come to light. To put myself without a very clear call in a position in which such ways would be thought incongruous by those who have a right to judge would, I venture to think, be wrong. As for individual liberty or liking, that is a very small matter. But it would not be a small matter to give up the power of serving the Church by acting as in some sort a connecting link with those who, though outside her special work, and often at variance with her, ought likewise, as it seems to me, to be recognized as her friends, if unwilling friends.

I have now laid before your Lordship what has been passing in my mind. If, under all the circumstances, you prefer to seek another chaplain, I shall perfectly understand that you will not be implying any doubt about myself or my present position, but simply judging that it is fittest and wisest not to offer me a somewhat peculiar post. I wish therefore, meanwhile, to consider your offer as not made. If, however, after considering what I have ventured to say, your Lordship prefers to renew the offer, I should not think it right to refuse it, if I might accept it without pledging myself to hold the office permanently. I would strive cheerfully and hopefully to discharge its duties to the best of my power, but should at the same time be glad to feel that, if after sufficient experience I found them too arduous for me, I might without breach of faith ask you to relieve me. I need hardly add an assurance that, if for any reason your Lordship should hereafter have the slightest wish that I should cease to discharge these duties, I shall not misunderstand either the feeling or the motive.

It is taking a great liberty to say all this; but under the circumstances it appears to be right. It will at least enable me to accept your Lordship's decision with a clear conscience, whatever it may be.—I remain, your obliged and faithful servant,

FENTON J. A. HORT.

TO THE BISHOP OF ELV

ST. IPPOLYTS, HITCHIN, *November 12th, 1871.*

My dear Lord Bishop—I am sincerely obliged for your letter, and for the kind way in which you meet my scruples. I feel entirely with you that a fundamental difference on the subject of the Atonement, if it existed, would place me in a false position as your examining chaplain. I suppose that the reason why it did not occur to me to refer expressly to this point when I was mentioning others is the fact that during the last few years it has been less a subject of controversy than it was a few years earlier. But in any case I must regret my neglect.

As regards the doctrine of the Atonement itself, I do not think there is a word in your Lordship's statement which I could not cordially accept as my own. If there is any difference, it concerns only the relation of the Atonement to other doctrines. I feel most strongly the truth of what you say about sin and atonement as answering to each other. Christian peace comes not from sin denied, or sin ignored, but sin washed away. If it was not washed effectually away once for all upon the Cross, an awakened conscience has no refuge but in futile efforts after a heathenish self-atonement. Nor can I see how, man being what he is now, the Incarnation could bring about a complete redemption unless it included a true Atonement. The Resurrection itself loses more than half its power, if spiritual death has not been conquered as well as natural death. About the manner of the Atonement, we must all feel that it lies in a region into which we can have only glimpses, and that all figures taken from things below are of necessity partial and imperfect. It is the vain attempt to bring the Divine truth down to the level of our own understandings that has created all the dark perversions of the Atonement which have justly offended sensitive consciences, and so given occasion to the denial of the truth itself.

But it does not seem to me any disparagement to the sufferings and death of the Cross to believe that they were

the acting out and the manifestation of an eternal sacrifice, even as we believe that the sonship proceeding from the miraculous birth of the Virgin Mary was the acting out and manifestation of the eternal Sonship. So also the uniqueness of the great Sacrifice seems to me not to consist in its being a substitute which makes all other sacrifices useless and unmeaning, but in its giving them the power and meaning which of themselves they could not have. Christ is not merely our Priest but our High priest, or priest of priests; and this title seems to me to give reality to Christian, as it did to Jewish, priesthood; both to the universal priesthood of the Church and to the representative priesthood of the apostolic ministry, without which the idea of any priesthood vanishes into an empty metaphor.

I have thought it best to speak for myself without reference to the views of any other. But you will, I am sure, forgive me for expressing a belief that Mr. Maurice would assent entirely to what I have said. He may have dwelt too exclusively on that idea of sacrifice which is suggested by Hebrews x. 5-10, and he may have failed to make clear that Sacrifice is not the only way of conceiving Atonement. I remember that his book on Sacrifice disappointed me at the time, while I had the feeling that, if I read it over again and again pen in hand (which I have never done), I should find a more solid and valuable residuum. In common with several of his later books, it suffers partly from its diffuseness and laxity of form, partly from his extreme anxiety to dwell on the partial truths felt after by those from whom he differs, so that he often fails to give sufficient prominence to the truth which he assumes. He does, I fear, sometimes wrest Scripture unawares in some single direction; but I know none who submits himself to it with greater reverence, or is more desirous to be helped towards the understanding of it by the teaching of the Church of all ages. But enough of this.

I have now only to place myself in your Lordship's hands, for the renewal of your proposal or not, as you may think best.—I remain, your Lordship's faithful servant,

FENTON J. A. HORT.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ELY

PALACE, ELY, *November 18th, 1871.*

. . . I am quite satisfied from all I know of you that, if you are willing to work with me, I shall be a great gainer by your help.

I believe from what you kindly write that there is no fundamental difference between us on the doctrine of the Atonement, and I am disposed to flatter myself that there may be great sympathy between us on many points. You, no doubt, have had more time and more power than I have had to carry out trains of thought, and mine may be more crude, but they have not been carelessly followed.

I hope I may have misconceived Maurice; for on the subject in question I have been a good deal pained by his writings. I entirely feel with you that it is quite possible to believe the sacrifice of Christ to be the acting out and manifestation of an eternal principle, without disparaging the atoning power of that Sacrifice. What I fear is that Mr. Maurice does substitute the one thought for the other, and does not combine the two. I have, however, acknowledged that it is probably fifteen years since I read the book, and that I may have misconceived him. He is certainly often very obscure from the causes which you so truly dwell upon.

I will not weary you with more, but once again say that, if you are willing to give my diocese the benefit of your labours, as examiner of my candidates for orders, and myself your countenance and help as chaplain and counsellor, I shall thankfully accept your co-operation.—Believe me, most truly yours,
E. H. ELY.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *November 20th, 1871.*

My dear Westcott—Yesterday morning's post brought a very kind and unhesitating renewal of the proposal from the Bishop. I have just written to accept it. I find it hard not to be full of misgiving; but the work is great, and you must take me as your pupil, as twenty-one (almost twenty-two) years ago.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *December 1st, 1871.*

My dear Westcott—Alas! I have nothing to send. I have not touched III.¹ since I saw you, and what was then written would be useless to forward. I have worked incessantly, despite less favourable health, and have only this moment finished No. II. Indeed I have still to do the cutting out, for which your sketch will be helpful but not decisive, as my old pages were very crowded, and I have had to change much in various ways. A great deal that stood on the sheets could not in any wise be rendered into reasonable speech. The result now is 90 pp., and I fancy I must cut out 60.

As far as I can see, I must abjure Revision this time,—a real penance, for the *Benedictus* and *Nunc Dimittis* will come. Of course I will do all I can next week; but I must be prepared for not having touched IV. when III. has to be preached. I think you know that we are to be at the Lodge from tomorrow to Monday; then at the Luards' till Thursday 2 P.M., unless I should find it best not to go home that week at all. It is humiliating. I have had to ask my curate to take my place at the night-school with Mrs. Hort to-night and next Friday. Indeed I am doing absolutely nothing but Hulseans; and it is rather stupefying. However *Vorwärts*.—Ever affectionately yours,

FENTON J. A. HORT.

Natural Sciences Tripos all next week; Class list on the day after last Hulsean.

TO HIS WIFE

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

December 13th, 1871. 9.20 P.M.

. . . I had a very fair night without coughing, and am not amiss to day. Only I cannot get up the *brightness* that I want for the subject.² I stick in the heavy clay. However, let us trust things will turn out well.

It is altogether a very odd state of things, and I feel very much as if I were somewhere in the moon. Anything less like 'Cambridge life' can hardly be imagined.

¹ *i.e.* the third Hulsean lecture.² The Hulsean Lectures.

TO HIS WIFE

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

December 14th, 1871. 9.15 P.M.

. . . Here I am still! However, only a very few pages remain, and if I am not *very* unlucky, I hope to get one day in town. I shall not be able to go to Onslow Square, but shall probably dine with Lightfoot and Westcott, as I want the latter to see my sermon. I fear it is very heavy and difficult, much the worst of the four instead of the best, as I had hoped.

TO HIS WIFE

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

December 17th, 1871. 5.25 P.M.

I have just time to scribble you a few lines before chapel. The last Hulsean is delivered,—a real deliverance to me. Yesterday I thought I could have added and improved much; but when I came home from the Lodge at near 11, I felt that I should do no real good at either lecture or papers, so I went to bed, and had a good night's rest. All this morning I sat at my table, but with very poor success. I managed to add four tolerable pages at the end; but was not able to go over the whole, and consequently made two or three slips in delivery. However, it was nothing very bad.

I have seen Lightfoot and also the Maurices. Maurice *asked* me about Emmanuel, but cannot remember who spoke of it to him. Of course I told him all under the circumstances.

Now I believe I ought to go, if I am to find a place in chapel. At 7 I dine in Hall, as the Master brings Mountague Bernard in. It was a pleasant evening at the Lodge; only Burn and Latham besides.

TO HIS WIFE

TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE,

December 18th, 1871. 6.40 P.M.

At last the Tripos is over. Trotter and I have just been giving out the list in the Senate-house, and then been to chapel. Nothing remains except a little report on the Botany, which I find I must do in a day or two. Now I think I shall

go to bed. Hall would be pleasant, and so would be the Maurices, who wanted me yesterday to dine to-night, but promised to excuse me if I did not come. But the fact is, I was up all night looking over papers, and had finished only half an hour before the time; so that I do rather want sleep, and really think I shall be virtuous enough to plunge into it at once.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. IPPOLYTS, *December 28th*, 1871.

My dear Westcott—I believe I had not opportunity to tell you on the 18th that two days before I had definitely decided to go to Emmanuel, if they wish to have me, and that Phear seemed to be hopeful about the election, certainly more so than he had been. I also decided to take the house, leaving the negotiation in Luard's hands. The interval of suspense is a strange time. I fear it will be some weeks before I get over the pressure of these last weeks. It is unlucky, for much home work presses in its turn. Yet there is also a satisfaction in that combination of the Natural Sciences Tripos and of Revision with the Hulseans. Just at present it seems useless to attempt to touch the third and fourth lectures, that is, to deal with any speculative subject. But I am impatient to have done with the work. You will, I am sure, allow me to send you the slips of proof for suggestions. I wish we could have had some talk about the title. I can think of nothing better than 'the Revelation of the Way.' It is not quite adequate, but it avoids some objections which I should make to others more obvious. No title single in form and simple in language could express the drift of the whole. It seems impossible to go beyond slight indication.

By the way, the Emmanuel election is likely to be in next Revision, though the day is uncertain.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, *January 5th*, 1872.

My dear Ellerton—Very many thanks for your letter and all its fixings. I will answer it if I can, but I want first of

all just to ask one question, which I ought to have distinctly asked long ago. Would you like any criticisms that I may write on hymns to be such as you can show without scruple to your coadjutors, or not? Hitherto I have been writing as though talking over tea and marmalade at 2 A.M. in the New Court, but I rather gather that you have not regarded what I sent as for yourself only. If so, I have no doubt you have had good reason for what you have done, but still I should like to know for the future, as I should prefer to use more temperate language. Evidently each way of writing has its disadvantage. I will try hard to look over some hymns quickly, but time is still scant.

Except in the last two or three weeks, I had not wits for touching the Hulseans in the holidays, when I had hoped to complete them! Accordingly they were very engrossing in the autumn, and the fevers here also took up much time in various ways. For the first Cambridge Sunday F. and I went up to the Maurices', sleeping, however, at the Luards' next door. The following Sunday we were at Trinity Lodge. Thompson was kindness and goodness itself and full of interesting talk, and his wife was also very pleasant. From Monday to Thursday we spent at the Luards'. On the Saturday I returned to Cambridge alone, but found it needful to go into rooms in Trinity if work was to be done. The second week had had in it the Natural Science Tripos, which consumed time. The third week I stayed up at Cambridge, my No. IV. not having been written. But I was so wearied and stupefied that I wrote slowly and badly, and (for the first time) had to sacrifice three days of Revision. Having finished after a fashion about 5 on Friday morning, I ran up to town for the day, so as to put in one appearance at the Jerusalem Chamber, and not quite lose the session; but I had already lost the *Benedictus*, *Nunc Dimittis*, and Angelic Hymn, to my great distress. That night I spent at home, partly to see my cousin Georgina Chavasse, whom otherwise I should have missed. Next morning was full of school business, and the afternoon at Cambridge was engrossed by other claimants, so that I was barely able to look a little over my rough lecture before preaching it, and when bedtime came

on Sunday night, I realized that I had scarcely made any impression previously on my pile of Botany papers, while we were to meet to make out the list before 2 next day. I had therefore to sit up, and for fourteen hours I worked ahead, breaking off only for breakfast and toilette, and emerged half an hour before the time.¹

The third and fourth lectures will both require large additions, and perhaps will have to be in part rewritten. I had no clearness or elasticity of mind when they were composed; nor have I as yet, which is a great nuisance, for I am most anxious to have the book out without delay. It will have no notes and no references, also no quotations or proper names except from the Bible. The first and second lectures were written in full at once, and only selections from them preached, so that I hope they will not want much more than verbal correction. Indeed Westcott is urging me to print them without waiting. The book will contain a good deal that seems to myself important and fundamental, but I am not very sanguine about success in expressing what has been in my mind. I do not at all expect to please even intelligent 'organs' of either the Conservatives or the Liberals, if, indeed, they find out anything substantial enough to be worth criticizing.

I have just finished Bowden's rather clumsy and very imperfect *Memoir of Faber*. It has left with me a higher impression of Faber's own power, energy, and goodness than I had before. But it convinces me more than ever how deeply his whole nature was saturated with idolatry, and how alienated he consequently became—quite unawares—from the Bible, the Fathers, and the Middle Ages. Nearly all that is good in his later religion was what survived from the influence

¹ It may be of interest to put the events of these few days into the form of a time-table:—

Thursday—Up all night, writing fourth Hulsean lecture.

Friday—To London for Revision meeting, and to St. Ippolyts for the night.

Saturday—Morning, parochial business; afternoon, to Cambridge; business at Cambridge.

Sunday—Preached fourth Hulsean lecture; up all night, and till 1.30 P.M. on Monday with Botany papers.

of Newman and Oxford. It is most instructive to see how, as he was well aware, his Italianism was but a more consistent carrying out of his early Evangelicalism.

Possibly you have not heard that I have become Harold Browne's Examining Chaplain. I have only seen him two or three times in my life, not at all intimately, and was amazed when he made the proposal, in the kindest terms. I wrote to warn him that I was not safe or traditional in my theology, and that I could not give up association with heretics and such like; but after a single question he made no difficulty. I had no time for the Christmas Ordination, so shall not act till the Trinity time. Westcott very strongly urged me to accept. I may possibly be useful as a link between Cambridge fellows and the Bishop, and also as helping to consolidate the line of Eastern dioceses, which are not unlikely, under Westcott's guidance, to make a united effort to improve and prolong clerical education.

TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER

ST. IPPOLYTS, HITCHIN, *January 10th, 1872.*

My dear Lord Bishop—It has become my duty to lay before you the following circumstances. The Master and a majority of the Fellows of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, are desirous to put in force a statute of ten years ago, permitting them to elect to a Fellowship "*Aliquem virum ob literas vel scientiam insignem, etiamsi uxorem duxerit, qui nec beneficium in Ecclesia extra Universitatem habeat nec Magister sit nec socius alius Collegii.*"

They also wish me to be the Fellow elected under these circumstances. Their purpose is to carry into effect more completely than heretofore the original intention of the Founder that the College should specially promote the study of Divinity, and the education of students for Holy Orders in particular; and with this view they desire the Fellow elected under the new statute to deliver lectures in Theology. . . .

Your Lordship will readily believe that I cannot look forward without much pain to separation from your own

diocese, and from the parishes which have been in my charge for fourteen years and a half. Yet I feel that my duty is clear. This proposal came upon me a very short time ago unsought and unexpected. It does not tempt by increase of income (though such an increase would have been not a luxury, but a release from serious care); for the change will be little, if at all, better in this respect. But I cannot help feeling that a younger and more vigorous man would have a prospect of being more useful to my parishes than I have succeeded in being. And on the other hand, I cannot help hoping that I may be able with better effect to help those who are carrying on the educational work of the Church in the University, which is daily growing in importance. . . . I remain, with much respect and gratitude, your Lordship's faithful servant,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT.

ST. IPPOLYTS, *January 11th, 1872.*

. . . I wish you were here to see a blossom of the great white Madagascar orchid *Angoracum sesquipedale*, which was given Mrs. Hort early in the week. It is to last some ten days more. The spur is really all but a foot long. One feels towards it almost as towards a fetish. From tip to tip of the waxy sepals is $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, *February 5th, 1872.*

My dear Ellerton—One line to tell you of the strange fate that has befallen me. On Friday I ceased to be Vicar of St. Ippolyts, and on Saturday I became Fellow of Emmanuel. I have not time to-day to tell you the whole story, but the main facts are that the College, under George Phear, its new Master, proposes to carry out its founder Sir Walter Mildmay's intention by becoming mainly theological, and undertaking the instruction of candidates for Orders.

. . . Westcott and Lightfoot urged me strongly not to decline it, and so the die is cast. One cannot but have many misgivings as well as many regrets. Yet I feel sure that the decision was right. It is a high privilege to hold office in Cambridge in the time that seems coming for Cambridge, and especially to bear a part there in theological education. Westcott is resuscitating the theological faculty from its sleep of centuries,—supported thus far by all resident members of the Faculty,—and one cannot but be hopeful as to the results. They are to meet at Holy Communion on Wednesday morning, and Westcott has invited me to join, though I have not yet taken a Divinity degree, as under the new state of things it is clear that I ought to do.

. . . At this moment No. 6 St. Peter's Terrace is ours, three doors from the Maurices', two from the Luards', and a few yards from the Westcotts'. If you and Mrs. Ellerton and (or) Frank are not able to come to us before we leave this home of nearly fifteen years, we trust you will very speedily come and see how the outward face of Cambridge has changed. —Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

To —

ST. IPPOLYTS, *February 5th*, 1872.

. . . I am not going into dignified literary ease diversified with a little light lecturing. I am going into incessant, laborious, and anxious work; during term-time probably the hardest work I have ever had except for two or three days at a time. I shall have far less quiet home enjoyment, which I do very greatly prize; I shall see much less of F.; I shall lose the country and the garden, which are a constant refreshment to me.

Why then do I go? Simply because I should do very wrong not to go when I have so clear a call. I hope I am not useless here, but the work here is not of a kind which constitutionally I am able to do as I feel it ought to be done. On the other hand, I cannot help hoping that I might be able to do well such work as is now offered me, and also that from a

variety of circumstances I might be helpful at Cambridge now when help is greatly needed there, and when theological work especially has a most promising field. If I were to set about considering how I could get most enjoyment or ease, or how to grow richest, or how to get the most honourable position, I don't in the least know how I should set about it. Like everybody else, I feel the temptation to think much of these things, and give way to it only too often. But I think I can honestly say that I *desire* to put them entirely out of sight now and all my days, and that it is no such motives as these that are leading me to Cambridge. *Dixi.*

TO HIS FATHER

ST. IPPOLYTS, *February 5th, 1872.*

. . . Yesterday was a very odd Sunday to us. We thought it best to hold our secret till this morning, so no one here knew what had happened. It was very strange to feel that everything around had ceased to belong to us. To-day has been in its own way a Black Monday. We have had to tell not a few people to whom we were aware that the news would be a considerable shock. As far as possible, I did this by writing, which has given much labour but saved much pain. All such answers as we have received have been most cordial and pleasant.

With regard to my future, I really cannot venture to look forward. I am invited to Cambridge to take part in most important work, and so to Cambridge I go. The days of sinecures and non-residence are, thank God, gone by, or nearly so, and I can imagine few things less likely than a living being offered me. Certainly under present circumstances it would simply frustrate the responsibilities which I am undertaking. It might be that a Divinity Professorship might in time offer itself. Anyhow, my duty now lies clearly at Cambridge, and the horizon stretches no further—if it could stretch further. Post here.—Ever your affectionate son,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. PROFESSOR MAURICE

ST. IPPOLYTS, *February 10th and 21st, 1872.*

My dear Mr. Maurice—No congratulation which I have received has given me so much happiness—forgive my adding, so much humiliation—as yours. If I have been tardy in thanking you for it, it has not been from forgetfulness, for it is the first which I have been able to acknowledge at all.

It is certainly a privilege to be asked to take work at Cambridge just now. The place seems daily growing fuller of interest and opportunity. I feel painfully how little able I am to do what might be done, yet I cannot but be thankful to have an oar put into my hand. The Master and fellows of Emmanuel are most kind, and, I trust, public-spirited; and I believe it will be a real satisfaction to join in their work. Leaving St. Ippolyts after fifteen years involves some severe wrenches; but the right course seems clear, and at least we ourselves have learned much here that we could not have learned in any other way.

Pray, pray put entirely away all such feelings as you mention about your own Professorship. I have never had anything but sincere delight as regards the University and as regards yourself. In a very short time I learned to be equally thankful at what happened for my own sake, and this satisfaction has steadily increased. For many years I have read but little philosophy, and that in a most desultory way, nor could I hope to recover lost ground, so that I now feel it would be simply an overpowering burden to me to have to represent philosophy at Cambridge, where I trust it has a vigorous future before it. It is not a little singular that only two days before I received the Bishop of Ely's invitation to become his Examining Chaplain, when I had not the slightest expectation of being called to any official work in theology, I had expressed to Mrs. Hort the feeling which had been growing upon me that it would be wrong for me to look forward to philosophy as a main occupation, and right for me to accept theological study as now clearly marked out for me as my chief employment; so that I was most thankful on my own account that the

election of 1866 had diverted me from taking a mistaken direction. The fact is, that the various circumstances of many years have drawn me unawares more and more into theological study of an engrossing kind, which could not be abandoned without, humanly speaking, wasting my life. My chief anxiety previously, apart from interest in philosophy, was to be able to testify for theology from the non-theological camp. But, as things are now going, it may be quite as useful to bear witness for things not technically theological from the theological camp; and at all events this seems in some degree to lie within my power, while the other course does not. Of course I am not precluded from saying a word in matters of pure philosophy, should it seem advisable to do so.

It has been a relief to me to say this to you. . . .

I cannot say with what delight we are looking forward to being so near neighbours to you and Mrs. Maurice for our own sake, and, if possible, still more for the sake of our children.

. . . Mrs. Luard has just (February 21st) left us. We were dismayed to hear how ill you had been, but trust the crisis is now well over.

Mrs. Hort sends much love to Mrs. Maurice and yourself.—
Believe me, ever affectionately yours, F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. IPPOLYTS, *March 3rd, 1872.*

My dear Ellerton—I take the first available moment just to tell you how things stand about the University and the towns.¹ On Wednesday I had a word with Westcott, and told him briefly about our conversation. He strongly seconded the plan that you and Moorsom should come up to Cambridge as early as practicable, but urged that at present the University has no sufficient evidence that the towns care about the matter; petitions from two places where Stuart is known to have been active not being by any means adequate for what is wanted. On Thursday he told me that he had that morning

¹ Viz. in the matter of University Extension.

met at breakfast Roundell, Warren (son, I think, of Lord de Tabley), and other academic Liberals, and had a very interesting conversation with them, and found they would be delighted if the University would take up the work. He said to them what he had said to me, and they gladly undertook to set other northern towns in motion if possible. He is more hopeful than I had ventured to be about using non-resident fellowships for this purpose. But then he contemplates the town lecturer-ships as becoming permanent offices, like inspectorships of schools. But he urges strongly that considerable local funds will be essential. He is greatly interested in the matter, and may be relied on to use whatever influence he has at Cambridge on behalf of the towns.

This hint may be of use to you, if you have means of getting at any other large towns, either personally or through the Crewe people.

You will be grieved to hear that Maurice is in a most precarious state. The accounts last night and yesterday morning were decidedly better, thank God ; on Friday there had seemed to be very little hope.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

CHAPTER VIII

CAMBRIDGE: COLLEGE LECTURER

1872-1878. Age 43-50.

THE move to Cambridge was made in March 1872. One of the great attractions of the change had been the prospect of being a near neighbour to Professor Maurice, who lived in St. Peter's Terrace, where Hort had taken a house. But the hope was sadly disappointed, as Maurice died on April 1st; he had left Cambridge for the last time on the very day of Hort's arrival. He attended the funeral in London, going from Sterling's house, and on the following Sunday preached a memorial sermon in St. Edward's Church at Cambridge, of which Maurice had been incumbent. For some time afterwards he was the active Cambridge secretary of the Maurice Memorial Fund. Dr. Westcott had now been settled about two years in Cambridge, and resided only a few yards from Hort's door.

For the next six years Hort lectured to theological students at Emmanuel College. The subjects of his lectures in that period were Origen *contra Celsum*; the Epistle to the Ephesians; Irenæus, *contra omnes hæreses*, book iii.; the First Epistle to the Corinthians; the Epistle of St. James; Clement, *Stromateis*, book vii.; and the Apocalypse, chaps. i.-iii.

In 1875, when Dr. Lightfoot became Lady Margaret Professor, he rather reluctantly stood for the Hulsean Professorship, when Dr. J. J. S. Perowne was elected ; it is clear that, when he came to Cambridge, election to a professorship was not part of his aim. The Knightsbridge Professorship had fallen vacant again by Maurice's death, but this time he did not stand. He was well content to go on lecturing at the College which had so wisely and generously adopted him, and to which he very soon became strongly attached ; its Master, Dr. Phear, who was largely responsible for his election, became one of his intimate friends. Nor was ecclesiastical preferment ever offered to him. He was totally without worldly ambition, and only smiled when his friends expressed a wish to see him in some more conspicuous position. He honestly believed himself incapable of occupying the position of a leader, though in other directions he was undoubtedly conscious of his own powers. Besides his lectures and his own literary work, College as well as University business began presently to claim a great deal of attention. In these early years he served on the following Syndicates and similar bodies : General Board of Studies, Law and History Tripos Syndicate, Natural Science Board, Botanical Gardens Syndicate, Select Preachers Syndicate, Geological Museum Syndicate, Historical Studies Board, University Press Syndicate, Board of Theological Studies, Local Lectures Syndicate, University Library Syndicate, Election of Officers Syndicate, Teachers Training Syndicate. He was also on the Councils of the Philosophical and Philological Societies. The variety of his interests and attainments made his help valuable in many departments, and his conscientiousness in attendance made him a most desirable assessor. In

order to secure a continuance of his services on the Press Syndicate, the special clause which permits the occasional re-election of a Syndic without the customary interval was more than once used in his favour. Dr. Henry Jackson, who met him frequently at such meetings, speaks of the large number of "Syndicates and boards which had the benefit of his judgment, his learning, and his generous and inspiring enthusiasm." "Hort is so refreshing," he remembers Henry Bradshaw saying, as they came away together from a meeting of a board on which Hort also was serving. Dr. Jackson thus recalls the first occasion on which he was brought into business relations with him; an occasional Syndicate had been appointed to consider the mode of election to professorships and University offices. "I do not remember," he says, "whether Hort signed the report which recommended the establishment of small electoral boards, such as were afterwards created by the statutes of 1882; but I have never forgotten his vigorous and characteristic argument in favour of the representation of what he called 'intelligent ignorance.' No board, he maintained, ought to consist wholly of experts, who might conceivably bring to an election official prejudices not less mischievous than the unprofessional prejudices of the electoral roll. In each case there should be, he thought, some persons interested in the subject but not professionally engaged in it. I remember thinking that what he called 'intelligent interest' was after all not very unlike what most people would call 'knowledge,' and that accordingly his view was not far removed from our own; but we did not see how to give definite shape to his principle. It seemed to me, however, that his declaration bore fruit later; for in 1883, when the electoral boards were constituted, care

was taken that in each case one or two representatives of kindred studies should be associated with the specialists." In 1878 began a long series of College meetings for the revision of statutes; in the same year he was also occupied with Arts Schools meetings for the revision of University statutes, and became for the first time a member of the Council of the Senate. Of his work on the Council, Dr. Jackson writes as follows: "I picture him to myself watching keenly the miscellaneous business which came before us, and from time to time interposing an acute and effective remark. His independence of judgment was conspicuous, and his zeal for science and learning not less so. He had the 'free spirit' which, according to Plato, characterises the true lover of knowledge, and it made itself felt in our debates." These meetings absorbed an enormous deal of time and energy, especially in the case of so punctilious a public servant, and left deplorably little leisure for private work. Moreover, he was still Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Ely, and was in charge of frequent examinations of ordination candidates at Ely and, after Bishop Harold Browne's translation, at Winchester. However, the Greek Testament slowly progressed; in 1878 the first sketch of the Introduction was re-written. Another effort was made to prepare the Hulsean Lectures of 1871 for publication; but, after two of them had been re-written and printed off, the rest were laid aside for a revision which they never received.

In 1876 he brought out the one volume which, with the exception of the Greek Testament Text and Introduction, was all of his theological work that saw the light in book form during his lifetime. The 'Two Dissertations' (on '*Μονογενὴς Θεός* in Scripture and

Tradition,' and on the 'Constantinopolitan and other Eastern Creeds of the Fourth Century') were not such as to attract a wide circle of readers, but they are well known to theological students, and afforded a tantalising sample of the kind of work which might be expected from their author in the way both of textual criticism and of history of doctrine: "May the harvest," said Dr. Westcott, "be like the first-fruits." The first Dissertation was an exercise for the degree of Bachelor, the second for that of Doctor of Divinity, which degrees he took in the year 1875.

The first essay is a criticism in seventy-two octavo pages of the received reading of St. John i. 18¹; the second "grew out of a note appended to the first essay"; the following is the last paragraph of the Preface:—

Both Dissertations are of a critical nature, and directed solely towards discovering the true facts of history respecting certain ancient writings. On the other hand, I should hardly have cared to spend so much time on the inquiry, had the subject-matter itself been distasteful, or had I been able to regard it as unimportant. To any Christian of consistent belief it cannot be indifferent what language St. John employed on a fundamental theme; and no one who feels how much larger the exhibition of truth perpetuated in Scripture is than any propositions that have ever been deduced from it, can be a party to refusing it the right of speaking words inconvenient, if so it be, to the various traditional schools which claim to be adequate representatives of its teaching. Nor again is it of small moment to understand rightly the still living and ruling doctrinal enunciations of the Ancient Church, which cannot be rightly understood while their original purpose is misapprehended. Even the best theological literature of that age, as of every age, contains much which cannot possibly be true,

¹ The 'received' reading is *μονογενὴς υἱός*, 'only-begotten Son.' Hort's essay went to prove that *μονογενὴς θεός*, 'only-begotten God,' is the true text.

and it is difficult to imagine how the study of Councils has been found compatible with the theory which requires us to find Conciliar utterances Divine. But the great Greek Creeds of the fourth century, and the 'Constantinopolitan' Creed most, will bear severe testing with all available resources of judgment after these many ages of change. Assuredly they do not contain all truth, even within the limits of subject by which they were happily confined. But their guidance never fails to be found trustworthy, and for us at least it is necessary. Like other gifts of God's Providence, they can be turned to deadly use, but to those who employ them rightly they are the safeguard of a large and progressive faith.

This volume received a hearty welcome from men so different as J. H. Newman and the Master of Trinity (Dr. W. H. Thompson); the latter wrote, "I look upon the appearance of such dissertations as epoch-making in the history of the Divinity School." Henry Bradshaw, in sending a copy of the book to a friend (Mr. H. E. Ryle), wrote as follows: "I wish very much . . . you would read these two Dissertations. The first will give you perhaps a little new light as to what real textual criticism of the New Testament is; and the second, what may be done by careful placing of documents side by side, and listening to what they say when so placed. I thought they would both have been too hard reading for me, but I have been most agreeably disappointed." Dr. Scrivener, whose method of criticism was widely different from Hort's, and who was unable to accept the principles afterwards declared in Westcott and Hort's *Introduction*, said: "You possess a gift of elaborating from your own consciousness theories which are never groundless, never visionary, beyond any man I ever had the happiness to meet with."

To some, however, it appears that his name suggested brilliance of divination without the sanity of

judgment which Dr. Scrivener recognised, and which was generally associated with his work as his methods became better known. For instance, in 1877 a reviewer in the *Academy* conjectured that he must be the author of an article in the *Church Quarterly*, which was intended to show that the 'Epistle to Diognetus' is of modern origin. His disclaimer was amusingly emphatic (*Academy*, May 12th, 1877), and he took the opportunity to call the article in question, "with all its industry and ingenuity, an instructive and unsuspecting example of that criticism which cannot see the wood for the trees."

A welcome relief was afforded by the publication in 1877 of the first volume of the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*. Hort's articles on the Gnostics had cost a great deal of labour, and had indeed delayed the publication of the dictionary; he was reluctantly unable to continue them beyond the letter B. He wrote in all over seventy articles, long and short, of which the most elaborate were those on Bardaisan and Basilides. Though unable to take further part directly in this work, or in the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities* which followed it, he gave substantial help to other contributors, such as Dr. Salmon and Dr. Cheetham. Stress of work also compelled him to decline an invitation to write a memoir of Whewell to accompany Mrs. Stair Douglas' collection of his letters, and another to become editor of a *Critical Journal of Theology* which it was proposed to ask the Hibbert Trustees to establish.

Before leaving St. Ippolyts he had undertaken the editing of a volume of *Memorials of Wharton Marriott*, an Eton master who died early, leaving some fragments of theological works, the chief of which was a treatise

on the Eucharist. The volume,¹ which was published in 1873, consisted of this treatise with some lectures and sermons and a biographical sketch. Hort's work in connexion with it was probably more than his Preface would imply, though all that appears with his name are a few footnotes, chiefly on the text of crucial passages in the New Testament referred to in the treatise on the Eucharist. In the explanatory Preface he thus describes his share in the book: "My own share in this book is altogether subordinate. The privilege of contributing to memorials of Mr. Marriott was not founded in my case on any personal acquaintance, but simply on the need that the detailed results of critical research should be looked over before printing, and watched through the press, by some one addicted to similar studies. Correction or extension of Mr. Marriott's work was no part of my duty, and accordingly, with a few specified exceptions, for which there appeared to be sufficient reason, I have not gone beyond a purely ministerial editorship." As already suggested, these words should not be too literally interpreted; the 'ministerial' editor in this case, as in that of Mackenzie's Hulsean Essay, doubtless verified every reference afresh.

Soon after Hort's return to Cambridge, the University Press published a Cambridge Prayer-book with pointed Psalter; the pointing was a matter of rather vigorous debate, to which Hort contributed an elaborate investigation of the technicalities of the question. Good *congregational* chanting, always one of his ideals, was the object of his suggestions. In this part of the service, as in the hymns, he saw means of reinvigorating

¹ *Memorials of the late Wharton Booth Marriott, B.D., F.S.A.* John Mitchell, London, 1873.

the congregational spirit which he found in the teaching of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and in the revival of which in worship and in work he saw the chief hope for the Church of the future.

In public questions he took at Cambridge, as at St. Ippolyts, the liveliest interest, but little open part. He was present in 1876 at the debate in the House of Lords on Lord Salisbury's Oxford Bill. In 1878 he was apparently responsible for the drafting of a petition for the regulation of vivisection. His attitude towards ecclesiastical controversies is well illustrated by his contribution to the discussion over the Burials Bill in 1878. On February 22nd he wrote to the *Times* a letter headed, 'The Burial Question—an Eirenicon,' in which he proposed, as a compromise, the permissive use by Dissenters of a 'Bible Burial Service,' *i.e.* a service consisting of the various passages of the Bible which occur in the Burial Service of the Prayer-book; these would be the three introductory passages, Ps. xxxix. (or xc.), the long passage from 1 Cor. xv., Rev. xiv. 13, the *Kyrie eleison*, the Lord's Prayer, and St. Paul's Benediction. No limitation need be made as to the qualifications of the reader of such a service, and of course members of the Church of England, as well as those Nonconformists now entitled to it who so desired, could still use the full service of the Prayer-book. "The stoutest opponent," he wrote, "of fixed forms of prayer or of a State liturgy could find no reasonable principle of opposition to such a set of words as the 'Bible Burial Service,' drawn wholly from the Bible, and owing their original selection to the Church of England and to the State in a manner which only a passionate love of stumbling-blocks could interpret as doing violence to the traditions of Noncon-

formity." The letter further hinted at other advantages to the practices of Christian burial which might proceed from the adoption of this compromise, and concluded with an earnest appeal to both parties: "These suggestions are offered with a sincere desire to take full account of the reasonable claims and natural feelings on both sides; if future strife is to be avoided, there must be a willingness on all hands to be satisfied with justice without the delights of a triumph. . . . It would be difficult just now to make peaceful proposals with any hope of success, were it not that the proposed means are provided by the English Bible, not now for the first time a pledge of unity in the midst of division."

This letter was discussed in the *Guardian*, in whose pages he further defended his proposal. "Let no one," he said, "be able to say with truth that the Church heedlessly cast away the moral authority which still holds multitudes outside her visible pale under its beneficent spell." But his suggestion found little favour; partisanship ran so high that he despaired of a peaceful solution. He made a last appeal in the *Guardian* of April 3rd to "let the Church leave to others the responsibility of refusing the way of mutual conciliation and peace."

It was a rare thing for him to interpose in a controversy; here, as in the Elementary Education question, his interference was due solely to a desire for peace. In ecclesiastical politics men found it difficult to class him; in fact he could not be classed as belonging to any definite party. His letters show, by many scattered utterances, what affinities he had with both the most prominent sections of the English Church, yet how little either could claim him as an ally against

the other. This being so, it is likely that not a few put him down as a member of the 'Broad' Church; for this designation, however, both for himself and for others, he had a great dislike. With the Church policy of Dean Stanley he had little sympathy, though for Stanley himself he had an ever-increasing affection. He could not be satisfied with any current schemes of comprehension or reunion, not because he did not desire the ends which they had in view, but because the means proposed seemed to him always to involve too great sacrifices. He thought that such schemes were over-hasty, and preferred to wait, regarding the present divided state of Christendom as an anomaly, but as an anomaly which was only 'episodical,' and which must be borne with for a season. Meanwhile the cultivation of a spirit of brotherhood, even if unaccompanied by formal unity, was to him an object of the highest importance, and his devotion to it was amply exemplified in his own practice.

Nor was his sympathy confined to men who professed a positive creed. No man, whatever his own profession of faith might be, could help feeling in talking to Hort both the depth of his own convictions and his freedom from all ecclesiastical prejudice. This catholicity of sympathy was of great value in a place of such manifold opinions as Cambridge. It was felt that he not only sympathised with, but knew something about, a great variety of subjects, and could really enter into the aims and understand the points of view of men who pursued knowledge by widely different paths, and whose thinking led them to widely divergent opinions. All methods which seemed to have vitality, were in his eyes precious. Apathy and indifference to truth were far more distasteful to him

than opinions which he himself might think perverse and wrong, but which were the outcome of sincere and honest endeavour. This attitude of his mind towards opinions with which he himself disagreed is strikingly illustrated by some courageous sentences in the Introduction to *The Way, the Truth, the Life*.

The easy belief, the easy disbelief, the easy acquiescence in suspense between belief and disbelief, which infect those multitudes upon whom the burden of asking themselves whether the faith of the Church is true or not true has been laid, are manifestations of a single temper of mind which ought to cause Christians more disquiet than the growing force of well-weighed hostility. Owing to the deceptiveness of words, credulity is popularly imputed to those only who land themselves on the Christian side; though the same impatient indolence of investigation, the same willingness to choose and espouse or neglect evidence in obedience to proclivities of outward association, may lead equally in different temperaments and circumstances to any one of the three positions. But it is from the credulity of Christians that the Christian faith suffers most in days of debate; and it is well when any who might have helpfully maintained its cause among their neighbours, had they not been disabled by too facile acquiescence, are impelled to plunge into the deep anew. There is not indeed and cannot be any security that they will emerge on the Christian side: in human minds truth does not always gain the present victory, even when it is faithfully pursued. But whatever be the present result to themselves or to others through them, it is not possible that they or that any should fall out of the keeping of Him who appointed the trial; and to the Church any partial loss that may arise is outweighed by the gain from those whose faith has come to rest on a firmer foundation. Truth cannot be said to prevail where it is assented to on irrelevant or insufficient grounds; and the surest way to evoke its power is to encourage the strenuous confronting of it with personal life and knowledge.

The intellectual recreations of Cambridge life were a renewed delight to Hort on his return thither. He still kept up his connection with the 'Apostles,' and could now and then be induced to attend a meeting, especially if Fitz-James Stephen was in Cambridge and was to be of the party. He also regularly went to the meetings of a sort of senior 'Apostles' called the 'Eranus,' a club composed of elder men of various tastes and pursuits. At a meeting of the 'Eranus' held in Hort's rooms in 1877, Mr. A. J. Balfour read a paper on 'Contradiction in the Automatic Theory of Knowledge,' when there were present, besides the host and the essayist, B. F. Westcott, J. B. Lightfoot, H. Sidgwick, J. Clerk Maxwell, Coutts Trotter, Henry Jackson, and V. H. Stanton. There is extant a paper of Hort's probably written for the 'Eranus,' on 'Uniformity' (in the geological sense), which contains some very interesting remarks on Lyell's school, and suggest that the modern reaction from the old theories of 'catastrophes' has tended to go too far in the 'uniformitarian' direction. This contention is supported by an appeal to Darwin's arguments for the mutation of species—not a very obvious quarter in which to look for an ally. Professor Henry Sidgwick has kindly sent me the following account of the origin of the club, and of my father's part in its discussions :—

The club came into being, I think, in November 1872. The originator of the idea was the present Bishop of Durham, and he, together with Lightfoot and your father, may be regarded as constituting the original nucleus of the club. It was not however designed to have, nor has it from first to last had, a preponderantly theological character; on the contrary, its fundamental idea was that it should contain representatives

of different departments of academic study, and afford them regular opportunities for meeting and for an interchange of ideas somewhat more serious and methodical than is suitable at an ordinary social gathering. Accordingly the original members included, among others, Clerk Maxwell, Seeley, Jackson, and myself, as well as the three theologians whom I have called the nucleus. The number of the club has varied, but never exceeded twelve.

It met five or six times a year in the evening at the house or rooms of one of its members. The host of the evening had the duty of reading a paper as an introduction to conversation. The range of subjects was entirely unrestricted ; the general idea was that each member in turn would select a subject in which he was specially interested, and would therefore probably choose one belonging more or less to his own department of study, only not of too technical a character to be interesting to outsiders. But there was no obligation on him to choose such a subject, if he preferred one of more completely general interest, such as education, politics, the mutual duties of social classes, etc. ; and, as a matter of fact, we have often discussed subjects of this latter kind. I should add that the reading of the paper was followed by conversation quite spontaneous and unregulated, not anything like formal debate.

I have given this rather lengthy description of the club, because I think you will agree with me that your father's intellectual qualities and habits, his wide range of knowledge, his almost youthful eagerness for truth, and vivid interest in ideas, his transparent simplicity of nature, and unfailing cordiality, were thoroughly adapted for meetings of the kind that I have described. And in fact for many years it was only under extreme pressure of work, or for imperative considerations of health, that he ever missed a meeting. For some time he also took his full share in the writing of papers ; but in the latter years of his life he asked to be excused this duty, feeling his physical energies barely adequate for the work he wished to accomplish in his special department. My memory therefore of his papers is now too vague to be relied on ; but a very clear impression remains with me of the part he took in the discussions. He hardly ever spoke at much length ; he never, if I may so say,

'hammered' an argument; he rarely showed any impulse to dominate or lead the debate. I have known him indeed, though not often, argue transiently with some vehemence; but his vehemence was always combined with remarkable gentleness; it expressed the eagerness of strong conviction, not the eagerness of dialectical conflict. What he was most inclined to do was in a sentence or two to bring into view some aspect of the subject that had been overlooked, or perhaps suggest a mode of reconciling a conflict of opinions that had disclosed itself. When I speak of his gentleness, I do not mean to imply that such utterances were never incisive; he had a way of pointing out an unwarrantable assumption, or rejecting an inadequate solution of a problem by a single phrase, or even a single pregnant word, which remained in one's mind when the rest of the debate faded from memory. But he was always interested in new ideas and new points of view, and brightly receptive of them for the purpose of discussion, whether disposed ultimately to adopt them or not.

He also occasionally attended meetings of the Ray Club, and thus kept up his connection with natural science, and with its votaries. When in 1877 Charles Darwin took an honorary degree at Cambridge, Hort dined in the evening with the Philosophical Society, to meet a distinguished gathering of scientific men, including Huxley, Tyndall, Rae, Prof. Burdon Sanderson, and Mr. Francis Galton. Another society in which he was interested was the Church Society, at which he with other senior men met younger members of the University for the reading of papers and discussion. The wide range of his intellectual sympathies had not narrowed while he had been a country clergyman—theology had become to him definitely his chief occupation, but philosophy and natural science still were as fascinating as ever, while art and archæology of various kinds had an ever-growing charm. Thus he attended Mr. Sidney Colvin's lectures on Italian art, and at a

later time on Greek antiquities, and went on occasional archæological expeditions, such as to Wrexham and Chester with the Cambridge Archæological Society.

An extract from a sermon, preached by Dr. Mason before the University of Oxford on the Sunday after Hort's death, gives a not too highly coloured idea of the position which he soon came to occupy with regard to the various studies of the place ; it refers of course more particularly to a later time. Speaking of what Cambridge found in "that unassuming, but most firm and definite of scholars," the preacher said :—

The minute accuracy of his knowledge was not more astonishing than the range of it. It is well known that many Universities might have been proud to have him for a professor of moral science, or of more than one natural science either. Theology itself contains a whole family of various studies, and of these it is difficult to say in which he was really greatest, whether the textual criticism of the New Testament, which he was the first to place upon a truly scientific footing, or the exegesis of the sacred text itself, in which every word had been to him an object of searching thought, or the doctrines deduced from that exegesis, which he had traced historically in their minutest developments, or the archæology and literature of the early Christian days, in which that history is to be traced, familiar to him in every detail, so that he could tell you at once, with scarcely a reference to the book, about obscure readings or difficult passages in any of the Fathers, or the most modern literature in any language in which these various branches of theological knowledge are investigated. . . . And, though his keenly critical and scientific mind seemed to give itself rather to analysis and the noting of facts than to the synthetic marshalling of them into theories and philosophies, yet no one was prepared with larger views of great questions, or more sympathetic with great movements.

In the summers of most of these years, the air of the high Alps was a necessity to him. Among his

most successful perches were Zinal in the Val d'Anniviers, and the lonely Mattmark Inn in the upper Saasthal, at both of which places he had the society of his old climbing companion Lightfoot, though climbing was unfortunately quite a thing of the past. The Saasthal had always been a favourite valley; and curiously enough it was here that he spent his last visit to Switzerland in 1892; in that year he stayed at Saas-Fée, the position of which he had admired in his very first Alpine tour, and where he had often marvelled that no hotel had been planted: when one was opened in 1885, he was one of its earliest visitors.

Two domestic losses saddened an otherwise bright period of life. In 1873 his father died at the age of seventy-eight. Two years later his youngest child, named Alfred Stanley, died in infancy. He had remaining two daughters and four sons, the last of whom only was born at Cambridge. A temporary addition to the family was made by his becoming the guardian of the orphan son of Mrs. Hort's only brother: this boy lived in the house till his school-days were over. To his education, as to that of his own children, he paid the most careful attention. His love for children was great and wistful. He observed them minutely, and was almost startlingly quick to note in them indications of character. For infants he had a quite unusual tenderness. In the case of his own children he loved to prognosticate the future from their earliest infancy, and in nothing was his ready divination of character better shown; he exercised here the same faculty which enabled him, in speaking of men, to hit off their characteristics in a few phrases of racy but sympathetic description. Averse as he was to all forcing of the mental faculties, he acted on the

theory that education, properly understood, should begin almost from the cradle. He exacted the habits of unquestioning obedience and strict adherence to truth in which he had himself been brought up. He wished to share in and to know of all that was passing in the nursery world, and to answer a question of one of his children would put aside the most engrossing work. Once he was really angry when he heard one of them put off with, "Papa is busy now ; don't disturb him." "Pray never say that again," he said ; "I am never too busy for my children to come to me." He yearned to be on the closest possible terms of intimacy with them, but was bitterly conscious that a certain shyness of his own hid him in part from them (see the pathetic letter, p. 451) ; and, as in his extremely careful training nothing could be passed over which called for reproof, it was natural that they should become rather afraid of him ; it was only as they grew up that they could approach him with the full confidence which he wished to invite, and which, so far as temperament allowed, he did all that he could to secure. In holiday times it was his delight to walk with them, to point out the natural objects for which his own eye was so keen, and to respond eagerly to any interest shown in flower or fossil. Indoors he joined gladly in any quiet game, and played it with all the conscientiousness of a careful whist-player. In the evenings he frequently set apart a time for reading aloud, and himself chose the book with the most anxious care never to bore his hearers, and yet to stimulate interests, especially in subjects which lay outside the ordinary school-course : the employment of his own leisure illustrated the value of 'hobbies.' His reading, in the home circle, as in church, was a rare treat, as his children grew old

enough to appreciate it ; in reading poetry especially he made the writer's words live, though he used no gesture or other dramatic device, and he had a wonderful command over the tones of a very musical voice.

To such of his children as were at school he wrote regularly every fortnight ; to these letters all work gave way, except in cases of absolute necessity ; however weary or ill, he roused himself to the effort—so important seemed to him the perpetual renewal at school of home influence and affection. On important personal occasions, such as a birthday, or a confirmation, the letter was thought out as thoroughly as if it had been an answer to an important question on some point of theology. All conventionality was eschewed, and the words were chosen to suit not only the occasion, but the individual characteristics of each child. Birthday presents, for which he always chose a book, were selected with much thought and deliberation ; if he was abroad at the time, he discussed the choice by post. When he wrote to congratulate on a school success, he let it be seen that the joy was his own, and not merely the result of an effort to 'enter into' the prize-winner's feelings, while nothing could exceed his tenderness and sympathy over a failure.

He was interested in everything which concerned his family, even in its remotest branches. Through circumstances he had little communication with most of his very numerous Irish relations, but he had an extraordinary knowledge of their affinities, and never lost an opportunity of inviting or writing to even distant cousins whom he rarely saw ; he had much of the Irish feeling for family ties. When his eldest daughter was paying a first visit to Dublin, he wrote

her a long and astonishingly vivid account of all the relatives whom she was likely to come across, and of all their belongings ; from this letter one could almost guess that he was a professed student of genealogies.

The same anxious thoroughness was shown in his management of all business affairs, whether his own or those of relations who availed themselves of the help of his clear and orderly mind. With no taste for such subjects, he insisted on understanding himself clearly every detail relating to investments and the like ; his man of business speaks of his letters to him with admiration.

In domestic life perhaps his most conspicuous characteristic was his unselfishness. He would rush forward to perform little social duties with an old-fashioned courtesy which sometimes put younger members of the household to shame. In travelling he habitually chose the least comfortable place in a railway carriage, and burdened himself with the heaviest parcels. His freedom from all self-indulgence made him thus an admirable travelling companion, while it enabled him thoroughly to enjoy primitive resorts in the Alps which most people avoided as deficient in comfort. One year he stayed a fortnight on the top of the Stelvio Pass ; a friend expressed surprise that he and his wife could linger at such a place : " Oh, but," he said, in perfect simplicity, " we have found fourteen new plants." The remark illustrates also the boyish joyousness of his life, and the freshness which never quite deserted him, even though it was overcome at times by periods of physical and mental depression. The fact must not be forgotten in the review of what was in many respects a pathetic career. He was sensitive, perhaps hyper-sensitive, in body and mind,

and liable at times to great distress, the result no doubt of overstrain, particularly in his early Cambridge days. But he never lost his Irish love of merriment. I have seen him quite overcome by a successful parody or a picture in *Punch*, and his laugh came never *du bout des dents*. His work demanded that many hours of each day should be passed in his study alone, but he was never solitary by choice, and never oblivious of what was passing. He was vexed if he did not know at once of all comings and goings in his family.

Outside his own home he was shy, but it was not difficult to overcome his shyness. He did not 'wear his heart on his sleeve'; as one of his friends said, "you will only by degrees learn the depths that lie in that great heart of his." His frequent reticence in conversation was due to a deep sense of the responsibility of speech. Thus before his children he would seldom speak freely on important subjects, for fear of creating a wrong impression of things into which they could not fully enter. For a somewhat similar reason it was difficult even for intimate friends to 'draw' him on vital topics. He could talk freely enough when no fear of consequences withheld him, and his verdicts had seldom the character of *obiter dicta*. But most often he caused disappointment, because he would not incur the responsibility of throwing half-lights, where he did not feel that his judgment was sufficiently matured. He would not give others the benefit of his thoughts while they were still in process of formation. But though he would not utter oracles, he often distressed those who consulted him by the amount of labour which he took upon himself in their behalf. Much of his work can only be traced, as some one has said, in the 'little-read prefaces' of obscure books. The interruptions thus

caused to his own studies were very serious. Masses of his own work lay about him calling for attention, while he cheerfully toiled hour after hour to discharge "the unowed debt to others paid."

TO THE REV. W. F. MOULTON

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,
April 2nd, 1872.

. . . This is a heavy day with us. We heard this morning of the death of our very dear friend Mr. Maurice. Almost the brightest hope for our life at Cambridge was the prospect of having him for a near neighbour; three doors off. But it seems selfish to dwell on these thoughts in the presence of the great public loss.—Believe me, always truly yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,
May 28th, 1872.

My dear Ellerton—Your note just come. I very much fear you are too late for this term. Westcott, who is at once the most intelligently enthusiastic friend of the move¹ (at all events next to Stuart), and the most influential, goes down to Peterborough on Friday for three months. Lightfoot is already in London. I have seen incredibly little of any one this term, and am very much in the dark about people's notions; but I am convinced that the matter would be vigorously taken up if presented in a practicable shape. There are, as far as I know, two obstacles (literally obstacles, not more) in the way: first, that, as I wrote to you, there is or was not sufficient evidence of a desire for the scheme on the part of a considerable range of towns, uninspired by Stuart, to justify the University in stepping forward; second, that there is no evidence of a disposition to bear the necessary expenses on the spot. To the best of my belief, the answer of the Council was not in

¹ The movement for University Extension. See p. 170.

the least intended as a snub, but as a hint that thus far, if the terms of the memorials may be trusted, the University is apparently expected to find men and money too, and that this is simply an impossibility. The memorials are signed by men who could doubtless give away the whole revenue of a Cambridge College without being conscious of any loss; and yet they come to us without the slightest intimation that they are willing to give a farthing towards the unavoidable expense.

Doubtless there is an absurdly exaggerated impression abroad about Cambridge wealth. Not many outsiders know that the University is miserably poor, and that few of the Colleges are in any sense rich relatively to their work. Most of the more intelligent residents would gladly do what they can to make the University as widely useful as possible. But it would be insanity to enfeeble the centre for the sake of the circumference; and we shall want all our endowments for the central needs of Cambridge itself, which are daily becoming more apparent, and demanding, as they will obtain, a thorough organization of our means for learning, teaching, and examining. The whole fellowship system will be overhauled in the next year or two. Prize fellowships (to which, in principle at least, I personally should be inclined to show no mercy) will doubtless be cut down to short terminable annuities, and thus separated from real fellowships held on the condition of doing recognized work. Now what the University is likely to do for the towns, I imagine, is to sanction lectures in towns as University work qualifying for proper fellowships, and of course to supply the help and regulation of a Syndicate. I am confident there will be a general desire to consider any proposal fairly and fully, and to do anything that really lies in the power of the University. There is singularly little obstructiveness or exclusiveness; though the old Cambridge horror of *unreality* is very strong. The University is not, I think, as yet *roused*; but it is not indifferent. . . .

I spoke to Atkinson, the Master of Clare, an admirable and leading member of the Council. He confirms entirely what I have been saying about the real meaning of the answer. He especially urged that the enumeration of past efforts of Cambridge for the diffusion of education were

meant distinctly to be cited as assurances of the University's continued desire—not as excuses for doing nothing more. But he mentions that a reply has been received from Birmingham which amounts to a change of front, and which suggests that *there* at least the wish *was* for money. They now say they do not care so much for lectures as for examinations; they want the University to have local examinations for young men as well as for boys, just as they have examinations for women as well as for school-girls.

The matter being urgent, I thought it better to attack Westcott at his rooms, though I had been a long time with him this morning before your note came. He had a very different fact to announce. He had had a long talk with Stuart, who was delighted with the Council answer, and has been expounding it to a great meeting at Darlington, where 140 workmen's institutions were represented. They all agreed to place their rooms, etc., at the disposal of any body deputed by Cambridge; and apparently entirely accepted Stuart's doctrine that it was not for the University to supply money out of old funds, but to call forth the creation of new funds.

He had not heard of the Birmingham answer, and felt, as I had done, that it is unpropitious; the primary duties of the University being to 'teach, guide, and organize'; using examinations, if necessary, for this purpose, but only as subsidiary. It is therefore much to be desired that other places should stick to their request for *teachers*, if they are still so minded.

TO HIS WIFE

HOTEL DE LA POSTE, AMSTEG, *August 20th, 1872.*

. . . The rest of the voyage on the lake [Lucerne] was inexpressibly delightful and refreshing. I had a glimpse of the new railway up the Rigi from Vitznau; but no train was going up till later. The sun was hot; but now and then the breeze was almost too cold on the lake. One seemed to be drawing in fresh life at every pore.

At Amsteg I strolled across the two bridges on to about

the place where the *Saxifraga Cotyledon* grew ; but, the moon not being well up, I could not see it. But, what was more to the purpose, I could see the huge bulk of the mountains (Bristenstock, Windgälle, etc.) melting ever so high up into partly cloud partly darkness ; and I could both see and hear the Reuss below. That one little stroll was enough to assure me that, as far as I am myself concerned, I have done wisely in coming out. The Kärstelenbach (out of the Maderanerthal) is rushing noisily past my bedroom window to join the Reuss, carrying with it a cool current ; but I think I shall sleep all the sounder, only I feel as if I had no right to be having such enjoyment just now.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. JOHN'S MOUNT, BRECON, S. WALES,
September 28th, 1872.

. . . I had not heard of your going to Leeds, and do not see your name in the list of authors of papers as given in the *Daily News*. What is your subject, and for how long do you go? I could wish that you and Lightfoot would go instead to Bonn, to have a talk with Langen and the other Old Catholic Professors there. They ought to receive some truer impressions of the English Church . . . and one would like Cambridge to be more than a name to them.

I have tried in vain here to write the missing parts of the third and fourth Hulseans, and with not much more success to analyze part of the first. I suppose I must try again presently, but two or three months of perfect idleness seem to be required as a preliminary condition ; and this is a *reductio ad absurdum*.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. JOHN'S MOUNT, BRECON, S. WALES,
January 4th, 1873.

My dear Westcott—All best wishes to you and all yours. The new year seems to grow from more to more for us all.

I trust you had as happy a time at Peterborough as we had at Ely. Stanton's presence alone would have been enough to mark the time ; but there were other interesting men, in one way or another almost all. Two at least of the Bishop's Friday addresses or sermons in the Cathedral were to be remembered. I had almost dreaded the gloom of this wet December for the Cathedral itself after the glory of last June, but I think it was even more impressive at times. At all events I am thankful to have the two types of a summer and a winter ordination. The Wednesday evening service at St. Mary's was also memorable in spite of the absence of some representative men. The body of the church was full, or nearly so, and we had addresses from Dr. Guillemand, Martin, Luckock, and Leeke, with intervals of silent prayer with low sounding of the organ. It was an event to listen to Leeke—I had never seen his face before—and we yielded to his spell almost at the first words, and fell under it more and more. Assuredly the springs of life are strangely breaking forth anew.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

ST. JOHN'S MOUNT, BRECON, *March 19th, 1873.*

My dear Ellerton—Our anxieties of the last eight months reached their close yesterday. My dear father departed from among us soon after noon. It has been an illness, or rather break-up, of ever-varying change, the natural strength resisting decay with marvellous tenacity. Happily there has been hardly any suffering, though much protracted weariness. But all has been endured with unfailing tenderness and patient strength of will. . . . He died an hour and a half after the March session of Revision began ; and strange to say, he had long been haunted by the fear that his death would take place in Revision week, when he fancied we should not be able to be present ; and not long ago he said his burial would be on the Saturday of a Revision week. All is very strange, and even more desolate than I expected.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ST. JOHN'S MOUNT [BRECON], *March 19th*, 1873.

. . . The time since we arrived had been spent in awaiting the slowly approaching end. There were only faint gleams of consciousness, with much sad weariness, but apparently no suffering till soon after noon yesterday. Then a short spasm alarmed the nurse. Before we could reach the room, it was over, and then for a few peaceful minutes the breath ebbed away. The silence of that time, as of nearly all the previous time, seemed to suit best the strong steadfast patience and reticent tenderness of the life. We hope to lay him beside my mother in the little churchyard of Bettws Penpont on Saturday afternoon, I suppose about three o'clock.

It is a very oppressive time, this close of outward childhood.

TO HIS CHILDREN

ST. JOHN'S MOUNT, BRECON, *March 19th*, 1873.

My darling Children—Mamma wrote to you yesterday to tell you the sad sad news that dear Grandpapa is dead. Eight months have passed since he was taken ill; and it would have been nothing strange if he had died on any day of that long time; so that the news cannot be a surprise to any of us. Nor ought we to grieve for his sake; on Saturday next, when we hope to lay his body in the same grave as dear Grandmamma's in Penpont churchyard, we shall be led to give God hearty thanks for delivering him from this world; and no one who has seen him of late could doubt that it has been indeed a deliverance. Much more must we rejoice for him that he has passed into a better world and a nearer presence of God. Yet it is not wrong for us to be sad too, as indeed we cannot help being when we remember our loss.

Sad I am sure you are. . . There is therefore no need for me to tell you to be sad just now; but I do want to put before you some serious thoughts for which you are not at all

too young, and which may help to make all your coming years better, and therefore *both* brighter *and* graver.

One thought I must mention which concerns myself. Many children look forward hopefully to the time when they will be their own masters, without any one over them. Well, let me tell you this. I have been a grown man for many years, for more than half my life ; yet to me now one of the bitterest pangs is the feeling that I have no longer any one above me in my own family to look up to, and that I am now its oldest and highest member. I can hardly expect you now to understand quite what I mean, but if you keep this letter, and sometimes look at it in after years, perhaps you will understand better. Then you will know that one great blessing of our being children of the Heavenly Father is that it keeps us in childhood all our life long.

During these last two days my thoughts have been travelling backwards a good deal, and travelling forwards too. I never had the happiness of knowing a Grandpapa as you have been able to do. My Grandpapa Hort died many years before I was born. I was about ten when my Grandpapa Collett died ; but I had very little opportunity of knowing him, as he lived in Suffolk and we lived in Ireland. I remember a little of a visit which we made to him at Heveningham when I was five years old or less, and a little more of a visit which he made to us at Leopardstown when I was rather older. But that was quite a different thing from what your recollections of your Grandpapa will be. And it is of *him*, my own Father, as I knew him in those far distant years, that I have been thinking now. I have been recalling how I used to sit on his knee, and then how I used to stand by his chair, or walk by his side, and ask him questions. Every hour I feel more strongly how much I owe, in that which is of the best and most lasting worth, to him and to my Mother, your Grandmamma, and to the strict and tender watchfulness with which they brought me up.

And again my thoughts have been travelling forward to another time,—God alone knows whether near or distant,—when perhaps you all, in health and strength, may be standing round my bed, and watching the last remains of strength

failing and the last breath being breathed away, and at last when you too will be fatherless, as I am now. I do not at all wish your minds to dwell on this thought; but I could not forbear just bringing it before you at this solemn time. God grant that, when that other time shall come, and I have to render up my account to Him, the just Judge of all, concerning you as concerning everything which he has committed to me, I may be able to look back on having trained and governed you with anything like the wise and careful nurture which I received in my own childhood.

Now another word about dear Grandpapa himself. The points in his character which seem to me to stand out above the rest, as I look back over more than forty years, are, I think, his simplicity, his strong patience, and his unselfishness. He thought little about himself, and still less did he talk about himself. He had no small restless vanities. He never craved to be admired; he did not even crave to be appreciated. He had no regular profession in life; but that did not make him idle or self-indulgent. All his life long, as I remember it, he worked hard in his own way without expecting or wishing any reward, partly at public business, partly in charitable and such like institutions, partly in long and anxious private business as a kindness to relations who trusted his faithful justice and affection. All this he did quite quietly and as a matter of course, as the plain duty and honour of a Christian man and a gentleman, without taking any credit for it. Throughout this trying illness, just as in the years of health, no word, no gesture, of murmuring or impatience escaped from him towards God or man; and he was ever thankful for the slightest benefit or kindness. His love you have often seen and felt for yourselves; it was the trustworthy love of a just and steadfast and self-restraining heart.

Now I have said enough for you to think about. I am so glad you were here with us at Christmas. It may have seemed to you rather a dull time then; but you will cherish the recollection of it as you grow older. Dear Mamma (now more dear than ever to me, and I think to you too) and I have just been laying the primrose and violet of your gathering on Grandpapa's feet as he lies stretched in his coffin clothed

in pure white. You, dear little ones, will think of him and of us early on Saturday afternoon. God be with you always.—
Your affectionate father,
F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *January 2nd, 1874.*

. . . The Winchester examination was both encouraging and depressing. With a very few exceptions the material seemed admirable ; there were few of the forty-five conversations called '*viva voce* in Greek Testament' which I did not much enjoy. But the mental outfit was as a rule woeful. A very small proportion had bestowed any pains on preparation, the want of ordinary school knowledge of the Bible was lamentable ; but above all there was the most woeful absence of even the semblance of theological thought. It will I think be found necessary to draw up a little homily to be printed and sent to candidates on their first application, expounding in an elementary way why they must read, think, and be examined. Some had apparently never opened a book on any theological subject till a few weeks before Ordination.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *January 7th, 1874.*

. . . I trust Mill's *Life* will induce you to read some of his books. He cannot be justly judged otherwise. But you are certainly right [as to] the total effect of the life. To Unitarianism at least it is a severe blow.

TO HIS WIFE

CAMBRIDGE, *Ash Wednesday, February 18th, 1874.*

The Eranus business is over, and fairly well too. I managed to write tolerably freely, and without much interruption, yesterday afternoon, and so I finished by a quarter past

8! a close shave. I had not time to look over or correct. The whole thing was crude and shapeless, and did not half express what I wanted. But it did not break down, and had the effect after a little while of giving rise to a vigorous and interesting talk. Everybody was there except three (Cowell, Marshall, and Foster), and the arrangements as to rooms, etc., did well enough, though the lamps got dim the last half-hour. We did not break up till half-past 11.

I have been to the University Litany at St. Mary's (read by the Proctors and Vice-Chancellor), and enjoyed it greatly; more, I think, than I ever enjoyed an Ash Wednesday service before. The Litany did gain so much by being set free from the Commination.

TO THE REV. J. POWELL METCALFE

(On a proposed new Cambridge Prayer-book, with Pointed Psalter)

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,
April 14th, 1874.

My dear Sir—Your letter has just reached me at home. Many thanks for it. I cannot say that you have convinced me; but it is a great satisfaction to me to find that in principle we can hardly be said to differ.

I entirely believe that "the best chanting is that which is nearest good reading"; the problem is merely to find the best mechanism for arriving at that result.

We shall of course agree in thinking that the fundamental error of vulgar chanting, so far as it depends on the teacher, is a misconception of the nature of the cadence (including under the name both the mediation and the cadence proper), an assumption that it is a tune *minus* the first bar, instead of being only the inflected ending of a recitation; and in recognising that this error has been much encouraged by the ocular appearance of a chant in ordinary musical type, with the reciting note represented by a semibreve. If therefore the errors of chanting depended only on wrong theory (conscious or unconscious), I should feel with you that the time might be approaching (at some distance still, I should fear) when we

might dispense with precautions rendered necessary on this account. But it seems to me that the singer is always liable to be led astray by peculiarities inherent in the structure of the chant and therefore permanent, and that in proportion to his want of knowledge and training. Do what we may, we cannot get rid of the duality of the chant; it must have a part in monotone, and a part inflected. The untrained impulse will always be (1) to sing these two parts in different rhythm, and (2) to make a heavy pause between them. According to my view the real office of the preliminary accent is not so much to add another bar or pair of beats to the cadence (which might be only shifting the evil a step further back), as to ease the abruptness of the transition from the monotone to the cadence. It may be described either as giving a premonitory signal to prepare for gradual transition, or as breaking the transition into two stages; except of course where the first syllable of the cadence is immediately preceded by a strong syllable; and even these cases profit, I think, by the habit of equability acquired through their neighbours. In all stages of chanting short of perfection the impulse is to make a pause immediately before the cadence; the marked accent guides the pause to a syllable that by intrinsic weight is able to bear it without injury to sense. It asserts no supremacy over previous strong syllables, but interposes in the one dangerous place to prevent any naturally weak syllable (or syllables) from being made artificially strong. Thus, if I am right, the accent is the great safeguard of sense against the incidental consequences of an inevitably rigid notation; and, while a helpful protection to even the best choirs, is an indispensable monitor to the ordinary congregation, and to all intermediate capacities. A time may come when we may be able to get rid of all notation; but I find high authority supports my impression that, if we are to drop one of our two leading-strings, a congregation would go less astray with the accent and no cadence-marks than with cadence-marks (whether bars or distinctive initial letters) and no accent.

The frequent difficulty of choosing the syllable for the accent is, to my mind, an argument for its necessity. If an editor, with time before him as well as knowledge, is be-

wildered, how much more a singer. If equally competent editors would place the accent differently, then it cannot matter very much whose view is adopted in each case. But it does matter considerably whether there is discrepancy of practice, and it is just in these cases that discrepancy would most arise. Within a single congregation the evil might be checked to a certain extent by assiduous care; but by this very means it would become all the more obtrusive at any larger gathering, unless the teachers previously agreed on a common standard; and if they are to do this, is it not better to furnish at once a common standard for all in the prayer-book?

Agreeing therefore cordially with you that it is not for the University to mark emphasis in the common sense of the word, *e.g.* such as is expressed by Elvey's different forms of type, I must hold that the preliminary 'accent' stands on different ground, and is an essential part of the mechanism required for guiding singers into good chanting. Chanting is spreading rapidly every day; but in a vast majority of cases it must be in the hands of imperfectly accomplished teachers, who need guidance themselves. But if chanting is to become, as it ought to be, thoroughly congregational, I feel sure we must above all provide correctives of instinctive errors for the benefit of the many who will never have any direct instruction.

You will, I am sure, forgive my writing thus freely. It will at least show how warm an interest I take in the proposed Prayer-book. I ought, perhaps, also to mention that whatever other evidence of choirmasters and choral secretaries I have hitherto received (my time is unfortunately much taken up just now) has been strongly in favour of the accent.—Believe me, sincerely yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO MR. F. SEEBOHM

CAMBRIDGE, *June 15th, 1874.*

My dear Seebohm—Thanks many for your letter. I quite feel with you that the historical problem is more fundamental than the literary, so far as it is possible to separate them; and that the first thing to be done is to use

the literature as mere materials for arriving at the facts. If the result is to make it appear that the facts are of the ordinary human kind only, or that they cannot be ascertained at all, there is an end of the matter, and the literature ceases to be of interest except as a field of curious psychology.

But if the facts are ascertained to be anything like what ordinary Christians believe them to be, then both the language of our Lord and the Apostles, and the questions raised by the acceptance of the New Testament facts as superhuman, send us back to the books of the Bible, to see whether they are not, though in a subsidiary and possibly indeterminate manner, themselves part of the revelation; and so the inquiries about date, authorship, acceptance in early times by individuals or communities, etc., refuse to be ignored. I confess I do not see how theologians have a different interest in this matter from ordinary Christians.

A theologian as such seems to me only a better instructed and more rational Christian, one better enabled to verify at first hand and seize with comparative clearness a considerable number of the points, which one who is not in the usual sense a theologian is obliged either to take on trust from others or to hold in a confused way.

But happily there can be no sharp line of demarcation. Personal experience is even more necessary for a theologian than for others, and every form of intelligent Christianity involves a knowledge which must be in its measure theological. The primary facts remain the essential things; but the simplest susceptibility to their influence implies some sort of interpretation of them. Excuse all this—I value so much what you have said that it seemed worth while to suggest what seems to me the natural supplement.—Very truly yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

COLWYN BAY, *August 8th*, 1874.

I much wish you could have met Lagarde. He was specially pleasant and intelligent, and his tone generally excellent.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

COLWYN BAY, *September 7th*, 1874.

. . . You do not say whether it is the politics of the Council or what other reason that makes a clergyman not to be had for ——. ¹ It is certainly a serious calamity, though in the long-run it will, I suspect, have some compensations. The great thing is to have the standard set by clerical headmasters. . . . Self-assertion is under all circumstances an evil and a source of weakness; but is it not often compatible with some of the most efficient types of character,—a crudity which can be and often is corrected, not a fundamental and sordid defect, such as belongs to characters which escape friction and do not offend taste? The proportion of the evil in any given case is of course a distinct matter.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *Michaelmas Day*, 1874.

. . . I have at last got *Supernatural Religion* (ed. 2nd), but have not read much. The captious tone is very depressing; but it is so obtrusive as to detract, one hopes, from the mischievousness of the book.

TO HIS WIFE

SERLE'S HOUSE, WINCHESTER, *December 20th*, 1874.

Ordination is now over, and all (with the exception of one painful case of rejection) has gone well. It has been an interesting and pleasant time; though as usual it leaves many regrets as to opportunities that, partly from shyness but still more perhaps from want of time, I have not been able to seize.

We had at last thirty-six candidates. Bishop Macdougall was to have preached, but was laid up with bronchitis. The Bishop of Winchester was inclined to think he must take his place, though utterly unfit for it; but I persuaded him to

¹ *i.e.* as headmaster for an important school.

ask Dr. Ridding, which answered very well. This afternoon I have had a walk with Dr. Ridding to the top of far-famed 'Hills,' a most breezy place; and I have been very glad of the opportunity of getting to know him. I went afterwards to his house for a cup of tea, and then to the half-past five service for the school in the Cathedral (the chapel being in Butterfield's hands), which of course was interesting. But the place where I was was very draughty and cold.

I forgot to mention that our days here have certainly been on the whole a success.

TO HIS WIFE

WINCHESTER HOUSE, *May 20th*, 1875.

Think of my going with Gray yesterday afternoon to hear 'Moody and Sankey' at the Haymarket. I am very glad to have been, but should not care to go again. All was much as I expected, except that the music was inferior, and altogether Sankey did not leave a favourable impression. Moody has great sincerity, earnestness, and good sense, with some American humour which he *mostly* keeps under restraint, but in matter is quite conventional and commonplace. Much the most remarkable thing is the congregation or rather audience.

TO THE REV. CHANCELLOR BENSON

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,
June 11th, 1875.

. . . Our greatest want is of theologians¹ (not quite in the chicken state) who have both read and thought, and mean to go on doing both; who prize and revere what has been received, yet know that its transformation for fresh needs under fresh light is often the first duty; and who can give full allegiance to the Church and to the University together, with faith in large and unseen destinies for both. We have here excellent materials and excellent intentions in abundance, but we are sadly poor in guides.

¹ The object of this letter was to induce Mr. Benson, then Chancellor of Lincoln, to stand for the Hulsean Professorship of Divinity.

TO HIS WIFE

JERUSALEM CHAMBER, *June 18th, 1875.*
11.30 A.M.

Your letter tells me all that I know yet about the election,¹ except the bare fact first of its postponement and then of the result. Of course one feels a little flat; but it is not difficult to believe that all is well, for various reasons. At least I shall be more free in my 'Hulseans,' which I shall now be doubly anxious to finish.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *June 19th, 1875.*

. . . It is a great satisfaction that you still think I did right to send in my name. I have been having no doubt about it myself; indeed am most thankful that I have not to reproach myself with evading the responsibility of making the attempt. Had you not steadily declined to let me think that it would be a relief to you if I abstained, I should certainly have taken no step. But I was not quite sure whether you continued entirely in the same mind, and so am relieved to find that you have not changed.

Personally I am satisfied with the result. Succession to a Professorship formed no part, at all events no appreciable part, in the mental prospect with which I came here. It is only comparatively lately that I have been led to think of it, and that with very mixed feelings; so that I return easily and naturally to the old state of things, without further disappointment than the half physical discomfort of having failed. It is a true relief to escape what might easily have become a temptation to temporize. It will be an additional stimulus towards trying to do something independently, which is, I fear, for me the most natural position.

You speak about future vacancies, and perhaps rightly. If the occasion should arise, it might be best that I should stand; and if so, I suppose it would have been creating a relative

¹ See p. 173.

disqualification to abstain now. But this view of the matter has hardly entered into my thoughts. . . . It would worry and hamper me beyond measure to have an imaginary candidature in view, be it probable or improbable. When I stood for the Knightsbridge chair in 1866 and failed, the manner of failure gave me greater joy than almost anything for many years has done. When it became vacant again in 1872, and it seemed almost as though I could have it for the asking, I had come to feel that to accept it would mean wasting my life in useless weariness. Naturally the omen comes into view now ; and I cannot be sorry that it does, for it helps to banish the oppression of the last few weeks.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

53 HANS PLACE, *July 21st*, 1875. 2.45 A.M.

My dear Ellen—This is a sad letter indeed for me to write and for you to receive. . . . The loving Father in heaven, who allowed us to have the blessings of His little child for a few months, has called him back to Himself in His own mysterious love, and we must learn to thank Him. To ourselves it should be a strange and powerful blessing to know that we have one of our own number behind the veil.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

53 HANS PLACE, *July 21st*, 1875. 4.30 A.M.

My dear Westcott—We have been having fresh anxieties for three or four days, but yesterday morning a better report enabled me to go to Cambridge for the afternoon. Before I returned, worse symptoms had set in, and at a little before 2 the peaceful end came. Hitherto we have lost no child, and all is very strange. To our sight the little creature's promise had been wondrously great ; all ages at once seemed to look through those eyes.

We hope to lay the body to rest at Cambridge, and shall try to reach home to-night.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

CAMBRIDGE, *August 1st, 1875.*

. . . I am also finishing for the press my dissertation for the B.D. degree which I took in the spring. For years Westcott had been urging me to do this, and though personally I preferred immeasurably to remain a common M.A., I could not gainsay his arguments in favour of trying to restore the Divinity Faculty, and therefore of claiming one's place as a professed student of Divinity. The essay is 'on *μονογενὴς θεός* in Scripture and tradition,' and has been greatly enlarged and laden with appended notes. The last of these has grown into what will now, I suspect, become a second dissertation for a Doctor's degree, on the 'Constantinopolitan' Creed, and some others of the same class. It is, I find, no otherwise 'Nicene' than as containing a single Nicene piece in the middle. It is really the local Creed of Jerusalem, revised and enlarged somewhere about 363-374, I have no doubt entirely for Jerusalem or at least Palestinian use. We have three other Creeds (and the greater part of a fourth) owing their present shape to similar revisions about, I believe, the same time; and the circumstances belong to an interesting chapter of Church History. Of the five ours is decidedly the best, and its true parentage is quite as glorious as that assigned to it by tradition, and far better fitted for sending it forth to its present use.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

TOP OF PIZ LANGUARD (10,715 feet above the sea),
NEAR PONTRESINA, *September 6th, 1875.*

My dear Ellen—I have been wanting for some time to write to you, but there has been really little to tell you that you would care to hear about. To-day, however, I am doing the nearest approach to an expedition which will be possible this year. I am writing now on the top of Piz Languard, the chief peak accessible from Pontresina, without counting the

great snow mountains. It is a sharp rocky point, rising out of the range behind Pontresina, the top being 4800 feet above the village, that is, above 1200 feet higher above the village than Snowdon is above the *sea*. . . . Since I have been here the clouds have much increased all round the horizon, and they have also had a way of getting between Piz Languard and the sun, which makes it a little chilly; but luckily there is no wind. The want of sunshine is much worse for a gentleman with a great big black-bulb thermometer, with which he wanted to find the heat of the sun's rays on the mountain top at noon. It has so happened that my Italian friends and I were the first people up here to-day, though several parties have come up since, and a constant rattle and chatter of lunch is going on close to me. I shall not, however, wait much longer, being pretty well rested, and not wanting to get chilled. But there are few pleasures like being on a great mountain top, and one is reluctant to leave it.

TO MR. C. W. WILSHERE¹

CAMBRIDGE, *February 4th*, 1876.

. . . Thanks many for your letter and your careful queries, the best of compliments (who invented that French word?)

. . . Page 28. I deprecate only "a resuscitation of the ancient formula detached from the context of the Gospel," e.g. to people talking in sermons about "the only begotten God." But certainly in the English Bible I should like St. John's true words to be rendered as truly as they can.

Page 56. The difference of doctrine in Eusebius was a subtle one; he taught a co-eternity, but not that of Athanasius. 'Homœousian' is rather a name of men than of a doctrine. Athanasius, etc., objected to it only as having a dangerous ambiguity, just as Homœousians objected to 'Homoousian' as dangerously ambiguous on the Sabellian side.

¹ In answer to some questions on the *Two Dissertations*, of which Hort had sent Mr. Wilshire a copy.

. . . Page 86. Certainly these passages (as, I venture to think, much of the Second Dissertation) have a considerable bearing on the Bonn conference; that is, they furnish evidence as to the origin and meaning of the Procession clause. As you would see, Döllinger's policy was to draw the Greeks on to the Athanasian (not *Quicumque vult* / /) presentation, substantially retained by John of Damascus.

. . . Pages 107-112. I cannot think that the original Nicene Creed could ever be resuscitated. It has been resigned too long to archæology. But the true uninterpolated Revised Creed of Jerusalem is in full life for Easterns and (by dropping the interpolations) for Westerns. It can do without Councils, which are broken reeds, just as well as the 'Apostles' Creed does. I did not write my Second Dissertation either to help or to hinder the Bonn policy, but simply because I had found out some facts which seemed worth knowing; but I cannot help thinking that the result is really favourable to the Bonn policy in the long-run.

TO HIS SECOND SON

CAMBRIDGE, *March 17th*, 1876.

. . . To-day is St. Patrick's Day, on which, when I was of your age, I used to wear in my frock a piece of small green clover called Shamrock, in memory of St. Patrick, who is greatly honoured in Ireland. Also when we went out of the hall door we used to find women sitting with St. Patrick's crosses for sale. These were made with paper cut in patterns with ribbons, and I used to wear one pinned to my frock for the day.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

CAMBRIDGE, *Ascension Day*, 1876.

. . . Since our talk the other evening I have tried to think over the subject which it reached at last, looking at whatever passages seemed to bear on it, especially

of course in the Epistle to the Hebrews; and the impression is, I must say, strongly confirmed that the 'idea expressed in the hymn, 'Still . . . His prevailing death he pleads,' has no apostolic warrant, and cannot even be reconciled with apostolic doctrine. It is of course only by an accommodation that we can use the language of time at all in speaking of things Divine; but so far as the Atonement in relation to God is spoken of in any terms of time, the Bible seems to me to teach us to think of it as lying entirely in the past, a thing done 'once for all'; that which remains continually being the eternal subjection to the Father's 'will,' of which the obedience even unto death was the manifestation. Do consider Heb. x. 1-23, 35-39 (especially 2, 3, 12-14). What is said of 'intercession' seems to belong simply to the presenting of human prayers as the Head of the race, or some cognate idea. All traces of Christian sacrifices that I can find in the N. T. represent them distinctively as 'living,' because they are founded not on the Death alone, but on the Death as fulfilled and interpreted by the Resurrection.

For the first time since I saw you I have been able to have a few minutes this afternoon quietly with Westcott, and I asked him what he felt. I found that he took quite the same view; as also (very strongly) as to what I ventured to say about the modern 'sacrifice' as a mutilation of the Mass, and both as parasites, heathen in conception, which had replaced and nullified the true Oblation of the early Church. Apart from his knowledge of the Bible, the Fathers, and theology generally, his total freedom from Protestant prejudices gives, I think, some weight to his opinion.

Forgive my writing thus. It has been a good deal on my mind since I saw you. Much love from us both to your wife.
—Ever affectionately yours, F. J. A. HORT.

P.S.—The only authority I think for 'the body' as 'broken' is the interpolated *κλάμενον* of 1 Cor. xi. 24. St. Paul wrote simply *τὸ ὑπὲρ ὑμῶν* (cp. in best MSS. *quod pro vobis est*). The breaking of *the bread* is the participation of the many in the one *living* body (1 Cor. x. 16, 17).

TO HIS SECOND SON

MATTMARK, SAASTHAL, SWITZERLAND,
August 10th, 1876.

My dear Frank—I was very glad to get your letter yesterday, and to find that you remember some French and Latin words. In the place where I am staying I should get on badly without foreign languages; for I have to speak German to the people who keep the hotel, and French to the people who are staying here like myself. Your sweet pea has quite kept its colour in the letter, though I cannot say it has kept its scent.

Tell Edward that Dr. Lightfoot has gone away some days. I am afraid to send his letter to the Äggischhorn, where Dr. Lightfoot probably is now, because he will probably have left it before the letter could arrive there; but I will send it to Cambridge, where he expected to be next week.

You would be amused by the three goats which, besides a funny little dog, are all the cattle of this house. Sometimes they perch on the low roof of a shed close by, and sometimes they stand on a path against the hill close behind, looking curiously about. One is white (they call her *Schneewi*, that is, Mrs. Snowy), and the two others black and white. We have their milk for breakfast, mixed with cows' milk from a curious little village called Distelalp (that is, Thistle Alp) about a mile and a half off. It is built of low stone houses, very low and very strong, so as to be able to stand against the avalanches or masses of snow which roll down the mountain side in spring. On one of the roofs the other day I saw a man sitting and smoking his pipe, with his little girl by his side. Since I came here the people have travelled up from the valley below to live in that village for the summer months, bringing with them the cows and goats, and also some of their own furniture, which they mostly carry in great baskets on their shoulders. The other day I saw several people setting out with their baskets on their shoulders for the flat watery ground near the Mattmark See, a pretty lake not far off; and I was told that they were going to fill the baskets with the

heads of the cotton-grass which grows there, to make matrasses of. Now I must come to an end. Give my love to everybody, from Freddie and Mary upwards, and believe me, your affectionate Father,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

MATTMARK, August 15th, 1876.

My dear Ellen—When letters come again, I daresay I shall soon find one from you among them ; but at all events I will not wait for that, but write to you to-day. . . . I had rather thought of walking to Distelalp this afternoon, where there is a sort of little festival in honour of measuring the milk ; but at present it looks too wet. Some cows give much more milk than others ; but it would be very inconvenient to keep apart every day the milk coming from every one's cows, and the cheese made out of the milk. So they have one day on which there is a grand milking, and a public officer comes and measures the milk given by each cow ; and then at the end of the summer the owner gets a proportional weight of the joint stock of cheese.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

MATTMARK, August 20th, 1876.

. . . Autumn plants are beginning to flower ; but it is surprising how much of the summer vegetation still lasts, including even *Ranunculus pyrenæus* and the sulphur form of *Anemone alpina*. There is much of interest in the plants hereabouts. *Rhodiola*, which I have never before seen out of England, is everywhere conspicuous ; and now we have the quaint Piedmontese *Campanula excisa*. But just now I cannot get out of my head the wonderful facts collected in Sir J. Lubbock's little book on fertilisation, and they make every flower a new world which one vainly sighs to have time to explore.

About things of the East, I cannot believe that we differ as much as we seem to do. (I have no late news, all my news-

papers except the first two having succumbed to the Swiss post.) To nearly all that you say I could agree, but do not feel that it touches the main issues. It is strange to me that I now find little to alter in my old feeling about the Crimean war, which I have always regarded as necessary, just, and beneficent. But then it always seemed to me that the necessity probably would not have arisen but for the bitter blunder, chiefly caused by Lord Palmerston's hatred of everything Christian, of the English policy of frowning on the subjects of the Turks, and so compelling them against their will to look to Russia. So also the one evil result of the war seemed to be the fresh strength given to Turkey; and that was compensated by the advantage of giving the Turks one more substantial chance of showing that they could fulfil some of the elementary duties of an European nation. Surely now they have signally failed, and become a mere pest. The ethics of intervention are always perplexing; but at least the perplexity does not affect sympathy. What concerns the *civitas gentium* (therefore practically not Mexico or S. America) must surely concern us, duty and interest being here inseparable. To abandon the Levant would seem to me next in criminality to abandoning India. Our public (not the Government) was cruelly unjust in India, and it is no wonder if there is injustice now in English criticisms of Turkish matters; but I cannot help thinking that in the main a just cause lies behind.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. MOULTON

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, November 29th, 1876.

My dear Dr. Moulton—For once I will not procrastinate, but do myself the pleasure of thanking you most warmly at once for the present of your valuable book.¹ The work in it makes me sadly ashamed. It is also rather alarming to find that one has (presumably—but I fear the presumption is not always true) at some time formed and given effect to an

¹ Probably the second edition of Dr. Moulton's *Winer*.

opinion on a multitude of points that now look perfectly new. However your notes will be a great help in preparing the Introduction to our text, and also in the, I fear, not quite unnecessary work of revising the plates. I trust that you will let us have the benefit of any queries that you may have committed to paper. I do congratulate you sincerely on getting your volume off your hands. The relief must be great indeed.

To-morrow or next day I hope to send you in return for this thesaurus (how many shades of meaning ἀντί fortunately has!) a small pinch of matter in the shape of a fly-sheet on Heb. i. 8, which Dr. Scrivener's notice has wrung from me sorely against my will.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

(Who had just gone to school)

CAMBRIDGE, *February 1st, 1877.*

My dear Ellen—Mamma and I were very glad to get your letter to-day. We are constantly thinking of you, and wishing that we had eyes that could see all the way to Newbury, and then through the walls of a certain house there. However, we must for the present be satisfied with such glimpses as will go by post. Anything and everything that you have to tell will be interesting.

I do not wonder that you find it all very odd at first, somewhat as if you found yourself tied to a steam-engine which kept on going with all sorts of wheels and pistons moving in all sorts of ways. It is a great change to any one when they go first to a boarding-school, especially when they have seen nothing of any kind of school life before.

. . . Perhaps it is just as well that Oxford has champions at Newbury as well as Cambridge. I have not the least fear that you will ever be disloyal to Cambridge; but it is as well to know that Oxford has its own merits and glories too. Most of my own schoolmasters, Dr. Arnold included, were Oxford men.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

CAMBRIDGE, *February 21st, 1877.*

My dear Ellen—Your little box of flowers was a great pleasure to us all. It came quite unexpectedly, the handwriting not having at once been recognised, and the bright little things were quite fresh and natural. Some of the flowers are now on my table, in company with a beautiful blossom of the *Triteleia* from the garden, with white corolla tipped with lilac,—beautiful to look at, but not beautiful to smell, for the creature might actually by a blind man be taken for a Garlic!

. . . I was much obliged for your account of your lessons and of your day generally. I certainly do not wonder at your being a little puzzled by all the histories, for undeniably there are 'a lot of them,' as Frank would say. But after all they are all only so many branches of one big tree, as I think you will find out before long.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

CAMBRIDGE, *Maundy Thursday, 1877.*

. . . On the whole I do not think your report of Barnes¹ affairs discouraging. Too quick success not seldom promises ill for the long game, which is always the game of the Church. Do hold out against a School Board if you can. I fear they are harder to avert than they seemed a few years ago, but their perils also seem greater; and above all, nothing will so raise the standard of School Boards as the maintenance of vigorous and rational Church schools around them.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

CAMBRIDGE, *May 2nd, 1877.*

. . . It is well that the walks have begun well. No doubt they will go on and prosper as the weather becomes

¹ Ellerton's new parish.

more genial. We can quite fancy all the places you saw as you went along. The buttercup is Goldilocks (*Ranunculus auricomus*), which sometimes has much less in the way of petals than your specimen, sometimes has them quite large. You may remember it growing about the roots of the pollards in the avenue leading to Red Coats Green. The little brown flower is a *Luzula* or Woodrush. There are two families of rushes—rushes proper (*Juncus*) and wood-rushes (*Luzula*). They have much the same flowers, but the leaves of *Juncus* (when there are any) are smooth and roundish, while the leaves of *Luzula* are flat and grass-like, and usually fringed with some long white hairs. The flower is much prettier under a magnifying glass than you might suppose ; first the perianth of six sharp shaded chocolate scales or petals, then inside three or six plump yellow stamens, and in the middle the germen with three beautiful long plumy stigmas, sometimes of a delicate pink. In damp hollows in the woods you will probably find a very large kind of *Luzula* with broad leaves.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

SAN MARTINO DI CASTROZZA, PREDAZZO, VAL DI Fiemme,
S. TYROL, June 17th, 1877.

. . . Turin was the last place I should have chosen for Sunday, but we could not help ourselves. We enjoyed it more than I expected. Next day we joined the Luards at Varese, filling the long interval of trains at Milan with snatches of three or four chief sights. We found Luard and the child both certainly better, and both needing to become much better still. On the 30th we went to Verona, intending to go forward next day, but on going to bed I found my main stock of money missing. After some delay next day I had a telegraphic answer from Luard that it was safe at Varese, but could not be safely entrusted to other hands. We saw what we could of inexhaustible Verona that afternoon and next morning, and took the only good train on the 1st back to Varese, having time to see the Monastero Maggiore at Milan on the way. The Luards were (for a

while at least) leaving Varese next day, and it seemed on the whole best to drive with them to Como (where there was just time to see a little of the marvellous Luinis in the Cathedral), and spend Sunday with them at Cadenabbia. Neither of us had ever been on the Lake of Como before. It is an exquisite spot, and but for the heat the vegetation would have been painfully tempting. But those luxurious hotels for English idlers would be too irritating for more than a few hours. On the Monday we had a delightful journey by Lecco and Bergamo to Verona, and then on to Trent. The glimpse at the Cathedral next morning had to be provokingly short. Both that and the surroundings of the city were far greater than my recollections of twenty-three years ago had painted them. Then came an hour of railway, a wait at an inn at the dirty little town of Neumarkt, and a most refreshing drive over the hills to Cavalese in the Val di Fiemme, and then up the valley to Predazzo. It required great faith in geology to believe that we were in the midst of a great crater; but who could disbelieve when the portraits of Murchison, etc., stared from the walls of the bedroom? The next and last day's journey was by 'Post' in the strictest sense, a rude mail-cart which had only the day before replaced the sledges over the pass.

The drive up was full of pleasant combinations of forest and meadow; the drive down brought us to this spot, at the foot and yet in full sight of a wondrous array of dolomitic peaks, besides two other fine mountain views. It is a breezy spot, little less than 5000 feet high, with great variety of small comparatively level walks, and so just what we wanted.

TO THE REV. DR. MILLIGAN

1 BELVOIR TERRACE, NORTH MALVERN,
August 25th, 1877.

My dear Milligan—Many thanks to you for sending me your two most interesting papers, which I have read carefully. They suggest various points on which I cannot trust my memory, and have here no needful books to refresh it, so that

I feel rather helpless, but I will jot down briefly the main points of my impressions.

To begin with, I wish I could see as clearly as you do that St. John treats our Lord as the Paschal Lamb at all. Why are the quotations so little distinctive? xix. 36 may be paschal, or it may not; xix. 37 strikes me as not paschal at all; even the 'first-born' is surely of doubtful reference, and I see no reference to the Jewish festival or deliverance over against the Egyptian calamity. The four passages referred to (24, 28, 36, 37) are from prophetic books; the Law is nowhere. So also in i. 29 the paschal lamb may possibly be *included*, but the direct reference seems to me to be clearly to Isaiah liii. It is to me very difficult to imagine the *absence* of the Paschal Lamb from St. John's conception, and I am very far from denying it, but the want of clear evidence is to me most perplexing.

Given that the paschal lamb is in St. John, then it seems to me highly likely that you are right that not the slaying but the partaking is with him the primary fact; and if so, as far as I see at present, the historical as well as the doctrinal point is gained. As to the details I hesitate, and in some cases more than hesitate. Nothing seems to me to indicate an idea that the expiration was subsequent to the death, or to mark a previous point of time for the 'death.' Probably, however, your fundamental point is untouched by this. May it not be that to St. John the true Paschal Lamb is a living sacrifice, as He is the living Bread (see vi. *passim*)? It is only as living that He can become human food; this is the Christian *differentia*. The death is not thereby denied, but confined to other significances.

The vinegar and hyssop are very interesting, and I hope you are right, but it is strange that their paschal character is not biblical. Here, as in the other cases, it would seem as if St. John looked to the Law only so far as it was reflected in the Prophets.

I have not read Carruthers, but find it hard to believe hyssop to be a marjoram, and the evidence for the caper is very strong. I have always felt that it cannot be the 'reed,' or have supplied a substitute. The choice lies between ὕσσω

and the supposition adopted by you at p. 30 that it was something fixed (with the sponge) to the end of the reed; to the second I have of late been inclining. It is mentioned in the new apologetic treatise (Cent. IV.) by Macarius Magnes.

The anti-Passover idea seems to me intrinsically very probable, but I fail to see the evidence for it. Certainly in 29 the subject need not be the soldiers; but if St. John's mind was fixed on the Jews as the actors, surely he would have expressed the thought in some way. By leaving the verb impersonal he seems to fix our attention on the incident solely in its relation to our Lord.

Forgive these very scrambling and uncereemonious criticisms.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

CAMBRIDGE, *September 24th, 1877.*

My dear Ellen—This week there is a big piece of news for the weekly letter. You and Arthur are no longer to have the dignity of school all to yourselves! On Saturday mamma and I hope to take Frank and Edward to Beckenham. . . . You can imagine the growth in height and dignity since last night, when they first learned what was going to happen to them. Dear little boys. I trust and believe it will be for their good; but it is an anxious time when any child goes away from home (not that it is ever altogether otherwise *at home*!), and doubly anxious when two such little ones are sent out to take a dip into the wide world, even though we know it is in a well-sheltered corner.

I have not seen Sir F. Doyle's Lectures on Poetry, but I should think they would be interesting, and certainly not stiff. I wish I could help you to a *comédie*, but, alas! I know nothing about such things. However I do quite sympathise in your unwillingness to have to personate Tristan l'Hermite. By the way, I hope you have borrowed and finished *Quentin Durward*. It came to an end with us on the last Malvern evening. The last few pages were noisy and exciting; but I think you heard the most really interesting part. You do not mention the name of the author of the book on Early Italian

Painters. You are sure to like to hear about Cimabue and Giotto. You will remember Giotto painted that series of pictures in the Arena chapel at Padua of which we have now got engravings.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

CAMBRIDGE, *October 24th, 1877.*

. . . Monday was a day which I hope we shall long remember here. For some time past there has been a wish to send a Cambridge Mission to India, and Delhi has been fixed on as the place for it. Mr. Bickersteth, one of the Fellows of Pembroke, offered to go out; and others will soon join him. One of them, Mr. Murray of St. John's, is going out with him; and on Monday he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Ely at Great St. Mary's. Mamma and I went, and Dr. Westcott preached a most interesting sermon. I hope we shall often hear what Mr. Bickersteth and Mr. Murray are doing in the ancient capital of India. They are to sail on Tuesday.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

(On her Confirmation)

CAMBRIDGE, *Sunday, November 25th, 1877.*

My darling Ellen—You know already how much we shall be with you in heart and mind to-day, although we cannot form part of the congregation in Newbury church; and now I wish to put on paper some few things which I should like to say, in the way of guidance and help. It has been necessary to leave in Mr. Randall's hands the special preparation for to-day, but that makes me all the more desirous to try to gather up for you some of the leading thoughts which it will be well for you to keep in mind. It may be all the better that my words should reach you on the day after the Confirmation, when you will be starting afresh on the new stage of life.

First, I would say, do not allow yourself to think of Con-

firmation as a new burden. It is a new responsibility, and every new responsibility may be turned by ourselves into a burden; but in itself it is only a blessing. Think of it as what the word means—a strengthening. We are all full of weaknesses and ignorances. If we think ourselves particularly strong about anything, there is reason to fear that it is only a dangerous weakness wrongly seen; but Confirmation gives us the promise of such strength and guidance as we shall need continually as time goes on.

Our Confirmation points back to our Baptism, and we learn through the Catechism to see much of what they both mean. They do not lay upon us something strange and fresh, but teach us what we were always made and meant to be, and enable us to live accordingly more and more. We have not got to strive hardly after some distant object; we have to know and remember that already, without any act of ours, we are children of the great and gracious Heavenly Father; members, that is, as it were parts and limbs, of His blessed Son, Jesus Christ, He being our Head; and beings enjoying the privilege of having our whole lives ruled by the laws of a great invisible and heavenly kingdom. As St. Paul says, we are God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them. All our wrong-doings are rebellions against the love of the Father who made us, and also perversions and twistings of our own true nature. Our Christian responsibilities are just the responsibilities of human beings who have learned something of what they are, and what God is, and what the world is in which He has set them to love and do His will, and perform their share of His work. Our Lord Jesus Christ came on earth partly that He might make known to us the truth most needful for us to know, partly that He might deliver us from all evil. In learning to know Him through the Bible, and through the experience of our own lives, we learn the true way of looking at all things. In learning to love and follow Him and be shaped by Him, we learn to root out and strip off all the evil within us, and to blunt the sting of all the evil without us. And the Holy Spirit which descended on Him at His Baptism, and which is in a marked and special way

given to you to-day, is always ready to be with you in all your own strivings ; not taking the place of your own mind and will, but helping your own mind to know and choose that which is true and right. The promise of your Confirmation does not set you free from working with all your powers, for that would be a curse not a blessing, but it assures you that God is working with you whenever you are working with God.

Keep then always before you first and foremost that God is good, and that He made and redeemed you for goodness. Then you will feel that those things which were renounced for you at your Baptism, and which you renounce in your own name to-day, are His enemies and yours, hindrances in the way of your living the true life of His children. You are in danger of being led astray by the example and opinion of others ; that is the voice of the world. You are in danger of being led astray by the unrestrained impulses of your own body and lower nature ; that is the voice of the flesh. You are in danger of being led astray by the pride and rebelliousness of your own will ; that is the voice of the evil one. And yet God made us and meant us to live in helpful society with other people, and to use in appointed ways the bodies and spirits which He in His goodness gave us. So that we have in daily life to learn and practise the difference between use and misuse. And so we all pray to-day, "Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that she may continue Thine for ever."

I might say much more, but I do not want to weary or perplex you. As you grow older, many difficulties are sure to beset you, through which, God helping you, you will have to fight your own way. You will, I am sure, find the task lighter when you can share it with Mamma or me. You need never fear harsh judgment or want of sympathy in either of us. There is no possibility that we shall ever forget that we too have been young ; and, on the other hand, there are many things which young eyes *cannot* see without help. But this only by the way. I am chiefly anxious that you should remember this day as a day of blessing, and look back to it as a sign that the invisible hands of our Father in heaven are always, as it were, laid on your head. Then you cannot but

find it the beginning of a new life of Faith, of Hope, and of Love.

While I have been ending, the service has probably begun. Mamma is sitting with me, and we together send all loving prayers and wishes for our darling child.—Ever your affectionate father,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO MR. C. W. WILSHERE¹

CAMBRIDGE, *January 5th*, 1878.

My dear Wilshere—That interpretation of the *Te Deum* has, I know, been growing popular of late years, but I have not read much about it, and do not think I have any book containing it. The chief mover, I believe, was Bishop Jacobson. As far as I can judge, it is moonshine. The one argument is the form of the first verse. I feel by no means sure that the English rendering is wrong, especially if Greek was the original language. But even on the doubtless easier construction which makes both clauses alike, it is at least as easy to suppose 'God' addressed as to suppose our 'Lord' addressed. As God the good Creator He is praised, as the Lord, the rightful and righteous Ruler, He is acknowledged. This distinction was familiar enough. On the other hand the alternative view has difficulties at every step; by no means in the Trishagion only: e.g. '*Venerandum tuum . . . Filium*,' where, if there were a mere digression from Christ to the Trinity, *tuum* was a gratuitously misleading insertion. The 'everlasting Father' of Is. ix. 6 in the English and perhaps the present Hebrew, could not influence the Fathers, for it must have been unknown to them. The Septuagint had *πατὴρ τοῦ μέλλοντος αἰῶνος* (some MSS. omitting the whole phrase after 'counsellor' as did also apparently the Old Latin); while Jerome, the only considerable Father who could certainly read Hebrew, kept the LXX. reading in his Vulgate, '*Pater futuri saeculi*'; and says in his commentary, '*Patrem autem futuri saeculi et resurrectionis, quod in nostra vocatione completur*.' So

¹ Mr. Wilshere had asked Hort's opinion on a contention that the opening verses of the *Te Deum* are addressed to the Second Person of the Trinity.

that I stick to the tripartite division which you put into the Portuary.¹ Such is adhesiveness.—Ever yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

CAMBRIDGE, *Ash Wednesday, March 6th, 1878.*

. . . You have I daresay heard the good news that peace is signed between the Turks and Russians. It took place last Saturday at San Stephano, a little Turkish bathing-place on the Sea of Marmora, a few miles from Constantinople. As yet the exact terms of the peace are not known, and as they may concern several other countries, there must still be some anxiety till all the negotiations are over. But the reports of the last few days have promised well, and we may now hope that there will be no renewal of war. A few days ago things looked very serious.

Mamma had the other day a long and interesting letter from Mrs. Luard, in which she sent me a photograph of the new Pope, which I am very glad to have. She and Mr. Luard are very fortunate to have been in Rome for the last few weeks. They could hardly have been there at a more interesting time.

My love to the *Pezizas*, and tell them I don't think they want *more* than two Z's in their name. But, if I remember right, they had doubts on the matter themselves not long ago.—Ever, dearest Ellen, your affectionate father,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS ELDEST SON

(Who had just gained an Entrance Scholarship at Marlborough College)

CAMBRIDGE, *June 15th, 1878.*

. . . Honour so won has two great uses. It is the response to past effort, setting a seal that the effort has not

¹ *A Portuary for the Laity*; a very much abbreviated Prayer-book, containing only the Psalms, Canticles, and other portions in which the congregation join. In it the *Te Deum* is printed in three divisions, verses 14-21 being addressed to God the Son alone.

been in vain. Often we have to put forth effort and then find *no* visible seal; but we may rightly be thankful when the seal is given. The other great use of honour is not for the past but for the future, to help future effort by holding up a high standard attached to ourselves, and bidding us be always worthy of what we have won. In both ways honour given to ourselves takes us out of ourselves, and that is always the way of good. Perhaps you will not at once quite catch what I mean; but some day, with God's help, you will.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *June 15th*, 1878.

. . . As far as I can judge, there will be no real differences¹ to adjust, if only I can get pen sufficiently to paper. Reading Birks had made me feel that what was written would need verbal correction to guard against misunderstanding. The process of corruption needs statement, I think; few even of scholars realize what it means. I know nothing about 'fixed laws.' All one can say is that average transcriptional error of all writings runs in certain lines. On the one hand, it may be reduced to a small amount, and that almost purely clerical, where there is rabbinical or other similar scrupulousness. On the other, inaccuracy may in certain men or at certain periods run into a laxity which is careless about words though supposing itself faithful to sense, and which draws no sharp line between transcribing and editing, *i.e.* mending or completing. This last characteristic naturally belongs to the early period. But I can see no clear line of demarcation; and 69,² as far as I can judge from a hasty glance at the Dublin book, shows how corruption of the sort could happen at quite a late time. How much I wish I had kept a register of my own detected errors of transcription or other writing.

. . . The 'Introduction' should, I think, contain the pith of the corresponding parts of both. But all would fall within the limits of 'exposition of principles.'

¹ *i.e.* as to the principles embodied in the revision of the Text of the Greek Testament.

² A cursive manuscript.

CHAPTER IX

CAMBRIDGE : HULSEAN PROFESSOR

1878-1887. Age 50-59.

IN 1878, when Dr. J. J. S. Perowne became Dean of Peterborough, Hort was elected to succeed him in the Hulsean Professorship of Divinity. His election made little change in the character of his work. He continued to lecture as professor on the same and similar subjects as before. He gave further courses on the Epistle of St. James, and on the Apocalypse, chaps. i.-iii., and lectured several times on the First Epistle of St. Peter. The last-named lectures and those on St. James were contributions towards commentaries on those epistles, which were long expected and never completed. Work on them had begun years before at St. Ippolyts; these editions were to be at least an instalment of his share in the joint commentary long since projected between him, Lightfoot, and Dr. Westcott (see vol. i. p. 372). As such, he regarded the completion of them as a sacred duty, though eventually he was never able to satisfy himself with the results of many years of study and lecturing. The materials were accumulated and a good deal written, at least tentatively. Vacations were largely taken up with the preparation of fresh lectures, and also with necessary recruiting of

health, while term-time was crowded with syndicates and other exacting College and University business. Just after his death appeared Dr. J. B. Mayor's edition of St. James, dedicated to Hort, with a reference which came pathetically enough at that time to the "*lectoribus . . . splendidiorum lucem editionis Hortianae jamdudum desiderantibus.*" Other subjects of his lectures as Hulsean Professor were Cyril of Jerusalem, iii. iv. v., Tatian, the Clementine Recognitions, Tertullian *adv. Marcionem* iv. v., the Epistle to the Romans (introduction and select passages), and 'Judaistic Christianity in the Apostolic and following Ages.'

In 1879 a great blow fell on the Divinity faculty at Cambridge by the removal of Dr. Lightfoot to the see of Durham. There were doubtless friends of Lightfoot who, at the time at least, thought that the change involved more loss than gain. Hort, however, deeply as he felt the loss to Cambridge and the probable loss to learning, advised Lightfoot to accept the offered bishopric, and had ample cause afterwards to rejoice in the issue of this critical decision. He was present at the consecration of the new bishop, when Dr. Westcott preached the sermon; eleven years later the preacher of that day was himself consecrated to the same office, and Hort, the only one of the three then left to Cambridge, stood in his turn in the pulpit.

The same year in which Lightfoot left Cambridge for the coalfields of the north, Professor Clerk Maxwell died. Hort was one of those who had known him best, and most keenly appreciated his scientific brilliance, deep earnestness, and whimsical humour; his paradoxes had been the delight of the 'Eranus' Society and of the 'Apostles' in earlier days. Hort

was invited by Professor Lewis Campbell to contribute to his Memoir an account of Maxwell's religious opinions; he was unable to do all that he and the biographer would have wished, and sent only a short letter, the following extracts from which are almost as illustrative of the writer's mind as of that of his subject :—

The testimony of his unshaken faith to Christian truth was, I venture to think, of exceptional value on account of his freedom from the mental dualism often found in distinguished men who are absorbed chiefly in physical inquiries. It would have been alien to his whole nature to seclude any province of his beliefs from the exercise of whatever faculties he possessed; and in his eyes every subject had its affinities with the rest of the universal truth. His strong sense of the vastness of the world not now accessible to human powers, and of the partial nature of all human modes of apprehension, seemed to enlarge for him the province of reasonable belief. Thus in later years it was a favourite thought of his that the relation of parts to wholes pervades the invisible no less than the visible world; and that beneath the individuality which accompanies our personal life there lies hidden a deeper community of being as well as of feeling and action. But no one could be less of a dreamer or less capable of putting either fancies or wishes in the place of sober reality. In mind, as in speech, his veracity was thorough and resolute; he carried into every thought a perfect fidelity to the divine proverb which hung beside yet more sacred verses on the wall of his private room, "The lip of truth shall be established for ever."

The day after Hort had sat for the last time in Maxwell's sick-room, the new Divinity School was opened. He, like the other divinity professors, had rooms assigned him there, which, as also his rooms at Emmanuel College, he used chiefly for the storage of part of his ever-growing library.

In 1880 steps were taken to establish a Girls' School on the Perse foundation. Hort was on the committee from the first, his chief coadjutors being Professor E. C. Clark, Dr. Moulton of the Leys School, and Dr. Bateson, Master of St. John's. A head-mistress was selected from ninety-one candidates, and the school opened in January 1881. Hort sent his second daughter as one of the first pupils. The school was a subject of great interest to him, especially because he hoped to see in it a useful means of bringing together the various classes in the town, and of promoting good feeling between town and University. His interest in local, as distinguished from University affairs, was constant, though otherwise he did not play a prominent part in local politics; he entered fully into the various educational and philanthropic work in which his wife was engaged, and his contributions to local charities were most thoughtfully regulated. With Lightfoot and Mr. Alfred Rose he was one of the chief promoters of the Eden Street Higher Grade School. At the general election of 1880 he gave his vote to the Liberal candidates for the borough; but this was the last occasion on which he felt able to support the Liberal side. For Mr. Gladstone, as his previous letters will have shown, he had had for many years an intense admiration; but Mr. Gladstone's new Irish policy was contrary to all that he believed to be the true needs of his native land. Nor did the democratic turn taken by modern Liberalism please him, while he was convinced that Mr. Gladstone himself had created, instead of removing, barriers between class and class.

The revision both of the Greek Text and of the English version of the New Testament was now

drawing to a close. The last meeting of the New Testament Company was held in November 1880, when committees were appointed to proceed at once to the revision of the Apocrypha. The work of the Cambridge Committee, to which were assigned the second book of Maccabees and Wisdom, practically devolved on Hort, Dr. Moulton, and Dr. Westcott, assisted by notes from Dr. Roberts. The sittings, which began in March 1881, were held weekly in term-time. After Dr. Westcott's removal to Durham in 1890 his assistance was continued by letter. The Book of Wisdom was revised three times, and the whole work practically finished by the summer of 1892. Some points reserved for later decision were considered by Hort during his last visit to Switzerland, and his notes thereon, completed at Cambridge a very few days before his death, were the last work which he did. They were sent to Dr. Westcott and Dr. Moulton, who finally wound up the revision.¹ Dr. Moulton recalls from these meetings of the Cambridge Committee a characteristic phrase of Hort's: "No words of his," he says, "are more familiar to me than 'I don't in the least know what that means,' when some phrase was newly approached, some word placed in a new light, so that renewed investigation was needed."

When the *Hellenic Journal* was started, he consented to serve on the Editorial Committee. He was unable to take active part, but Professor Jebb was very anxious to have him on the staff. Professor Percy Gardner writes as follows on his connexion with the *Journal*:—

When he agreed to join the Editorial Committee, it was understood that he should not take any share in the active

¹ See preface to the Revised Apocrypha.

work of editing, but rather act as referee if occasion arose. As such I consulted him on three or four occasions when the duty of an editor was not clear, when we were troubled by a too controversial spirit in some of our contributors, and wished if possible to avoid partisanship and offence. In such cases his advice was of great value to us, because he combined a judicial impartiality with great kindness of feeling, and we were all ready to accept his arbitration. He thus acted in the capacity of peacemaker, which was, I am sure, quite congenial to him. I clearly remember the kindness with which he received me when I came to see him on these occasions, and the eager way in which he threw himself into the task of conciliation.

On May 17th, 1881, appeared the Revised New Testament. To Hort the wear and tear of the monthly visit to London had been considerable, and it was always a great effort to him to finish necessary preparation by a given date. But apart from the Revision itself, these journeys had been the occasion during the last ten years of not a little pleasant intercourse with London friends, and by the way he had been able to do various odd bits of useful work at the British Museum and elsewhere. He was most often the guest of Mrs. Blunt and her daughter, Miss Julia Blunt, or of her son, the Rector of Chelsea. The early months of 1881 were a time of great pressure. Hort felt it to be most desirable that his and Dr. Westcott's Greek Testament should appear before the Revised Version, and so at last the work, which had gone on now for nearly thirty years, was perforce brought to a conclusion, and the first volume, consisting of the Text itself, with a short Introduction, appeared on May 12th, five days before the Revised New Testament. There still remained the second volume of 'Introduction' and 'Appendix,' which, after a renewed burst of work at high pressure,

came out on September 4th. When this was over, he went with his wife for a much needed and much enjoyed holiday in Provence, seeing, on the way to the Riviera, Lyons, Vienne, Orange, Avignon, Nimes, Aigues Mortes, and Arles. His permanent resting-place was Grasse, a few miles above Cannes, where he stayed till late in February 1882. This year he celebrated his silver wedding. Now that the Greek Testament was off his hands, he was comparatively free ; but new work came, and the Text was by no means done with. He very shortly set about preparing a small school edition, consisting of the Text itself with the shorter Introduction appended to the first volume of the larger edition. The typography was most thoroughly overhauled. He spent many hours, magnifying glass in hand, in search of broken letters and other minute blemishes. This volume appeared in 1885. In 1875 Dr. Tregelles had died, and a large box of his collations was put into Hort's hands. All the parts of Dr. Tregelles' New Testament, except the first, were enriched with very numerous patristic references from Hort's collections. He had been in constant communication with Tregelles for many years past, and freely used for his own work his collations and those of other scholars. In his 'Introduction' it was stated that the collection of materials had not been part of his own plan. This is probably an overstatement, though of course 'digestion' rather than collection was his own special province. On Dr. Tregelles' death he, with the help of Mr. A. W. Streane, selected and edited the 'Prolegomena' which accompanied Dr. Tregelles' Seventh Part. The words 'selected and edited' give an inadequate, though characteristic, account of his share in this volume. As Professor J. A. Robinson observes, "Any one who reads

carefully the preface to the *Addenda et Corrigenda* of Tregelles' edition will discover that Hort must have verified practically the whole of Tregelles' work, besides adding very largely to the presentation of the patristic testimony." Other fresh revision work was supplied by the committee which superintended the revision of the text of the Septuagint for the University Press. This work brought him into close communication with Dr. Swete, the present Regius Professor of Divinity, to whom the work was entrusted. The University Press also issued in 1884, under the editorship of Dr. Scrivener, a Greek Testament, showing the text used by the translators of 1611, with the changes adopted by the revisers. The preface to this book was revised and practically re-written by Hort.

Even now it seems premature to forecast what will be the ultimate fate of the Revised Version. The discussion on its merits was, of course, full of interest to Hort, though he took no public part in it. That he was satisfied in the main with the results of the revisers' labours there can be no doubt, and his own share in those labours must have been very large, even if the statement of his principal critic is overdrawn—"that Dr. Hort advocated his own peculiar views in the Jerusalem Chamber with so much volubility, eagerness, pertinacity, and plausibility, that in the end . . . his counsels prevailed." The same critic, it may be mentioned, calculates that "Dr. Hort talked for three years out of the ten." It is estimated that he was present at 88 per cent of the whole number of sittings, and he was always in his place at the beginning of the session, and remained to the end. But I am unable to say whether or no he was altogether satisfied with the revisers' English, which is generally considered

the most vulnerable part of their work. He would not have disclaimed responsibility for anything in the production of which he took so prominent a part, and a large share of the credit for the strict—some would say over strict—fidelity of the translation undoubtedly belongs to him. Still his province was mainly to supply information on the preliminary questions of reading which came before the translators. Each member of the Company had been supplied with a private copy of Westcott and Hort's Text, but the Company did not, of course, in any way bind itself to accept their conclusions. Another school of textual criticism was represented on the Company by Dr. Scrivener, and it was competent for any member to state and defend views of his own. No change in the traditional text was admitted without a majority of two-thirds of the votes.

Dr. Moulton, himself a reviser, gives the following account of Hort's work on the Company :—

By tacit consent Dr. Scrivener and Dr. Hort were respectively the exponents and advocates of the opposing principles. I well remember the deep impression made on me from the first by Dr. Hort's exposition of what he held to be the true method of criticism, especially his care in tracing the various streams of evidence, and the cogency of his argument from the convergence of different streams in favour of particular readings. So complete was his success in convincing the Company as to the general soundness of his theory, that Dr. Scrivener in later meetings very often contented himself with the bare mention of the less conspicuous readings advocated by Dr. Hort's school, assuming that they would certainly be accepted by the Company ; though he was always ready for a battle on points of special moment. It was not often that Dr. Westcott needed to speak on matters of text, but Dr. Lightfoot frequently threw the weight of his authority on the same side. Dr. Milligan was perhaps, next to these, the chief advocate of

the same general principles of criticism. In all these discussions Dr. Hort showed the characteristics which belonged to all his work. It was impossible to know which to admire more—his firm grasp of principle or his mastery of detail. Many a time stores of patristic evidence were brought to bear on the discussion of a reading, evidence not found in the printed critical apparatus, but accumulated in his own study. Doubtful arguments offered on his side by friends he would at once set aside as not convincing, for it was as clear as day that what he sought was not victory but truth. . . . Many, no doubt, differed from him, but his noble simplicity of character raised him above all temptation to argue for aught but the true, or to look at counter arguments otherwise than as they bore upon the true.

As might have been expected, the text adopted by the revisers was by no means identical with that of Westcott and Hort. It was naturally more 'conservative,' if that be the right word for adherence to traditional readings. The authority of the two Cambridge Professors was, however, inevitably allowed great weight, and their presence at the meetings secured the maintenance of the principle that questions of reading must be decided on their own merits, irrespectively of questions of interpretation. If it had been otherwise, Hort, for one, could not have been satisfied with the thoroughness of the Company's work. In fact it was only on such an understanding that he had consented to serve. It was not unnatural that the main attack of hostile criticism should be made on those of the revisers who had been audacious enough to insist that the new translation should not slavishly adhere to the so-called 'Received' Text, a title which, by the way, that text acquired only by a curious accident.¹

The Revision was attacked in a series of three

¹ See Westcott and Hort's Greek Testament, vol. ii. pp. 11, 12.

articles published in the *Quarterly Review*, and afterwards (in 1883) issued in book form under the title, *The Revision Revised*. The authorship of the articles was an open secret, and the writer of them, Dr. Burgon, Dean of Chichester, acknowledged it on the title-page of the re-issue, and added to them a 'Reply' to the pamphlet in which Bishop Ellicott, the Chairman of the New Testament Company, had defended the revisers and the Greek text adopted by them.

The first of the three articles attacked the revisers' text, ignoring, except for one long footnote, Westcott and Hort's second volume, which contained the justification of their method and its results. The second was a criticism of the new English version, and the third an examination of the textual theory advanced in Westcott and Hort's second volume ('Introduction' and 'Appendix'). *The Revision Revised* is a portly volume, full of the raciest English, with the literary flavour of methods of controversy usually regarded as obsolete. Westcott and Hort are therein treated as the chief authors of all the mischief of the Revision, and their text is throughout regarded as the work of a picturesque imagination. But it would be unprofitable to quote at length, or in any way to revive unnecessarily a somewhat hopeless controversy. There were some, doubtless, who wished that the two Cambridge Professors had publicly defended themselves against the attack. There were more, perhaps, who felt that Dean Burgon had some justification for the complaint that their exposition of their own theory did not set forth all the facts on which it rested. Other more kindly critics complained that the 'Introduction' was not double its actual size. But the volume had to be of reasonable dimensions, and it was necessary to this end

to limit its contents mainly to the statement of results, without full exposition of the processes by which those results had been reached. The method pursued is indeed fully explained, but, in the application of it, a complete history of the steps by which each conclusion has been reached is naturally not given. The *pièces justificatives* were of course extant, and will yet be made accessible. The two editors had almost from the first conducted all their discussions on paper, and these notes were all carefully preserved.

Of the two editors Dean Burgon selected Hort as the most guilty, inasmuch as the 'Introduction' was the work of his hand. The apportionment of the work is thus described in the book itself: "We venture to hope that the present text has escaped some risks . . . by being the production of two editors of different habits of mind, working independently and to a great extent on different plans, and then giving and receiving free and full criticism, wherever their first conclusions had not agreed together. For the principles, arguments, and conclusions set forth in the 'Introduction' and 'Appendix' both editors are alike responsible. It was, however, for various reasons expedient that their exposition and illustration should proceed throughout from a single hand; and the writing of this volume and the other accompaniments of the text has devolved on Dr. Hort." If, therefore, an answer to Dean Burgon had been thought advisable, it would have naturally fallen on Hort to write it. That he did not do so was not due to any indolence or indifference to criticism, but to deliberate choice. Dean Burgon's work was not unknown to him. His defence of the genuineness of the last twelve verses of St. Mark's Gospel, published some years before, had been thought to necessitate a fuller treatment of that

passage in Westcott and Hort's 'Appendix.' When the *Quarterly* articles appeared, it does not seem that either collaborator was much upset by them ; the only fear was lest those unacquainted with textual criticism should be misled by the reviewer's "formidable array of 'authorities.'" Still silence seemed best, and it has been justified. The adversary was not, indeed, likely to be silenced by a reply, and would certainly not have been convinced, seeing that his fundamental conceptions of the province of Biblical criticism were hopelessly irreconcilable with those of his opponents. There was no common ground on which Hort could meet a critic who started with the conviction that any reading stood self-condemned which altered a cherished passage ; that in deciding a question of reading the traditional printed text should be the starting-point of investigation, instead of the original documents, on an exceedingly meagre selection of which that text was founded ; and that, in settling a question between rival readings, the witnessing authorities should be counted, not weighed. That these are no unfair examples of Dean Burgon's views will be evident to any reader of *The Revision Revised*. His quarrel was with the whole school of criticism of which Hort was the latest representative, and from his own point of view he was unanswerable, since the only possible answer would not appeal to him. Apart from these considerations, however, Hort felt it to be useless for him to answer criticisms which could not be founded on knowledge equal to his own. It was hardly any disparagement of a critic's attainments to say that he was not qualified to review theories founded on induction from an enormous number of facts, unless he had himself mastered those facts and thought out their meaning. For along with deep humility he possessed also no

slight degree of confidence that he had reached, by the toil and reflection of years, a position which entitled him to speak with some authority ; and, if his authority was questioned, he was content to wait till, as often happened, maturer study brought his critics round to his own conclusions. This confidence in his own powers never showed itself in giving an opinion on a subject which he had not made his own ; if he had not been able himself to go to the bottom of a question, he would express his opinion on it with almost excessive self-depreciation. But with the textual criticism of the New Testament the case was different ; here he knew that he had acquired such knowledge as was accessible, and he therefore expressed his opinions with no false humility. No one who had ever asked his advice could have accused him of dogmatism or intolerance of criticism ; all he asked was that a critic should have equipped himself by looking at the facts from every side, as he had done himself. But this demand was naturally one with which few critics could comply. He did indeed read and annotate carefully his copy of *The Revision Revised*, but decided eventually to leave the issue to time. Nor did he cherish the slightest animosity against his assailant, for whom in other respects he had real regard.

An able reply was in fact made by a writer in the *Church Quarterly Review*, who gave a very careful and lucid account of the new textual theory.¹ Another answer by Dr. Sanday was published in the *Contemporary Review*. Many other important and elaborate

¹ A good popular account of the theory has been recently given by Mr. F. G. Kenyon (*Our Bible and the Ancient Manuscripts*. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1895), whom I have to thank for kindly revising my attempt at a description of it.

notices of the book appeared both at home and abroad, *e.g.* in the *British Quarterly Review* and the *Presbyterian Review* (by Professor B. B. Warfield). On all sides, even when adhesion to the new theory was given with caution, there was a general willingness to consider on its own merits the results of the mature deliberations continued through twenty-eight years, of two scholars of acknowledged acuteness and calmness of judgment. To those who knew anything of Hort personally or of his literary habits there was something whimsical in the view that the predominant characteristics of his mind were rashness and heedlessness.

The Greek Testament known now to scholars as WH, has long since taken its place as the latest product of sound criticism of the text of the New Testament, and as the text which is likely to be made the starting-point of any future investigations. Finality of course was not predicted for it by its editors, though they confidently believed that it was possible with the means at their disposal to produce a text which should be an approximation to the autographs of the Apostles and Evangelists. The volume containing the Text included a short 'Introduction,' giving in an abbreviated form the principles of criticism more fully expounded in the second volume. A marked feature in the appearance of this text is the very free employment of a kind of capital letters to distinguish quotations from the Old Testament. Very great pains were taken over all details of orthography, typography, and punctuation. Considerable alterations were more than once made in the stereotyped plates, and there was doubtless rejoicing at the University Press when the ideal of such fastidious workmen was at length realised. It is said, with what truth I do not know, that Hort was greatly disturbed

because an accent was unaccountably missing in the final proof, which he could prove had been present in the previous one; the thin projection of the type had broken off in the printing.

The second volume is a very elaborate and difficult scientific treatise much condensed in expression; yet, soon after its appearance, Hort received interesting letters showing that it was being read and mastered in the most unexpected quarters. It was matter of common knowledge that the Revisers had made use of the Text; hence many people had been looking anxiously for its public appearance, and its publication, and still more that of the 'Introduction,' was an event of no ordinary importance in the world of scholars. Of the scope of the 'Introduction' little idea could be given without entering into unwelcome technicalities. The method advocated is a further development of that employed by Griesbach, and to some extent by Bengel. It is distinguished from the methods of some of Westcott and Hort's most eminent predecessors, such as Lachmann, Tischendorf, and Tregelles, by its division of the authorities into 'groups.' The following is an outline of the results of 'grouping.'¹

In the mass of testimony to the text of the New Testament afforded by Greek manuscripts, versions in other languages, and quotations in the works of the Fathers, Hort distinguishes four main 'types' of readings: these he calls 'Syrian,' 'Western,' 'Alexandrian,' and 'neutral.' The first and last-named are new designations, and the others he does not use precisely in the previously accepted senses of the terms. According to his theory, the arguments for which are

¹ For a succinct account of the history of the scientific criticism of the New Testament text see Westcott and Hort's 'Introduction,' pp. 12-14.

extremely elaborate, a deliberate revision of the existing texts took place towards the end of the third century, and a second revision about 350 A.D. The principal evidence for this hypothesis is supplied by the character of the quotations from the New Testament found in the writings of the ante-Nicene Fathers. If these quotations are compared with those of the same passages made by later Fathers, it is observed that the latter seem to have used an 'edited' text, viz. one which (for instance) combines alternative readings and assimilates parallel passages. This 'edited' text is what Hort calls 'Syrian'; he believes it to have originated at Antioch, and it became the popular text in the East. Its characteristics are thus given : "Entirely blameless on either literary or religious grounds as regards vulgarized or unworthy diction, yet showing no marks of either critical or spiritual insight, it presents the New Testament in a form smooth and attractive, but appreciably impoverished in sense and force, more fitted for cursory perusal or recitation than for repeated and diligent study." This is the type of text which, having supplanted the earlier types, held the field in the Middle Ages, and on which were founded the earliest printed texts, whence the so-called 'Received' Text is derived. Manifestly, then, any reading which is demonstrably 'Syrian' may be rejected in the search for the primitive text, and a large number of 'authorities' may be safely set aside which only attest readings of a later date than this Syrian recension. Thus the fact that a given reading is supported by quotation in an Eastern Father of the fifth century is of little value in the search for the original words, seeing that a *revised* form of the text was perhaps all that was accessible to him.

Before the Syrian recension it is possible to dis-

tinguish three types of text, originating in and current in different parts of the Christian world : these are called respectively 'Western,' 'Alexandrian,' and 'neutral,' and the three together are classed as 'pre-Syrian.' The origin of the Western type is thus traced by Hort : "In surveying a long succession of Western readings by the side of others, we seem to be in the presence of a vigorous and popular ecclesiastical life, little scrupulous as to the letter of venerated writings or as to their permanent function in the future, in comparison with supposed fitness for immediate and obvious edification." The Western text in fact is characterised by a tendency to paraphrase and by interpolations, of which the Codex Bezae, preserved in the University Library at Cambridge, affords the most remarkable examples. Its name is due to its having been preserved chiefly in Latin manuscripts (including some which, like the Codex Bezae, are 'bilingual') ; originally it also came from the East. The Alexandrian type—a name which more readily explains itself—is thus described : "The changes introduced have usually more to do with language than matter, and are marked by an effort after correctness of phrase. They are evidently the work of careful and leisurely hands, and not seldom display a delicate philological tact which unavoidably lends them at first sight a deceptive appearance of originality." There remains the 'neutral' ; the name is merely a convenient label for a type of text which is characterised by the absence alike of Western diffuseness and Alexandrian polish ; it cannot, like the others, be localised. It represents the purest line of tradition, and, if any manuscripts were extant which were of purely 'neutral' character, it would be obviously well to follow these to the neglect of all others. The nearest approach to

such a character is made by the great Vatican Codex, the readings of which were till recently made inaccessible by Papal jealousy. Though, however, it is not entirely free from the characteristics of the less pure types of text, it is regarded by Hort¹ as a first-rate authority; even when it stands alone, its evidence is regarded as of very high value, while, when it agrees with some other of certain selected good manuscripts, especially with Tischendorf's Sinai Codex, their joint testimony is accepted as almost decisive.

Such is a brief outline of Hort's classification of documents, but it is impossible to do it justice in fewer words than are used in his own masterly 'Introduction'; so compact a statement cannot well be summarised. This classification, involving, as it did, the scientific marshalling of such a host of data as few but experts can have any idea of, is alone enough to set his work on a different level from that of his predecessors. Of other critics, some have been content to construct their text from a selection of early documentary authorities, some, proposing to take account of *all* the manuscript evidence, have lost themselves in the vast field for want of guiding principles. Without classification in fact it becomes necessary to accept all manuscripts as authorities of more or less weight, and the task of the critic, who attempts thus to construct a text out of the mass of conflicting testimonies, becomes at once Herculean and futile. Some of the obvious defects from which such a method must inevitably suffer, are that it makes the individual critic's prejudices, however involuntary, the criterion, and that the decision is made by a majority of witnesses, when their evidence

¹ For convenience' sake I refer here and elsewhere to the actual author of the 'Introduction' as representing the two editors.

may in fact be only collusive. This latter defect Hort's method escapes altogether, while the former is avoided, as far as may be, by the use of a variety of methods in combination, so that one is tested by the other.

The obvious method of deciding between variant readings, is for the critic to ask which the author is most likely to have written, and so to settle the question by the light of his own inner consciousness. This method has its uses, and is a very common one, but, if used alone, it is liable to manifest uncertainty. A second method is to inquire which reading a copyist would be likely to have made the author seem to write. The answers obtained by these two methods have respectively what Hort calls 'intrinsic probability' and 'transcriptional probability'; the evidence which both alike afford is styled 'internal evidence of readings.' A combination of the two methods is of far higher value than either can possess alone, but the result of their combined use may often be conflicting testimony, and there is then a deadlock in the proceedings.

A second method must therefore be invoked: this is called 'internal evidence of documents'; its importance is given in the dictum "knowledge of documents should precede final judgment upon readings."¹ This more complicated method involves a threefold process; instead of dealing with each variation separately, we now in the first instance study as before the individual variations, but, no longer deciding each case on its own merits, we use the provisional results thus obtained merely as materials wherewith to arrive at an estimate of the characters of the rival documents taken as

¹ It is interesting to note the early appearance of this principle in Hort's review of Dr. Scrivener's edition of the *Codex Augiensis*, published in the *Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology*, vol. iv. No. xii. 1860.

wholes ; then thirdly, armed with this knowledge, and with any external information which we can procure about the documents in question, we return to the individual variants, and consider each in the light of the characters of the documents, aided by the resources of Intrinsic and Transcriptional Probability. This method is capable of a further extension, inasmuch as we may apply it to the study of the character of *groups* of manuscripts, as well as of individual manuscripts, and, when so used, it is even more fruitful ; it leads to a classification of documents based on observance of their resemblances and differences.

But this is not all ; even the method of internal evidence of documents is liable to delusions, due principally to the fact that a manuscript is seldom, if ever, homogeneous in character, so that we may be misled by attributing as it were too great consistency to it. There is then in reserve yet a fourth method, the elaboration of which is perhaps Hort's most original contribution to the science of textual criticism—this is the method of 'genealogical evidence.' The principle of genealogy had indeed been applied to manuscripts by previous scholars, but never so fully developed. It is obvious that all the manuscripts of a given work are descended from a common original ; if it can be shown that the line of descent is single, *i.e.* that *d* has been copied from *c*, *c* from *b*, and *b* from *a*, the critic's task is simple ; he has merely to reject all manuscripts but *a*, the earliest extant. But, as a matter of fact, most often the line of descent ramifies, *i.e.* a manuscript has been copied from more than one exemplar, and moreover there are gaps in the genealogy due to the loss of manuscripts ; the extant testimony is therefore afforded by manuscripts which stand as

representatives of various branches of the family tree. The genealogical method is an advance on the method of internal evidence of documents or groups of documents, just as the latter is itself an advance on the method of internal evidence of readings. By the first method we take the variant readings individually; by the second we take them in series, "each series being furnished by one of the several documents in which they are found"; by the genealogical method we take the documents themselves, not individually, but in series, "examining them connectedly as part of a single whole in virtue of their historical relationships." Thus we arrive at another leading principle—"all trustworthy restoration of corrupted texts is founded on the study of their history." Manuscripts belonging to the same branch of the family have a family likeness; these likenesses it is the business of this method to characterise, and then to draw inferences as to their history. If the lines of descent had never crossed, this would be a fairly simple matter; we should only have to discover whether a given manuscript belonged, say, to the 'Western' or 'Alexandrian' branch of the family, and to which 'generation,' so to speak, it belonged. But this is unfortunately not the case; the 'Syrian recension' mentioned above is only one conspicuous example of a phenomenon everywhere observable in the exceptionally wide field of New Testament manuscripts. All extant New Testament manuscripts contain what Hort calls 'mixture,' though this is due most often, not, as in the case of the 'Syrian recension,' to deliberate editing, but to the use by copyists of manuscripts of different types; one manuscript, *e.g.*, may contain readings of 'Western' and also readings of 'Alexandrian' type, and as a matter of

fact *no* extant manuscript of the New Testament is entirely free from 'mixture'; all exhibit, in a greater or less degree, traces of 'mixed ancestry.'

The textual method of Westcott and Hort is therefore based on a combination of various methods, and its distinctive quality is that it is truly inductive; by the study of particulars it proceeds to general conclusions, and then applies these conclusions to the settlement of individual cases. Its differences from other methods more often employed are thus summarised by Hort himself: "Textual criticism fulfils its task best, that is, is most likely to succeed ultimately in distinguishing true readings from false, when it is guided by a full and clear perception of all the classes of phenomena which directly or indirectly supply any kind of evidence, and when it regulates itself by such definite methods as the several classes of phenomena suggest when patiently and circumspectly studied. This conformity to rationally framed or rather discovered rules implies no disparagement of scholarship and insight, for the employment of which there is indeed full scope in various parts of the necessary processes. It does but impose salutary restraints on the arbitrary and impulsive caprice which has marred the criticism of some of those whose scholarship and insight have deservedly been held in the highest honour."

The application of the methods thus described can only be understood by reading the later parts of the 'Introduction.' It will not, however, be out of place to quote once again the 'golden words,' as they have been called, with which this part of the volume concludes:—

It only remains to express an earnest hope that, whatever labour we have been allowed to contribute towards the

ascertainment of the truth of the letter, may also be allowed, in ways which must for the most part be invisible to ourselves, to contribute towards strengthening, correcting, and extending human apprehension of the larger truth of the spirit. Others assuredly in due time will prosecute the task with better resources of knowledge and skill, and amend the faults and defects of our processes and results. To be faithful to such light as could be enjoyed in our own day was the utmost that we could desire. How far we have fallen short of this standard, we are well aware ; yet we are bold to say that none of the shortcomings are due to lack of anxious and watchful sincerity. An implicit confidence in all truth, a keen sense of its variety, and a deliberate dread of shutting out truth as yet unknown, are no security against some of the wandering lights that are apt to beguile a critic ; but, in so far as they are obeyed, they at least quench every inclination to guide criticism into delivering such testimony as may be to the supposed advantage of truth already inherited or acquired. Critics of the Bible, if they have been taught by the Bible, are unable to forget that the duty of guileless workmanship is never superseded by any other. From Him who is at once the supreme Fountain of truth and the all-wise Lord of its uses, they have received both the materials of knowledge and the means by which they are wrought into knowledge ; into His hands, and His alone, when the working is over, must they render back that which they have first and last received.

A good illustration of Hort's wariness in handling textual evidence is afforded by a correspondence in the *Times*, in which he engaged in 1885, with reference to the 'Vienna Fragment,' a fragmentary papyrus, said to be of the third century, discovered in the Fayum and edited by Dr. Bickell of Innsbrück, and by him supposed to belong to a Gospel narrative more primitive than either of our two first Gospels. It contained, in a very mutilated state, an account of St. Peter's predicted denial, and words and expressions used in it were supposed to

point to an independent tradition. Dr. Bickell's views were supported by the high authority of Harnack. Hort wrote to the *Times* of June 25th an appeal to its readers not to prematurely accept Dr. Bickell's deductions, and to be yet more sceptical as to his emendations of the defective text, of which no exact facsimile had yet been published. Hort's own hypothesis was that the document contained a passage from some early Christian writer, who "had occasion to quote the words of St. Peter and his Master, and quoted them with free condensation." He discussed briefly and incisively the palæographical and linguistic evidence adduced in support of Dr. Bickell's views, and concluded that "it cannot be wise from evidence of this amount and this nature to deduce far-reaching conclusions without full consideration of other possible interpretations, less interesting, no doubt, but better supported by the facts already known." In his courteous reply (July 3rd) Dr. Bickell declared his unwillingness to "argue with so great an authority, if technicalities of New Testament criticism must be drawn into discussion," but he adduced arguments against Hort's theory of a patristic quotation, and defended his own conjectures. The *Times* of July 16th contained a long rejoinder from Hort, in which he carefully examines the passage ; and, by way of illustration, cites Origen's use of the same Gospel incident. It is indisputable that Origen used our Gospels, yet, when he refers to St. Peter's predicted denial, he omits the same verses as the writer of the 'fragment,' simply because they are irrelevant to his purpose. The moral is a grave warning against the dangers of the 'argument from omission,' which he handles as severely as Lightfoot handled the argument from the 'silence of Eusebius,' as presented by the author of *Supernatural*

Religion. "It would be easy," he says, "to snip out of the works of Clement or Origen many a fragment which, detached from its context, might plausibly be made to lead to just such conclusions as have been drawn by Dr. Bickell from the 'Vienna Fragment.'" Then, after a final caution about the interpretation of the palæographical facts, he concludes with a general warning which is perhaps still a necessary antidote to the excitement caused by the documentary discoveries of recent years. "As regards the contents of the manuscripts, interesting and important discoveries of various kinds may reasonably be expected, but the historical interpretation of materials so fragmentary is likely in many cases to be beset with ambiguities which will task the patience and circumspection of more than one generation of students."

In 1887 a letter in the *Academy* from the Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Wordsworth) called attention to the problems of the famous manuscript of the Vulgate Bible called the 'Codex Amiatinus'; interest in it had been reawakened by a tract of the Italian scholar De Rossi. A correspondence followed, to which Hort contributed three long letters; in the first of these he was able, from his stores of out-of-the-way learning, to supply just the link which was wanting in the process of identification which De Rossi had supported by ingenious conjecture. Much of the subsequent discussion turned on minute points of palæography, about which there was controversy for more than two years. But to understand the steps by which the book was identified, and its history fixed with a remarkable degree of certainty, requires no special knowledge. The story affords a happy and easily intelligible illustration of Hort's methods of work. I am indebted for the following

summary statement to the kindness of the Rev. H. J. White.¹

The 'Codex Amiatinus' of the Latin Bible, according to St. Jerome's version, is perhaps the most precious of the many treasures stored in the Mediceo-Laurentian Library at Florence. Its age, its vast size, and the beauty of its writing, combine to impress the beholder, as Dr. Hort himself said, with a feeling not far removed from awe, as he contemplates this "prodigy of a manuscript." It presents, in addition, a singularly pure text of the Vulgate translation, and was taken to Rome for consultation during the Sixtine revision of the Bible.

The date of the *Codex* had been generally fixed by scholars at the middle of the sixth century; but it was Dr. Hort's learning which some few years ago, co-operated with that of a leading Italian scholar, De Rossi, in conclusively settling the date at the beginning of the eighth.

The date and origin of the MS. are indicated by some dedicatory verses which are written on the reverse side of the first leaf. At present the verses run as given below, but the letters in italics are not by the original hand; they are a substitute for other names, which, with the exception of two letters, have been carefully erased.

cenobium ad eximii merito | venerabile *salvatoris*
quem caput ecclesie | dedicat alta fides
petrus langobardorum | extremis de finibus abbas
devoti affectus | pignora mitto mei
meque meosque optans | tanti inter gaudia patris
in caelis memorem | semper habere locum.

Thus Peter the Lombard Abbat, in presenting this Bible to the Convent of Monte Amiata, has made use of the dedication of an earlier donor, and just the words which would have told us the original date and place of the Manuscript are lost. The steps by which they have been recovered form an interesting story.

The Italian scholar Bandini, who described the MS. in a

¹ See a paper by Mr. White in the Oxford *Studia Biblica et Ecclesiastica*, 2nd series.

catalogue at the end of the last century, proposed to emend the first two lines—

culmen ad eximii merito | venerabile petri,

which made the hexameter verse run smoothly, and fitted in well with the expression *caput ecclesie*, the book being, according to this supposition, a gift to S. Peter's at Rome. For the name of the donor in the fifth line he proposed to read

servandus latii | extremis de finibus abbas,

as there is an inscription in the MS. at the beginning of the book of Leviticus informing us that so far at any rate it had been written by a scribe of the name of Servandus, who might be identified with a Servandus, Abbat of a Benedictine Monastery near Alatri, about the middle of the sixth century, or with another Servandus later in the century, who was amongst the correspondents of Gregory the Great.

Scholars had, however, from time to time felt as an objection to this view that it did not suit well with the handwriting of the MS., which has the formal artificial character that belongs rather to MSS. of the seventh and eighth centuries than to the sixth; and in 1886 the Commendatore G. B. de Rossi proposed a new emendation for the erased lines which would have the effect of bringing the date of the MS. down to a period that suited the palæography better. In an able essay¹ he drew attention to the account in Bede of the frequent journeys to Rome made by Benedict Biscop and his successor Ceolfrid from their monasteries at Wearmouth and Jarrow. In these they obtained large stores of Bibles, pictures, and church furniture for their cloisters; and Ceolfrid himself died (in 716) at Langres, whilst he was carrying in return to Rome some presents to the See which had so generously enriched him and England. "One of these presents," says Bede, "was a *pandect* or complete Bible, according to the Vulgate version; which after his death was taken on by some of his followers and offered to the chair of S. Peter." Might not this, De Rossi thought, be the actual *Codex Amiatinus*? Bearing Bede's

¹ *De Origine Historia Indicibus Scrinii et Bibliothecae Sedis Apostolicæ Commentatio*, J. B. de Rossi, Romæ, 1886.

account in mind, and the fact that the expression *extremis de finibus* in the dedication verses of the *Codex* would be peculiarly suitable to the *toto divisos orbe Britannos*, he proposed to emend the fifth line—

ceolfridus britonum | *extremis de finibus abbas.*

This acute conjecture not only fitted in excellently with the notice in Bede, and suggested a date in accord with the style of the writing, but also suited well with the shape of the erasures in the Dedication verses, which look as if an *l* and an *f* had originally stood close to each other, while further it accounted for the strong resemblance in *text* between *Amiatinus* and the important group of eighth and ninth century British MSS., a resemblance which it seemed difficult to account for on the early supposition of *Amiatinus* having been written in Italy.

It remained now for Dr. Hort to do what he and he alone seemed always able to do—to produce just the right piece of evidence at the right time, and to convert De Rossi's "admirable conjecture" into certainty. In a letter to the *Academy* (February 26th, 1887) he drew attention to the valuable little tract known as the *Anonymous Life of Ceolfrid*, from which it is known that Bede drew many of his details respecting Benedict Biscop and Ceolfrid. This tract supplies the missing link. One passage in it describes how Ceolfrid caused three *Pandectes* to be written, two of which he placed in his monasteries, *tertium autem Romam profecturus donum beato Petro apostolorum principi offerre decrevit*. A second describes how, after his death, some of the monks returned to England, others continued their journey to present their gifts to the Holy See, *in quibus videlicet muneribus erat Pandectes ut diximus, interpretatione beati Hieronymi presbyteri ex Hebraeo et Graeco fonte transfusus, habens in capite scriptos huiusmodi versus* :—

Corpus ad eximii merito venerabile Petri,
Dedicat ecclesiae quem caput alta fides,
Ceolfridus, Anglorum extimis de finibus abbas,
Devoti affectus pignora mitto mei,
Meque meosque optans tanti inter gaudia patris,
In coelis memorem semper habere locum.

These verses we see at once are those of the *Codex Amiatinus* ; for the transposition in the second line, and the *extimis* for *extremis* in the third, are both probably slips made by the author of the *Anonymous Life*. The first word, as a renewed examination of the erasure shows, is more likely to have been *corpus* than *culmen* ; and the substitution of *Ceolfriðus Anglorum* for *Ceolfriðus Britonum* had been already conjecturally suggested by the present Bishop of Stepney (Dr. Browne) and M. Samuel Berger of Paris.

And so the identification was complete, and the honours of making it must be divided between De Rossi and Dr. Hort ; the brilliant conjecture of the Italian being established by the patient and profound learning of the English scholar.

In 1884 took place the celebration of the Tercentenary of the foundation of Emmanuel College. Harvard, the daughter foundation, was represented by the Hon. Eliot Norton, who was accompanied by J. R. Lowell. In the preparation for this festival Hort took a very active part, and hoped that, if successful, the commemoration would prove of good service to the college. For some time previously he had helped actively with the decoration of the college chapel. The choice of the representative figures for the windows was made after long and careful study of the lives of the worthies represented. The services of the chapel also owed much to his care. He endeavoured to make the singing congregational ; his inquiries on the subject drew a long series of letters from Mr. R. B. Litchfield. On February 24th, 1889, he preached in the chapel a sermon explaining the significance of the decorations, afterwards printed with the title, 'The Growth of a College into a Temple in the Universal Temple.' The scheme of windows and panels described in this sermon is an interesting one. Those to the eastward commemorate representative men in the development of

Christianity; those to the west are memorials of members of the college, "who by their aspirations and words and deeds for their own day have shown themselves worthy of the great heritage of the past." The central position is given to representatives of the English Reformation, to which the Puritan foundation of Emmanuel College owed its origin. Further, those commemorated on the north side are the 'men of action,' those on the south the 'men of contemplation.' At the east end the two lines "end above in a double form of apostolic words, in which they find their mutual harmony and mutual necessity. We read there *One Body, one Spirit*, and those who look down upon us from the northern windows have earned our veneration pre-eminently by their service to the Body of Christ, and they of the southern windows pre-eminently by their service to the Spirit of Christ." The sentences which follow on this text are extremely characteristic of the writer's theology—" *One Body, one Spirit*. Each implies the other. In the religious life of men the Bible knows nothing of a spirit floating, as it were, detached and unclothed. The operation of the Spirit is in the life and harmony of the parts and particles of the body in which, so to speak, it resides; and conversely, a society of men deserves the name of a body in the Scriptural sense in proportion as it becomes a perfect vehicle and instrument of the Spirit."

Some years later Hort was one day showing a party of men from the London Working Men's College round the chapel. Among them was a man who remembered Maurice and knew Hort's name. He entered eagerly into his guide's explanations. Hort's own shyness disappeared, and he talked with a vivacity which was rare with him on such occasions. Ordinarily his natural

enthusiasm would have been reluctantly repressed through the presence of strangers ; just now and again, as on that day, a responsive listener enabled him to give free play to his overflowing love of fellowship.

A few days after the Emmanuel festival Hort attended the old Rugbeians' dinner. Three years later a Rugbeian Lord Mayor gave a dinner at the Mansion House to old Rugbeians, at which he was also present.

It will be remembered that some fifteen years back he had criticised not very favourably the proposals of a Church Reform Association. It is interesting therefore to notice the formulations of his own views in a paper drawn up largely by him in November 1885. This document was the result of several conferences at Cambridge with Mr. Maine Walrond, Dr. Westcott, Mr. A. T. Lyttelton, Professor Creighton, and Mr. V. H. Stanton. Not the least valuable help received by the Church Reform Committee was from Mr. Henry Bradshaw. The Declaration issued by the Committee was as follows :—

PROPOSED DECLARATION ON DISESTABLISHMENT AND
DISENDOWMENT OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

We, the undersigned resident Members of the Senate of the University of Cambridge, concurring generally in the political legislation hitherto promoted by the Liberal party, desire to express our deep regret at the suddenness with which the question of the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England has been forced upon electors and candidates with a view to the present election. We believe it to be from every point of view inexpedient that resolutions intended directly or indirectly to pledge the legislative action of the House of Commons hereafter should be voted on in the coming Parliament ; and not only inexpedient but highly

reprehensible that pledges to support such resolutions should have been pressed on hesitating candidates, with the effect of impairing the independence of their judgment at the time when such resolutions may have to be accepted or rejected. No graver or more complex issues, in their social no less than their religious bearings, have ever been submitted to the Parliament of this kingdom ; and it is imperatively demanded by political morality and political expediency alike that such issues shall not be decided without long and careful deliberation, preceded by the collection, publication, and examination of many classes of facts as yet very imperfectly known. Feeling strongly that the worst hindrances to the formation of a just and wise judgment are the passions and prejudices which abound on either side, and which arise in great measure from the mutual ignorance of large classes of our countrymen, we desire that the ultimate decision of the nation, whatsoever it may be, may at least be taken and pronounced in the light of full knowledge, and dictated only by conscience and reason.

In the meanwhile we wish to state publicly some of the main reasons which lead us for our own part to deprecate any considerable change in the present relations of Church and State.

Believing firmly that no privileges can or ought to be permanently maintained by the State, unless their maintenance is more for the good of the community than their abolition would be, we hold that the connexion of Church and State completely fulfils this condition.

As the positive benefits to the nation, general and local, due to the establishment and endowment of the Church of England have been much dwelt upon of late, we think it unnecessary to enumerate them here. Our desire is to offer some considerations respecting the evils which establishment and endowment are alleged to involve. These fall mainly under two heads, injustice to Nonconformists and injury to the higher interests of the Church itself.

From a purely theoretical point of view the existing relations of Church and State are doubtless, under present circumstances, not free from anomaly. But this is in our

estimation a small matter beside the fundamental moral anomaly that would be perpetrated by an ancient Christian nation in abandoning the public recognition and maintenance of its faith, and beside the positive benefits to which we have already referred. Nor can it justly be said that the present theoretical anomaly is accompanied by great practical evils which can only be cured by its extinction. Any loss to the Church, under such proposals for disestablishment and disendowment as are now current, would be a loss to the purposes of religion altogether. Our plea is not against Nonconformists, but on behalf of the Church, and on behalf of the Church only as the primary spiritual organ of the nation.

We are by no means inclined to speak slightly of grievances which have perhaps had the largest share in creating a prejudice against the position of the Church. Nonconformists have unhappily much to forgive. But we cannot allow that the present relations of Church and State ought to any large extent to bear the blame. Memories and habits dating from times when Nonconformity was subject to civil and even religious disabilities have on both sides shown a deplorable vitality. In so far as these evil results of earlier circumstances are kept alive by circumstances still existing, the responsibility cannot justly be laid on any privileges or possessions which Parliament can take away. No power whatever can create equality between such a body as the Church of England, independently of all connexion with the State, and the several bodies which have arisen out of it during the last three centuries. It is, we are convinced, no paradox to say that one effect of establishment and endowment is on the whole to soften and moderate any social or other hindrances to concord and good-will that may spring from differences beyond the reach of legislation. Disestablishment and disendowment would inevitably give an impetus to all the forces within the Church which tend towards active antagonism to other communities, and towards increased accentuation of religious and ecclesiastical differences. Within the last few years various causes have led to a happy growth of mutual acquaintance and appreciation between

Churchmen and Nonconformists, as residents in our University have good means of knowing; and it is to such agencies as these that we look for further progress towards a better state of things.

The alleged injurious effects of establishment and endowment upon the higher interests of the Church itself are, we believe, partly imaginary, partly due to impediments caused by a state of things which has insensibly arisen, and which may be effectually amended, we venture to hope, if the attempt is made with seriousness and good-will. It would doubtless be otherwise if the work of the Church and its ministers in its religious and ecclesiastical aspects were inconsistent with their work in its national aspect; nay, if the one were not to a great extent coincident with the other. Again it would be otherwise if the nation itself should cease to be predominantly Christian, or if the authorities of the State should take up and persistently follow a policy of hostility or vexatious injustice towards the religious or ecclesiastical interests of the Church. Of the former contingency we need say nothing. Of the latter no serious danger need, we trust, be apprehended in the near future; in the remoter future sufficient security will, in our judgment, be provided if the present opportunity for accomplishing necessary reforms in the Church is not thrown away. The Church suffers both in efficiency and in popular estimation by the difficulties which impede the rectification of various chronic abuses without fresh legislation. But above all it suffers by the practical exclusion of its laity from definite powers and responsibilities. In former days Parliament represented in Church matters not only the State but also in a manner the laity of the Church. As now constituted, it can no longer discharge properly the duties of the latter office; and indeed the multiplication of Parliamentary business now leaves it little time for such affairs. Facilities might, we believe, be safely and advantageously given to the Church for virtually independent administration and legislation, provided that lay Churchmen were invested with a large measure of responsibility and power in its local and general government. Such a working constitution would in

effect be national, because Churchmen exhibit among themselves in abundant variety all the average instincts and ways of Englishmen. Any risk of misuse of these powers for purposes at variance with national interests would, moreover, be obviated by the ultimate or reserved control which Parliament would retain as still representing the State. The renewal of healthy life promoted by such measures as these would, we are convinced, be found a potent remedy for many of the evils that affect the Church, and through the Church the nation, where the coarse surgery of destructive measures must inevitably fail.

Lastly, we desire to express our earnest conviction that the influence which connexion with the State exercises on the religion taught and practised by the Church and its ministers is not injurious, but in a high degree salutary. It is a powerful antidote to the inclination to confine religion within the limits of individual emotion or belief, and keeps up a sense of the intimate relations between the Christian faith and character on the one hand and all human interests and social duties on the other. If it were removed, the ideals of religion prevalent in England would assuredly be lowered and impoverished, not in the Church only but in other communions likewise. There would, moreover, be great reason to fear lest by the natural operation of ineradicable causes a deep antagonism should arise between the Church and the State, which would be equally calamitous to both, and would fill the whole land with discord. We cannot affect to overlook the wide currency of theories which aim at a complete separation of the religious and the secular spheres in public matters. Believing that the separation can never be really effected, and that much evil and misery must be caused by the attempt to bring it about, we recognise with thankfulness the growth of other strong currents of thought and feeling which flow in an opposite direction. Much wisdom and much charity are doubtless needed for dealing with the problems of Church and State which this generation is called to solve. But we have faith that, if these are not wanting on the part of our rulers in Church and State, and of the other hardly less responsible leaders of opinion, our countrymen will, like their

forefathers, discover trustworthy ways of adapting old institutions to new necessities, and follow with a good conscience the conviction of the truest patriots of all ages, that it is better to build than to destroy.

This was the last work in which Hort was associated with his friend Bradshaw, whose death in February 1886 left a blank in his circle of Cambridge friends which no one could fill. The shock and sorrow of this loss affected him more perhaps than the loss of any other friend. He himself was not well at the time, and he caught a severe chill at Bradshaw's funeral, which brought on an attack of illness, and in March he paid the first of several visits to Sir Andrew Clark. At Easter he made a long-projected journey to Florence with his wife, and saw also Bologna, Ravenna, Siena, Pisa, Lucca. At Florence, though he considered the place, comparatively speaking, too modern to interest him fully, he worked at sight-seeing with an energy which sometimes alarmed his fellow-traveller. He had never been so far south in Italy before, and all was new to him, yet all was familiar, since in his vivid imagination places of historical interest had often been almost before his eyes before he visited them, making double the pleasure of the actual visit. A foreign tour he generally planned out weeks beforehand; many a weary term of overwork was lightened by the pleasure of keen anticipation, and by dipping at odd moments into a variety of guide-books. His enthusiasm for seeing things seemed to grow as life went on. Most of all this tour he revelled in Ravenna. Here, as elsewhere, he collected a very large number of photographs: on his return from a holiday his evening recreation, when, as too seldom happened, he

stole half an hour from work before bed-time, was to arrange these photographs ready to be mounted in books, and afterwards to write an exact description under each. This involved consulting a huge pile of books, which was to him the real pleasure of the task. In earlier years his evening finger-work was to arrange, describe, and 'poison' the thousands of botanical specimens which he had collected in England and the Alps. Photography, the recreation of one of his earliest Alpine tours, he took up again some time after his return to Cambridge, and a small camera became his constant companion in holiday time. He developed all his own negatives with results which seldom satisfied his fastidious taste, and he would never pass a print unless it was the best obtainable. He never had time to pursue this hobby as thoroughly as he would have wished, but, when he was absorbed in 'developing,' his evening amusement sometimes encroached on his night's rest.

In all his later Italian tours he was accompanied by his wife: she was with him in by far the greater number also of his Swiss summers, though occasionally family exigencies required that he should go alone. To such lonely outings he submitted as to a necessity, but his enjoyment was always tempered with a longing for home, which daily correspondence by post did not satisfy.

The best part of the summer of 1887, when health required that he should be in the high Alps, he spent with his wife and their old friend Miss Blunt at the Montanvert. His Alpine enterprises were now confined to short walks and botanising; his last real glacier expedition had been taken at Saas-Fée two years before. He deeply regretted missing the commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee: from a distance he followed the doings of June 1887 at home with enthusiastic interest. He

wished the Cambridge town memorial of the Jubilee to take the form of an endowment of the Perse schools. He put down on paper the following thoughts on the Church House Scheme, apparently meaning to send them to the *Times* or *Guardian*. I cannot be sure that the sentences which follow give his opinions in a form which finally satisfied himself, or even that the letter is complete, but it will serve to indicate his position with regard to questions of Church organisation :—

You have printed some unanswerable letters on behalf of the Church House. But, though unanswerable, they are not convincing. The scheme is apparently doomed to failure, unless it touches the imagination of Churchmen, and this is what it has as yet been unable to do. The most invaluable pile of aggregated committee rooms is not an object for which enthusiasm can possibly be excited. It may be an excellent thing to provide, but it will not bear glorifying: the incongruity thus introduced has a faint savour of vulgarity, and this is one reason why so many shrink back.

The remedy lies in a bold enlargement of the scheme. Let the year of the Queen's Jubilee become a memorable epoch in the history of the living Church by the constitution of a worthy central assembly, and the bricks and mortar will not long be wanting to raise for its outward sign and place of habitation a worthy edifice, in which subordinate societies and committees may likewise find a lodging. Convocation in its present form will not serve the purpose at all. The laity are well aware that to invest it with a new and conspicuous dignity, so long as it remains purely clerical, is only to sow the seeds of convulsion and disruption for no distant period.

Your correspondents have already pointed to the anticipated fusion of the southern and northern convocations. This fusion is undoubtedly necessary, but it will not be an unmixed gain if the laity continue to be excluded: at all events it will not add sufficient weight to the appeal for a Church House.

The new House of Laymen is another step in the right direction, but it is a very little one. First, the House of

Laymen has no powers. It can tender advice, but it has none of the responsibilities of action. While it occupies this subsidiary position, no wide or deep interest will be taken in the election of its members; the laity of the church cannot recognize it as in any true sense their representative organ. Secondly, the House of Laymen sits by itself. There are many reasons why the clergy and laity of a reformed convocation should vote separately; but it is difficult to find any reason why they should debate separately. In a mixed assembly they would come to know each other and understand each other, to instruct and to correct each other. In separate assemblies there would be a constant hardening and intensification of all clerical faults and prejudices on the one side, and of all laical faults and prejudices on the other. There is indeed one condition on which these results might be escaped—that is, if the House of Laymen consisted chiefly of ‘clerically-minded’ laymen, but that is not a success which could commend itself to those who see how grievously the Church of England is strained and imperilled by the want of a trusted and comprehensive Convocation.

If rash and impracticable schemes are afloat, there is the more reason why those whose position enables them to initiate action should do their best to mature and introduce a wise scheme without further delay; there are times when prudence may be more insane even than imprudence. Two precautions in particular are indispensable. Care must be taken that nothing is attempted which would conflict with the ultimate and reserved authority of the Legislature. Care must equally be taken that the clergy are not swamped by the laity. If the thing cannot be done, and that under these conditions, then, be the activities at work within the Church of England what they may, the day of dissolution, a woeful day for England, cannot be far off.

In a word, if Convocation remains unreformed in these respects, the building of a Church House would be in effect a consecration of our worst shortcomings. It rests with the authorities in Church and State to say whether it shall rise as a memorial of renewed life in a renewed organisation. But the days are passing quickly.

In October 1887 the Lady Margaret's Readership in Divinity fell vacant by the death of Dr. Swainson, the Master of Christ's College. Hort had declined to stand for it at the last vacancy in 1879, but now he felt called to come forward. Dr. Luckock (now Dean of Lichfield) stood against him, but afterwards withdrew, and he was spared an actual contest, a thing which was to him specially abhorrent. When a contest was expected, he issued the following address to the electors :—

I beg leave to offer myself to the Electors as a candidate for the Lady Margaret's Professorship of Divinity, now vacant by the lamented death of Dr. Swainson.

From my first entrance at the University I have been a student of Theology, and it has been the chief object of my study from the time when I became a Master of Arts. For fifteen years I had the charge of a country parish, and for above fifteen years more I have been residing at Cambridge and lecturing on theological subjects, chiefly on the Apostolic Epistles and on selected writings of the Fathers. In any future work which I may be permitted to carry on here, either as a student or as an instructor and helper of younger students, it would be my desire, as before, to be mainly occupied with the interpretation and elucidation of the Bible, in constant reference to its theological teaching, and with the history of the Church, for the earlier centuries in particular, giving special attention to the history of doctrine and institutions.

The experience of the nine years during which I have occupied the Hulsean Chair has given me a yet deeper sense than before of the responsibilities of a Cambridge Professor of Divinity, responsibilities at once enlarged and lightened by the zeal of life and earnestness of enquiry which are happily increasing on every side. It is therefore not without misgivings that I have now decided to offer myself for a post which, with the higher vantage-ground conferred by its illustrious traditions, would bring some increase of these responsibilities. I can but say that, if the Electors' choice should fall on me, I shall

welcome their confidence as a fresh incentive to serve the University and the Church with unstinted devotion.

On October 26th he was unanimously elected to the post, which he held till the day of his death. It was a great satisfaction to him, and to many others, overwhelmingly as he felt the increased responsibility. The announcement of his election to Dr. A. S. Farrar's theology class at Durham was received, wrote Dr. Farrar, with "something like a cheer."

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

CAMBRIDGE, *December 18th, 1878.*

My dear Ellerton—A hasty line to let you know that they have made me Hulsean Professor. I look forward to it with some sense of trepidation and heaviness, and no sense of elation, rather the reverse. But it seemed on the whole right to stand; and if so, I suppose it ought to be well to be elected. It was a unanimous election, with previous discussion, but no voting.

We have been thinking much of you and dear Mrs. Ellerton since we saw the announcement¹ in the *Guardian*. Our own recollections are still fresh.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. GARNONS WILLIAMS

CAMBRIDGE, *Christmas Eve, 1878.*

My dearest Kate—One line of Christmas greetings I must send to you and Garnons on behalf of us both, with a big extra greeting to and for dear Arthur,² whose ordination as an actual event we saw in the *Times* this morning. We thought of you much when you were at Worcester, and trust that all went well. ³

¹ Of a domestic loss.

² His sister's eldest son.

Thank you much for your note. I do not imagine that there will be any considerable increase of direct work, but there is no denying that the weight of responsibility is considerably increased, and this I feel a good deal, having perhaps less self-confidence as well as more years than formerly. Many things of former days are indeed brought back, the summer of 1866 among them, when I first stood for a Professorship in the midst of those sad days. To-day's post has brought a kind letter from Mr. Carus, to whom my father brought me for introduction when I first came to Cambridge, so that it makes a pleasant link with the beginnings of Cambridge life.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

2 ONSLOW SQUARE, *January 27th*, 1879.

My dear Westcott — We shall both shortly, I suspect, receive the decision,¹ and there can be little doubt as to its nature. . . . The service [at St. Paul's], as you can imagine, was full of suggestions. After it was over I thought it right to ask to go in again for another word. I went to say that I felt bound to help to a decision, and, if possible (which was instantly, however, set aside), on St. Paul's Day. My former thoughts were unchanged, but, as things now stood, it seemed to me no longer right to attempt to weigh conflicting expediencies, and I could only say that as a personal matter it was for him right to accept. He declined, however, to make a decision till late yesterday, with a view to writing this morning. ; But I do not think that anything was now withholding him except an intense shrinking from the weight and difficulty of the charge. This, with the service, seemed to make my course clear. Yesterday Mrs. Hort, Ellen, and I went to the afternoon service, when he preached (an old sermon, he told me before, but evidently chosen out) on οὗτος ὁ θησαυρὶς ἐν τῷ κ.τ.λ. I had no opportunity of speaking. He was evidently much worn.

¹ *i.e.* Dr. Lightfoot's decision as to accepting the Bishopric of Durham.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, *March 3rd, 1879.*

. . . No doubt Mamma mentioned to you the death, or supposed death, of our cousin Nevill Coghill, Sir Joscelyn Coghill's eldest son, at the battle of Isandula in the Zulu war. Possibly you may not since have heard that all doubt is now at an end. It seems that he and another officer succeeded in cutting their way through the hosts of Zulus and carrying off safe the colours of the 24th Regiment; but subsequently they must either have been overtaken, or, more probably, have died of their wounds, for their bodies were found at a considerable distance, along with the colours which they had so gallantly preserved from capture. Very little, however, is known as yet about the circumstances of the battle.

TO HIS ELDEST SON

(On his Confirmation)

CAMBRIDGE, *March 16th, 1879.*

My dear Arthur—The service must now be going on at Marlborough. Perhaps by this time the Bishop's hands have been laid on your head. As I cannot be with you in person, I should like to send you a few lines written now, that may come into your hands to-morrow after Mamma has gone, and you have returned into the midst of daily school life. I have just been reading over the service in a prayer-book which I bought about the time when I was myself confirmed, and thinking over the many failures and misdoings which can be traced to neglect of the help that was then promised and given.

The first thought that I would press upon you is that Confirmation is not the laying of a burden upon you. In so far as it has anything to do with burdens, it simply reminds you of a burden which is already there, and then gives you strength to bear it. But what is the burden? Simply the responsibility of a human being, a child of God, endowed with reason

and conscience and affection that you may do the work of God, and in doing it grow more and more like to Himself, inheriting from your ancestors a constant liability to fall into evil, yet redeemed to good at an unspeakably costly price, and daily breathed upon by an invisible Power of good. Such is the making and state of man. You cannot change it if you would. You were born into the world under these conditions, and to struggle against them is to struggle against unalterable fact. But it is only when we do struggle *against* it that it is painful and unwelcome fact. In itself it is all glory and all blessing.

You were not only born into the world of men. You were also born of Christian parents in a Christian land. While yet an infant you were claimed for God by being made in Baptism an unconscious member of His Church, the great Divine Society which has lived on unceasingly from the Apostles' time till now. You have been surrounded by Christian influences ; taught to lift up your eyes to the Father in heaven as your own Father ; to feel yourself in a wonderful sense a member or part of Christ, united to Him by strange invisible bonds ; to know that you have as your birthright a share in the kingdom of heaven, the world of invisible laws by which God is ruling and blessing His creatures. This is the privilege of a Christian, to know assuredly and clearly the facts which relate to all men ; to be conscious of God as Him in whom you live and move and have your being, though a veil that hides Him still rests on the eyes of those to whom the Gospel of His Son has not been made known.

These influences, and the facts from which they proceed, have been around you and within you from infancy. At first you knew nothing about them, though they were acting upon you in so far as you did not give way to the evil impulses that beset even a young child. By degrees they have been coming more and more within your notice. Now you are called upon to recognise them entirely, to embrace them with a hearty welcome, and give God thanks for them, to live henceforth with the recognition of them as the first and last rule of your thoughts, words, and actions. This is what is meant by confirming the vow made in your name.

But what you can receive is far more than you can give. It is much to confirm that early declaration of your true standing; it is much more to expect and ask and receive confirmation from God. The very name Confirmation reminds us how large a part of our misdeeds comes simply from weakness, negligent and guilty weakness. It repeats the command, "Be strong and of a good courage," with the addition, "Be strong (strengthened, ἐνδυναμοῦσθε) *in the Lord* and in the power of His might," and gives warning that no part of God's armour can be safely neglected in our daily battle.

You are reminded of temptations from three sources: from the evil customs and opinions of the people who surround you; from lawless indulgence of bodily cravings and desires; and from the spirit of evil, whispering pride and scorn and jealousy and hatred into your inner self. The means given you for turning all temptations into occasions of firmer and riper life is the recollection Whose you are and Whom you serve, and entire grasping at His love and help in prayer.

Let the touch of the good old Bishop's hands upon your head dwell always in your memory as a sign of the Hands of blessing which are ever being laid upon your head out of heaven. Let nothing ever make you doubt or forget your heavenly Father's love and desire of your good, or dream that He can ever cease His patient working in and for you and all His children. Remember that you are called to share His work, and that everything which makes you useless, not to say mischievous, to others, makes you unworthy of that for which He created you. May His inexhaustible blessing be upon you always, my dearest boy, and make to-day only the entrance into a life-long and constantly renewed Confirmation.—Ever your most loving father,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS ELDEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, May 30th, 1879.

. . . I do not wonder that you feel the pressure of the approaching examination. But you must try to think as little about the examination itself, and about any special

preparation for it, as possible; and do your best to go on steadily and naturally and quietly, striving only to do your duty and grow in sound and honest knowledge, trusting to the examination to do justice to your real merits, whatever they may be.

TO HIS ELDEST SON

(On his failure in the Competition mentioned in the last letter)

SETTLE, *June 15th*, 1879.

My dear Boy—On reaching home yesterday evening, we found your telegram. I will not say it brought no tinge of disappointment, for it was impossible not to have hopes beforehand. But we had taken care not to set our minds on your success; and so our worst disappointment is for *your* mortification, my poor fellow! However that too is lightened by the strong feeling that, if it had been right for you to succeed, you would have succeeded; and that the failure is itself a blessing, if you learn to use it as such. Whether you have worked your best, and then been honourably beaten, or have taken things easier than it was right to do, I do not know, and am content not to know. What I do know is that *in either case* failure brings with it true gain. It is obviously well to suffer for remissness, if there has been remissness; and if there has been none, it is still well to be brought low, and taught to bear patiently and cheerfully what it is not easy for flesh and blood to bear. Success and failure are both good gifts of the good God.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *July 20th*, 1879.

. . . I do not see that there is any reason why the congratulation¹ should involve ratification of Reuss' opinions; and if so it does not seem to me a bad thing to break through the insularity of our Universities, which we all believe to have done so much harm both to us and to the Continent. Every first step of any kind is liable to be mis-

¹ A congratulatory address to Dr. Reuss of Strasburg on his 'Jubilee.'

understood ; and the only question is whether the gain outweighs the chance of misunderstanding. In this case it does, as far as I can judge ; and therefore I should prefer not to refuse the proffered opportunity unless some of us have a definite feeling that we ought to abstain.—Ever affectionately yours,
F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

CAMBRIDGE, *November 9th, 1879.*

. . . Our thoughts this week have been very much taken up with Professor Maxwell. For some little time past his state had been quite hopeless, and the end came on Wednesday, about noon, the noon of a bright and clear day. He was one of the greatest men living, and, I believe it is not too much to say, one of the best ; his rare powers being united to a high type of pure and simple Christian character. There is no one who can take his place here. He is by his own desire to be buried at his home in Scotland ; but I am glad to say there is to be a service at Trinity Chapel to-morrow evening before the body leaves Cambridge, and doubtless most of the older members of the University will be present.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

CAMBRIDGE, *November 18th and 19th, 1879.*

. . . Better elements do seem to be forming in Oxford, though slowly and obscurely, and it is impossible not to hope that they will spread in due time. But meanwhile one is always hearing of the havoc wrought by the sharp division into two camps. Moderate men complain that those who remain Christians are swept off into the Romanising current, and the rest are carried by the other stream into bitter and violent unbelief. A distinguished Balliol man spoke strongly to this effect to a friend of mine this summer, lamenting especially the way in which men, who in another atmosphere would have remained Christians and taken orders, are so repelled by the stifling Romanising, which is the only vigorous

form of Christianity within their sight, that they recklessly fling aside all faith and join the other ranks. Along with this there is a contempt for those who remain Christians as either fools or hypocrites, which is found terribly infectious and powerful. Nor is the present misnamed Classical curriculum guiltless, in its encouragement of fine writing on philosophical subjects. The complaint made by Mark Pattison some years ago was strangely echoed in another saying of the Balliol man which was lately reported to me, "What would I give to have Lightfoot and Westcott at Oxford! And yet no, for they would not find the material to work on; they can only speak to patient workers, while we have only brilliant talkers." Of course this is an exaggeration, especially perhaps as regards Balliol, which has a very composite body; but I am afraid it describes truly the prevailing atmosphere of the place. Here, though the same elements (or nearly so) probably exist, they are in different proportions and relative activity. The studies of the place discourage, instead of fostering, youthful 'sophistic'; the number of leading men who are known to be conscientious Christians makes contempt of Christian faith a trifle ridiculous; and the way in which Churchmen of all opinions, both graduates and undergraduates, are accustomed to meet and work together not only keeps party-spirit in check, but gives power to the life of the whole body. In this and other respects we have no sharply-defined camps, and consequently no need of prematurely closing the mind against growth in knowledge and experience.

TO DR. EZRA ABBOTT

THE STORRS, INGLETON, CARNFORTH,
August 5th, 1879.

My dear Dr. Abbott—Forgive the lateness of these desultory jottings on your sheets.¹ It has not been possible to do more than read the sheets rapidly, and note down a few salient points that did not require lengthened examination. The whole article, I need hardly say, I found most interesting;

¹ The sheets were probably those of some part of Dr. Abbott's *The Authorship of the Fourth Gospel, and other Critical Essays*, published in 1888 (Boston, U.S.A.)

and, moreover, the method pursued in the earlier sheets appears to me sound as far as it goes.

On the larger questions little could now be said with advantage. I will only express a wish that you had given a full and separate discussion of the supposition that each Synoptist (at once editor and author) augmented and modified the common tradition (written or oral) by knowledge independent of it, derived partly at least from eye-witnesses. There is, as far as I see, no antecedent historical difficulty in supposing such processes to have taken place, or the information introduced by them to be at least as authentic as that of the earliest form of the common tradition. Priority goes for little if all is approximately contemporary. The question is whether examination of the existing books supports best this view, or that which treats the re-edited matter as alone approximately authentic.

As regards the Fourth Gospel, what seem to me its actual characteristics, apart from their origin, I cannot recognise in your account. One word about Philo, though I think that the importance of his relation to the Fourth Gospel is easily overrated on both sides. While the presence of influences derived from his writings would not have seemed to me historically at all surprising, supposing St. John to be the author, and though I rather assumed their existence till I read Philo for myself, I now much doubt their existence. But were it otherwise, the step would still be enormous to inverting the process of Philo; not dissolving records of facts into philosophemes, but gratuitously, and to his readers unintelligibly, translating philosophemes into fictitious facts, and those in great part mere trivial accessories of important narratives, that even as fictions would require a totally different explanation. But, indeed, the discourses seem to me to have the ring of solid fact even more than the narratives.—Believe me, very truly yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

CAMBRIDGE, *February 13th*, 1880.

. . . We went by rail to Battle, about seven miles, and walked about a good deal. We had been reading Mr.

Freeman's account of the campaign containing the great battle in the evenings, and so were pretty well up in the local details. The way up from the station into the town was just the line along which the Normans pressed up towards Harold's standard in the early part of the battle. We went through the length of the town and out on the road up the hill behind, from which we could see pretty well the peculiar position of the hill of Senlac, on which the English army was posted. Then we went back to the church, which dates from the twelfth century. By that time it was twelve o'clock, and the Abbey accessible ; so we rang at the great gate, a very fine piece of work of Edward III.'s time. We crossed the open ground to a terrace, from which the site of nearly all the line of the Norman attack was visible. We were not able to see the interior, as the Duke was at home ; but a guide took us about the grounds, where there are some considerable ruins, and at last to the place where the foundations of the east end of the Abbey Church have been excavated, a little east of the point where Harold fell.

TO HIS ELDEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *March 6th, 1880.*

. . . We were greatly pleased—don't be too unforgiving !—to hear of your selection for reading in chapel, and greatly wish we could have been there (unknown to you, of course) on the first occasion. I was a few months younger than you are when I first had to read in chapel ; so that I can entirely sympathize with your nervousness about it ; nay, to this day the same nervousness sometimes returns. The secret of all good reading is, first to forget oneself entirely, casting out equally all vanity and love of display and all fidgettiness about one's own defects in reading ; and next to sink oneself entirely in what one is reading, *not* forgetting the hearers, but striving to let them lose nothing of what is read. All this applies with especial force to public reading of the Bible, which ought to be at once dignified, quiet, and intelligent ; dignified, as is worthy of high, serious, and *terse* matter ;

quiet, because affectation is specially odious at such a time, and even without affectation an exaggeration of point destroys the balance and general effect of the whole; and yet always intelligent, marking by slight shades of voice the important words and phrases, not so much by thinking expressly about them one by one, as by filling one's mind with the matter, and then letting the voice express the mind. To make sure of this, it is well to read the lesson over two or three times beforehand by oneself, once if possible aloud. Otherwise, in the midst of reading even quite familiar passages, one is apt to stumble suddenly upon sentences in which one cannot quickly enough seize the point, and therefore is driven to read in a wooden or even in a wrong manner. Most of all should one keep constantly the feeling that the lesson read is addressed to oneself first of all, and that one ought to be in a very especial manner receiving in the act of giving. At such a time words come home with a quite unusual light and force, if only there is a true desire and openness and prayer to receive them.

TO HIS ELDEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *June 26th*, 1880.

My dear Arthur—I do not at all see why you should be set up to speechify¹ on whatever side other people do not want to take. There is one good in it; it leads you to see what there is to be said on both sides of a question, and especially on the unpopular side. But it needs care to prevent its turning into a mere habit of unreal advocacy, without any personal feeling or opinion behind it.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

JERUSALEM CHAMBER, *July 9th*, 1880.

My dear Westcott—The Delhi letters are very important and interesting, the Bishop's in particular. It is apparently his judgement that our men would be accepted by Delhi for

¹ In a school Debating Society.

the College if they offered themselves,—that they are competent for the task,—and that as yet the opportunity has not passed. If this indeed is so, my feeling would be in favour of sacrificing everything else to the attempt. A little Christian University at Delhi, welcomed by Delhi as filling a felt gap, affords a leverage that may be of priceless value. It would be more than a realisation of our original idea. The previous application to our men is a most striking fact.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *August 30th*, 1880.

. . . Have you seen Weiss' *Leben Jesu*? I am constantly regretting not having taken it abroad. It will, I suspect, prove to be an invaluable *step*, perhaps, however, not more.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

CAMBRIDGE, *November 30th*, 1880.

. . . I think the chief event of late has been the visit of the Bishop of Long Island and Mrs. Littlejohn, who have been staying with Dr. and Mrs. Swainson. He is one of the leading American bishops, and a great preacher; and he has preached the University Sermon for the last three Sundays. The last two were more than an hour and a quarter long. Yesterday evening we had the Bishop and his wife to dine with us, and were fortunate enough to have Bishop Lightfoot also. The University Commissioners are holding their sittings just now at the Divinity School, and he is in Cambridge in order to take part in them. Another of the Commissioners is the Bishop of Worcester; so that we had three bishops together in St. Mary's on Sunday. It was particularly pleasant to have Bishop Lightfoot among us again. It is hardly necessary to say that he was his own good and dear self. On Saturday Mamma and I dined at No. 4,¹ to meet him quite quietly, and very pleasant it was.

¹ Dr. Luard's.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

CAMBRIDGE, *December 10th, 1880.*

. . . There is, I suppose, a considerable chance that it will be the last letter that I shall have to write to you before you come home for good. Foolish people will, I daresay, talk about your education being finished. You know better than that, and would, I am sure, be sincerely sorry if it were true. It is a bad state of things when education does not go on all through life, if only to keep up the sense of ignorance. But even in the narrower sense of the word I trust that you have still much education before you. That does not, however, destroy the greatness of the change when education away from home comes to an end, and the time arrives for looking back on the school period, and considering how opportunities have been used,—and past trials too, for it is by their discipline that the as yet unseen trials of the new time will have to be encountered, and with God's grace in their turn rightly used.

I forgot to mention last time I wrote that just as you are leaving the Cheltenham Ladies' College I am joining it. That is, I have been asked to become an Honorary Member of the College, as it is called, that is to be one of those by whom the Council is chosen, and who on rare occasions have to take a certain part in deciding questions about its management. Now that you are going away from Cheltenham, I am not sorry to have this fresh tie to it. It fills a large place in the recollections of my own early life, and in what I know of Grandpapa's; and it must always be a sacred place to me, as the graves of *my* Grandmama and of my brother and sister are under Trinity Church.

TO HIS ELDEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *May 21st, 1881.*

. . . Dr. Westcott and I agreed that he should send the Greek text to his godson, and I to mine. That was the history of your not receiving your copy from me. It is indeed a great relief that it appeared before the Revised

Version ; but I shall have no peace of mind till the other volume is off my hands too, and at present lectures and University business often keep me from touching it for several days together. Some time or other I must tell you more about it than I have ever yet done.

This week the publication of the Revised Version has been the event. The University Presses have been and still are strained to their utmost power to bring out fresh supplies of copies ; and in spite of all the long preparations they will, I am afraid, hardly be able to keep pace with the demand. I have seen as yet very few of the criticisms in the newspapers ; those which I have seen have not shown much discrimination, and in fact have done little more than repeat what we have been for the last ten years saying to each other would certainly be the remarks. In due time no doubt criticisms of greater value will appear ; but it was hardly possible that anything worth saying could be said on the strength of the reading of a few hours or even minutes. After all, the talk is of very little consequence. It is impossible not to hope that there are multitudes of quiet people who will be able to read their Bible a little more intelligently now ; and perhaps that many others may be led to neglect it less than they have been used to do.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *June 8th*, 1881.

. . . What I meant was that, while it is impossible for me to think at all except with reference to thinker and thought (about 'existence' I say nothing), I cannot feel or understand any such necessity of (if the phrase may be forgiven) thinking God ; belief in Him seems to me a secondary process, a result, capable of being either received or rejected. Such would, I imagine, be the general view of members of the Eranus, and my fear was that the laying down of a different postulate would make discussion impossible. No scheme had occurred to me. It is always difficult to me to frame such things ; and thinking seems just now impossible.

Council is heavy. We had five hours on Monday.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *June 13th*, 1881.

. . . Cook's pamphlet¹ has just come. It is cleverly written, and will very possibly produce an impression, by its Coptic and big Estrangelo if by nothing else. But Lightfoot's task will not be difficult. I hope, however, that he will not answer it at once, but wait till some of the heavier artillery is fired, so that he may reply to all at once, so far as reply may be expedient.

Humphry has just sent me a most interesting and welcome letter from Berdmore Compton. I was going to send it on, but I see he wishes it back at once. The tone is surprising. Here is one characteristic sentence: "I believe your Revision will teach us a great deal; and above all details, it will teach honesty of interpretation." It is quite unreserved, and expresses a hope that the Old Testament Company "will not be deterred from similar independence" by the abuse which we are receiving.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *June 24th*, 1881.

My dear Westcott—If you feel strongly that the distinctive authorship² should be signified, there is little to be said. Personally I should have preferred that the work should go out simply in our joint names—unless, of course, it contained matter for which you preferred not to take responsibility, which, however, I do not gather to be the case; but I can see that there are some reasons why τὸ ἀκριβοδίκαιον should have its way, other considerations notwithstanding. One middle course that occurred to me was for you to take some opportunity, such as would probably arise in due time, of writing a line to the *Guardian*. If you prefer that the notification should be within the book, then the 'History of this edition,' pp. 16-18 of 'Introduction,' seems to be certainly the right place.

¹ A criticism of the Revised New Testament.

² Of the 'Introduction' to the Greek Testament.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

FURKA, *August 1st, 1881.*

. . . I am writing out of doors in one of the two deep little valleys which run down from the Furka itself on each side, Mamma being a little higher up. We have come to the S.E. valley to be out of the way of the wind, which here is only a pleasant breeze, tempering the heat of the sunshine. As I sit on a rock, with my inkstand bedded in *Azalea procumbens*, I look across in the distance to the zigzags of the road over the Oberalp pass, leading to the valley of the (Vorder) Rhine, and so down to Chur, and the way to the Engadine. There is not much snow in sight from this spot ; but from one of our bedroom windows we have a superb view of the Finsteraarhorn, one of the finest peaks of the Bernese Oberland ; and from another window we can see the beautiful snowy top of the Gallenstock just showing itself above a nearer mountain. Our doings here have been very quiet, chiefly sitting out. . . .

The one shadow over the last few days has been the death of Dean Stanley, the most guileless and the most lovable of men. It has been a great trial not to be able to be at his funeral. Little did I think I should never see him again when I looked at him coming up the aisle of St. Martin's Church for our farewell service at the close of the New Testament Revision in November last.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

HORTON VILLA, CASWELL BAY, SWANSEA,
September 6th, 1881.

My dear Westcott—One line of congratulation must be exchanged at the actual completion of the book.¹ A parcel came from Macmillan on Sunday. He had told me a few days ago that the stipulated fortnight between the sending of plates to America would delay actual publication, but that the presentation copies should go out at once. As it did not

¹ *i.e.* the second volume—'Introduction and Appendix'—of the Greek Testament.

appear from what day the fortnight started, I do not know whether publication has taken place, but suspect not. However, the book has become a visible fact, and suggests many thoughts—if few words.

TO HIS WIFE

GRASSE, *New Year's Day*, 1882.

So that eventful 1881 is ended. Will 1882 be less eventful? The time is big with shocks and changes, and the papers are not soothing reading.

TO HIS WIFE

GRASSE, *January 15th*, 1882.

. . . Now I think I must begin to tell you a little about the excursions. The first was on Friday week to the islands. Some of us drove and others walked to the port, where we went on board one of the little steamers. The water was quite calm, and the little trip only too short, with very fine views of the bay and the country behind. As we approached Ste. Marguerite, we saw strange figures on the steep path between the Castle and the shore. These were Tunisian prisoners in their native dress. The shore is so full of sunken rocks that we had to land in small boats. We first, after chartering a boy to carry the provisions, went up into the Castle, which in fact inside consists of an open barrack-yard surrounded by rough barracks for the French garrison. The prisoners were lounging about in different places, a most sad sight. A few had fine faces; but most looked utterly fierce and wild. They were apparently well treated, but [had] a most forlorn look. They exemplified with terrible vividness the chasm between Europe and the races of Africa and part of Asia. Of course they were on their good behaviour, only now and then begging furtively in a whisper for *sou* or *cigarre* or *café*,—things that of course visitors would not be allowed to give. We passed through a great yard containing many of them, on the way to the cell of the Man with the

Iron Mask, a lion in which I failed to find much interest. He was evidently treated to far better accommodation than usually falls to the lot of prisoners ; but the securities taken to prevent his escape were very elaborate. We saw also the place where Marshal Bazaine did actually make his escape by a rope let down to the rocks below, when he was imprisoned for betraying a French army to the Germans. I was glad when the Castle was done with, and we went out into the *forêt*, a great wood which covers the island, chiefly of stone-pines, with an undergrowth of lentisk, tree-heath (not yet in flower), and the like. We followed a straight little road which runs through the wood to the south of the island, facing St. Honorat, and then looked out a convenient place on the low cliff for lunch. After a good sit, we strolled round the western half of the island, following a path near the shore, beautiful at every step. We reached the Castle a little too soon for the steamer which was to pick us up, but were presently carried off in the boat. The steamer took us next to St. Honorat, where we had the same kind of landing. We crossed this little island also to its southern side, where the gentlemen of the party were admitted into the monastery. It was, you will remember, a monastery of great antiquity and importance, a centre of light to southern Gaul and even other parts of Europe in the fifth and sixth centuries. The earliest buildings now discernible are of the ninth or tenth century. In later days the monastery became a nest of corruptions and abuses, and was finally dissolved in the year *before* the Revolution. The island has since passed through different hands, and a few years ago the Bishop of Fréjus bought it and handed [it] over to a community of Cistercian monks, who have an orphanage there. We saw some of them, and worthy men of a sort no doubt they are ; but it is difficult to forgive them for completely destroying the ruins of the very interesting church in order to replace it by a new one, when they might have gained what they wanted by restoration. The cloisters remain, and also, a good deal disguised, the chapter-house and refectory, all in a very plain and heavy style. I managed to take a couple of views, not yet developed. We had hardly more than an hour altogether, which was much too little ; and I missed two

curious ruined chapels, La Ste. Trinité and St. Sauveur. I saw St. Porcaire, but could make out nothing of the older part under the new adornments. If I went again I should certainly like to give the whole time to St. Honorat. In the spring both islands, but especially Ste. Marguerite, must evidently be gardens of interesting flowers. But for the sea air, I think I should go several times.

There is less to say about Mt. Vinaigre, the goal of Saturday's drive. The plain of Laval to the W. of Grasse is curious, bordered by a line of stone-pines near the shore. In the midst rises the sanctuary of St. Cassien, on the top of an island of rock. It has been a chosen spot from the very earliest times, long before the Christian era. You can imagine the beauty of the views from the road winding up among the folds of the Estérel. We drove above a mile beyond the very unpromising Auberge de l'Estérel, and then the walkers took first a side road, and before long an excellent path leading up to the porphyry crags of the highest point. We were prepared to find it cold, but found it quite pleasant from the almost complete absence of wind. The view comprised the whole Estérel, the valley leading up from St. Raphael and Fréjus round to Toulon, the Montagnes des Maures, and on the other side the whole coast to the mountains beyond Nice. Unfortunately there was a good deal of cloud to the north, disguising all the greater mountains. But what we did see was amply rewarding. We came down by another beautiful way. Wild Laurustinus was in bud; but most things were still in a winter state.

TO HIS WIFE

(On a post-card)

GRASSE, *January 24th*, 1882.

I had yesterday a note from Lord Acton, who came in my absence to call, and evidently wants me to go and see him at Cannes. He is a most interesting man, and I never dreamed of such an honour.

TO HIS WIFE

GRASSE, *January 30th*, 1882.

Dr. Moulton has now sent me out the new number of the *Quarterly*. It is (Dean Burgon's article,¹ I mean) poor, sorry, acrid stuff, duller than the last article, and no better. As I expected, he returns often to the charge about our text; but there is no sign that he has *read* five pages of either 'Introduction' or 'Appendix,' though he is supposed to have demolished us.

TO HIS WIFE

GRASSE, *February 2nd*, 1882.

A kind note, with interesting enclosures, has come from Dr. Moulton, who seems terribly pressed for time. He is still uneasy about the bad impression produced by the *Quarterly Review*; but I confess I am much easier now that I have seen that very significant paragraph in the *Guardian*, calling attention to the article in the *Church Quarterly* which I wanted you to find out about. Apparently it is very favourable. The *Guardian* and the *Church Quarterly* together may do a good deal towards preventing the Revised Version from being damaged by Dean Burgon's nonsense.

TO HIS WIFE

(On a post-card)

GRASSE, *February 5th*, 1882. 6 P.M.

Last night I finished my little paper on Professor Maxwell for Professor Lewis Campbell.² It is an unspeakable relief. I was very anxious to do it, though far from satisfied with the result. It may, however, do some good. It has been greatly on my mind for weeks, and has devoured incredible time—not to the benefit of next term's lectures.

¹ On the 'New English Version' of the New Testament.

² See *Life of Professor Clerk Maxwell*, pp. 417-421.

TO HIS WIFE

CAMBRIDGE, *November 3rd*, 1882.

. . . Fancy my receiving from Penmaenmawr to-day an elaborate article on the Greek Text in Welsh, 23 pages long! I shall have to get Professor Cowell's help to translate it.

TO THE BISHOP OF TRURO

(On his acceptance of the primacy)

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,
St. Stephen's Day, 1882.

My dear Bishop—One line I must send—not of congratulation, for who could welcome congratulation on such a distracting charge, ἡ μέριμνα πασῶν τῶν ἐκκλησιῶν?—but of heartiest sympathy. A few years ago the recollections of the last thirteen centuries would have had a large place in one's thoughts at such a season. But now it has become difficult to think of anything but the problems of the present, so absolutely new in the history of the world, craving all possible illumination from past experience, and yet hopelessly insoluble except in the spirit of St. Stephen's prophetic welcome of the revolution which was so soon to bring a new heaven and a new earth.

The convulsions of our English Church itself, grievous as they are, seem to be as nothing beside the danger of its calm and unobtrusive alienation in thought and spirit from the great silent multitude of Englishmen, and again of alienation from fact and love of fact;—mutual alienations both.

But the last thing that I could wish to-day would be to croak evil omens. No one who knows you, and remembers your various antecedents, can be otherwise than eagerly hopeful as well as earnestly wishful. All help from on high be with you.—Believe me, ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

FROM THE BISHOP OF TRURO

TRURO, *January 10th, 1883.*

My dear Hort— . . . [Your letter] I have re-read and pondered much—and I can only say that you must come ere long to Lambeth, and there, surrounded by the heads of the long line, you must vaticinate—and I hope you will again feel able to break off with a blessing.

I do not believe that the two alienations you speak of are *naturally* progressing on us. They may surely yet be arrested. But what if those who have insight only prophesy in closets—when they ought to be speaking from the house-tops?

I wish we could get a volume of *Essays or Discourses* out of you. . . . —Your affectionate E. W. TRURON.

TO THE BISHOP OF TRURO

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, *January 13th, 1883.*

My dear Bishop—It grieves me much that I have seemed to suspend a murky cloud over the prospect.¹ It occurs to me that at the beginning of my note I used the word 'sympathy' in a connexion which might lend it a wrong sense, and thus set what followed in an unintended key. The word was meant to have its fullest sense, pointing to fellowship in the multitudinous thoughts and feelings which must be hourly taking hold of you just now, and which would rebel altogether against the artificial summing up of congratulation or condolence.

However I must doubtless have given too strong an expression to the anxieties which self-glorifying chaos suggests. I do feel very strongly how much—speaking only of 'human' possibilities—is still possible; most of all, as you say, by "making the great forces of the English Church to converge," though this itself would be unattainable without seeking the convergence of other great forces over a yet wider area.

¹ These words and others refer to part of the preceding letter which is not printed.

It would be very pleasant some time to take you at your word and have a talk—not in this tone—in front of the long line of Lambeth faces. No accusing thought about them had suggested itself; rather, I imagine, they would help to bring to mind “what Thou hast done in their time of old.” To me at least their leading representative is the latest of them all, my dear old master, whose open eye and single heart it is a blessing to have known in boyhood.

So pray forgive my mutterings,—articulate speech on such matters is, I fear, constitutionally denied me,—and believe they ill represent the thanksgivings not less than the prayers in which you have a chief place. Forgive also my presumption, for such I unfeignedly and painfully feel it to be.—Ever truly yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

FROM THE BISHOP OF TRURO

LIS ESCOP., TRURO, *January 17th, 1883.*

My dear Hort— . . . It was not a *word* or *words*, but the historic retrospect and prospect which seemed to move before you which gave me such fears.

But it is *talk* with you I want—or rather *talk from* you And this you will give me. Don't write.

Yours was far the most historical and real letter I have had. This is why I am concerned.

But you will help me much more *by and by*.—Yours gratefully and affectionately,

E. W. TRURON.

TO DR. SCHILLER-SZINESSY

DIVINITY SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE,
January 22nd, 1883.

My dear Dr. Schiller-Szinessy—Were it not for your appeal, I should have thought it almost an insult to the Jews of Hungary to express disbelief of the accusation that they drink Christian blood in the Passover. It seems hardly possible that any educated man in any country at the present day can give the slightest credence to that monstrous popular tradition,

inherited from times of ignorance. Christian students can feel only bitter shame on learning that Jews have to bear the burden of so cruel a calumny, more especially when it is used as an engine of persecution. Happily, the true voice of Christian theology has been already heard in the generous vindication put forward by Professor Delitzsch of Leipzig, who has few if any rivals among Christians in the comprehensiveness of his knowledge of Judaism.—I am, my dear Dr. Schiller-Szinessy, very sincerely yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS WIFE

CAMBRIDGE, *April 6th*, 1883.

My time at Oxford was spent very much as I intended it to be. I lunched in the train, having provided myself at Swindon, and, as soon as I had established myself at the Randolph, went to the Bodleian and sent in my card to Mr. Nicholson, who was very civil, and got me all I wanted. He asked if I knew Dr. Gregory, who, it seems, has been working on there ever since he left us. He happened just then to be out, and Mr. Nicholson kindly sent to tell him of my arrival. In due time he appeared, and seemed overjoyed. I spent some time over his MSS. and some time over mine, till 5 came, and we had to leave. He took me first to Mr. Wordsworth's rooms in Brasenose, which he is occupying. Then we went out for a walk in the country to Foxcombe, and came back and got a chop at a dining-room, and then went to his rooms and chatted till 10. Next morning a little before 9 I joined him at the Bodleian. . . . We made our way to Hertford, to see the portrait of Tindale which hangs in the Common room, on Mr. Rose's behalf, with a view to the Emmanuel window. Finally we returned to the Bodleian for another bout of MSS. By a great effort I was able to get the specimen collations done that I wanted. It was tantalizing that late in the afternoon Dr. Gregory discovered one of his Greek New Testament MSS. to be of much interest. At a quarter to 4 I shut up my books. Dr. Gregory insisted on coming out with me as far as the Randolph. I cannot say how

assiduously kind he was. Among other things he rushed out to procure for me two New College MSS. by Professor Driver's help, and carried them to me himself, one of them being a most ponderous folio. I made a pleasant acquaintance in Mr. Madan, one of the Under Librarians.

Mr. Wordsworth is in Rome collating MSS. with his wife's help. I did not attempt to see Archdeacon Palmer or Mr. Arthur Butler—if indeed they were at home—for time was very precious, and the possibility that my MSS. would soon release me by proving *uninteresting* soon vanished.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

9 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, April 18th, 1883.

My dear Westcott—The Vice-Chancellor tells me that Robertson Smith would be glad to have the large room at the Divinity School for his two quasi-inaugural lectures this term. The subject (uncontroversial, the Vice-Chancellor is told) will be 'Materials for the History and Geography of Palestine to be found in Arabic Writers.'

My own opinion would decidedly be in favour of the application. The subject has close affinities with 'Divinity'; and, moreover, I have the strongest feeling that the representatives of 'Divinity' in Cambridge should give him a cordial welcome. No interest, as far as I see, is compromised by so doing; and his defects constitute a specially strong reason in favour of this course. He will be a power wherever he is; and there is every reason to help forward his evidently strong and sincere desire to take his stand as a Christian among Christians.

Very many thanks for your book,¹ for which I venture to anticipate a wide and fruitful influence. I trust it will do much towards dissolving the wall which Pearson and the Pearsonian tone of mind have built up between the English mind and the Creed.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

¹ *The Historic Faith.*

TO HIS THIRD SON

CAMBRIDGE, *May 19th, 1883.*

My dearest Edward—Mamma sent yesterday our joint greetings to you, to reach you on your birthday; and now on the birthday itself I must in my own name wish you many happy returns of it, with hearty wishes of every blessing that time can bring. It is an old custom to reckon out the years of life by sevens, and now you have come to the end of your second seven (the 'threescore years and ten' have only ten sevens in all!), and can sit on the milestone, as it were, and look back to the end of the first seven, and forward to the end of the next seven,—not, I hope, without many thoughts of what has been, what is, and what might be.

TO HIS WIFE

HOTEL DE LA MAISON ROUGE, RHEIMS,
July 1st, 1883.

I travelled up with some respectable farmer folk, apparently Dissenters, and was much interested to listen to their talk. Two of them were blue ribboners, though not visibly such. Altogether they left an encouraging impression of what is going on quietly in the English middle class, to take with me to France and Switzerland.

. . . I made my supper at Amiens a little before 6. At the *buffet* the fellow-passenger who had sat opposite to me took a seat at the same table, to make use of my help as to French. He had not spoken till then, and I had taken him for a dissipated young Englishman. After that he talked a good deal. He was evidently much mixed up in railway enterprise; and, as might be expected, left no good impression of its morality; but in some ways I liked him much better than I could have expected from his appearance. At Paris station there was the usual delay, but at last I escaped in a bus, which deposited me at the Hotel Louvois. This Hotel did very well. It occupies a good part of the west side of the

Square Richelieu, the east side being formed by the Bibliothèque Nationale, which likewise runs some way up and down the Rue Richelieu. The 'Square' has grass and shady trees, and seats which are always occupied. . . .

Here I broke off to go to dinner. The greater part of the company were *commis-voyageurs*, and just like those whom we have often seen, in various types. Poor fellows! one would like to know what lies behind that curious existence. Now, by way of apparent—not, we must hope, real—contrast, I am come back to my room, and am sitting at the window on a level with the street (or rather, close, *parvis*), from which by a little leaning I can see the north-west tower and the north porch of the west front of the Cathedral, only a few yards off, and watch the swallows flying in and out among the tracery and behind the great statues of early kings. I may as well, by the way, speak at once about this house. Its story is told in a tablet in front: *L'an 1429, au sacre de Charles VII., dans cette hôtellerie, nommée alors L'Ane Bayé, le père et la mère de Jeanne d'Arcq ont été logés et défrayés par le conseil de la ville.* So, you see, it is a venerable house, though outside it has a sufficiently modern appearance, and is not even red. It has a curiously-shaped court within, with a series of galleries.

. . . Now to return to Paris. On Thursday morning, after a little exploring about places for meals and change of money, I went to the Library, and at once obtained a ticket for the MSS. by showing my ticket of two years ago which Mr. Bradshaw's note had procured for me. The MS. the existence of which I had suspected at Cambridge was soon found and in my hands, and I was able to do a good deal with it by the help of notes taken a week ago.

By the way, I was forgetting that even on my first evening I had a stroll, making full use of the plans of Paris in Baedeker. I went straight down to the Rue de Rivoli, and followed the end of the Tuileries down to the Seine. Nothing could look more desolate than the Tuileries themselves in their half-demolished state. At each end was put up an enormous board with the names of the three contractors, *Entrepreneurs de la demolition des Tuileries*. Happily the Tuileries have few associations of a nature to make one regret them greatly.

TO HIS WIFE

CHÂLONS SUR MARNE, July 2nd, 1883.

This seems a good opportunity for going on with my letter of yesterday, though I have only scribbling paper out with me, I find. After a day of sight-seeing a piece of the afternoon remains before *table d'hôte* at 6.30, and seeing a *Jardin des Plantes* not far from the hotel on my plan of Châlons, I have come out to sit and write in the shade; my plan, however, proves to be superannuated, and an *École de sériculture* now occupies the ground. After looking about despairingly in the sunshine, I have now found this public garden not far off, and have actually found also an empty seat (with a back to it) in the shade. The relief is great after trotting about on the broiling pavements of different kinds all day.

Perhaps it will be best if I take things out of their order, and speak of the last day first, that is, to-day. The journey between the two cities took little more than an hour by the fast train. It was across typical Champagne country, shut in on the south by the low hills of the '*Montagne de Rheims*,' between Rheims and Epernay, covered with forest and vineyards intermixed; this *montagne* being the region from which most of the true Champagne wine is collected. The only station at which we stopped was Mourmelon, the station for the famous Camp of Châlons, the Aldershot of the French army. It must have been somewhere thereabouts—the exact place there seems to be no clear evidence to show—that Attila and his Huns were arrested in 451 in the battle of Châlons, one of the great saving battles of history, like Marathon, Tours, and Waterloo. We reached Châlons station at half-past 10, and I took the bus up to the hotel recommended by Dr. Hunter. It looks out on the great open market-place, as likely as not to be the scene of St. Bernard's preaching the Crusade. After getting leave to deposit my things, I went out to see the buildings.

First came the Cathedral, which we had passed on the way from the station, soon after crossing the Marne. Externally it is not an imposing building, besides being rather out of sight. The west front is a dreadful block of Louis Quatorze

upholstery in stone. The transepts are much better, and each of them (Middle Gothic in character) clings to the west side of a somewhat slender late Romanesque tower, forming a very picturesque combination. The interior is a fine lofty and airy church of somewhat early French Gothic, without striking features, but having an excellent general effect. Even the triforium is glazed behind. In some of the windows there is good glass of different dates. Leaving the Cathedral, which is at the west end of the city, I came back to the middle of it, passing through the Place de Ville to Nôtre Dame. This is a very striking and interesting church. No doubt it owes a good deal to the two wooden spires which have been lately put on the two western towers. These towers must originally have had a very different roofing, but it is impossible to deny the gracefulness of their present Gothic adornments. The west towers, west front, and transepts are predominantly Romanesque of excellent character, as are also two towers further east, to which the transepts are attached, as at the Cathedral; the interior is chiefly the earliest Gothic, decidedly earlier than that of the Cathedral. It is practically a *Transition* church. The capitals of the nave, with a Transitional look, are very good for the most part, and some of the arcading is as good in form as it can be. The French love of height is indulged with admirable effect. Light and airy galleries divide the nave-arches from the beautiful triforium above, while above that again comes a light but too plain clerestory. The fine rose and other lights of the west end have been brought well into view by dividing the organ, and fixing the two halves against the north and south walls of the western gallery. There is some good late glass. Altogether it is an unusually interesting church.

From Joanne I had come to the conclusion that two of the other churches were of date making them probably worth seeing. One of them, St. Jean, was a long way off to the east, and I thought twice before setting out on pilgrimage. However I was well rewarded. The church has been cruelly maltreated by well-meant restoration, but it showed me for the first time in these parts a genuine *early* Romanesque nave (probably tenth century, if not earlier). The forms were all rude

and square, and the aisles were of the same width as the nave ; there was no sign of the slightest love of light or air. But it was most interesting to see the genuine Romanesque (confirming the ancient date of Avignon and Grasse), which a century or two later was for the most part swept away by a Gothicising Romanesque. Then, by the quaintest contrast, the short English-looking chancel and transepts were in newly-restored and newly-beautified Middle Gothic, that might have come out of an English 'Decorated' parish church, while the junction is formed (evidently owing [to] the modern downfall of a central tower) by a quaint attempt at Romanesque with classical elements, dated legibly 1603, repeated outside in a queer low tower or turret, with a good imitation of a genuine pyramid.

Last, I came back to St. Alpin, between the hotel and Nôtre Dame, likewise a comparatively small church, the body like the Cathedral on a small scale, but with no radiating chapels to the *chevet*. The little west front, however, is full of interesting Romanesque elements, and the windows of the *chevet* have glass late in date but rich in colour and drawn with admirable spirit. (I wish the creature who designed those idiotic twists in Great St. Mary's could see them.)

After the churches I paid a visit to the town library, but found not much of interest to myself.

TO HIS WIFE

HOTEL LOEWE, MÜHLEN, JULIER STRASSE,
GRISONS, *July 6th, 1883.*

. . . Now it is high time for me to try to fill up the gap in my earlier story, before the incidents have faded away more completely than, alas ! they have begun to do already. The Thursday at Paris comes first, I think. Finding that the Louvre (alone, or almost alone, of interiors) remains open till 5, I went off after the Library to see what I could. The time was too short for pictures, and I began at the proper beginning, the remains of the earliest civilisations, some of which are exceptionally well represented. I did not linger over the Assyrian antiquities, the British Museum having here

the advantage, but walked through to the Sidonian and Phœnician rooms, which were full of new matter. I was most struck with an enormous recumbent sepulchral figure of a king of Sidon, with his face broadened out into a great stone cushion. There were other figures of the same type, but he outdid them all. Various mixed antiquities from Greek islands and from Asia Minor craved more time than I could give. I wanted to get at least a glimpse at the magnificent Egyptian collection; but the amount of detail made it only tantalizing when the minutes were so very few. The impression I carried most clearly away was of three or four quite small wooden statues, standing as though on the march, with a peculiar vividness of life; date three thousand years before the Exodus. But I had hardly reached these figures when the galleries were cleared. I paused on the way out in a sort of open portico or gallery, looking down on one of the busiest scenes of modern Paris, at the east end of the building. The contrasts of ancient and modern France are startling enough to come upon; but here there was yet more extreme contrast, in which the earliest civilisation of France seemed joined to the newest Parisian life of to-day, and was made to appear absolutely modern. From the Louvre I trudged down the Rue de Rivoli eastward, past the Tour de St. Jacques, to the Hotel de Ville, vainly hoping some remnant of the famous building might remain; but, alas! all was of the freshest. The petroleum had done its work too well. Then I made my way to the primitive Paris, the Cité in the midst of the Seine. In passing I saw (imperfectly) the outside of the Sainte Chapelle, but knew it was too late to seek admission. I then crossed completely to the left bank of the Seine, and walked slowly along the quay so as to approach Nôtre Dame gradually from the west, with the river between; and a venerable stately pile it certainly looked, though less mysterious than I expected. On crossing back to the Cité I found the church was closed; the open hours were past. So I could do nothing but walk round the building, and then sit down, very tired, in the public garden at the east end, and look up at the flying buttresses, which (to my mind) entirely spoil the effect of the nave and choir. Indeed, I cared for little except the west front and

the general mass as seen at a distance ; but then it is to be remembered that I failed to see the interior. Having thus more time on my hands, I studied Baedeker how to use it most profitably, and then recrossed to the left bank, and penetrated to the Boulevard de St. Germain through streets which looked as if they might be a hundred years old, a good deal for Paris after the demolitions in which Louis Napoleon and his *protégé* Baron Haussmann were the worst offenders. I found the Boulevard rather wearying, as the western sun looked straight down it, allowing no shade on either side, and the length on the map looked formidable. So I tramped on shyness and climbed up the little staircase to the roof of a tram-car, and was carried only too quickly to St. Germain des Prés. The meadows and the abbey have long vanished, but the large and interesting semi-Romanesque church remains. The nave was open, and I was glad to wander about it. Unfortunately the hours for showing the chapels round the choir were over ; but I was able to look across towards the openings of the recesses in which the dust of some of the greatest of Frenchmen is laid, three of them having a very special interest for me : Descartes, the founder of modern continental philosophy as against the reckless Italian and French scepticism of the sixteenth century, and Montfaucon and Mabillon, the two most distinguished of the Benedictines of St. Maur, who placed France for a time at the head of learned Europe by the learning and laborious research, and the liberality and candour, with which they studied Christian literature and antiquities ; Montfaucon, the editor of Chrysostom, Athanasius, and other Fathers, the founder of Greek palæography, and the author of the great collection of Classical antiquities the backs of which greet you every time you go downstairs at home ; Mabillon, the founder of Latin palæography, and the author and editor of innumerable writings, chiefly with reference to monastic history and to kindred subjects, especially Latin liturgies. Leaving St. Germain des Prés, I got some dinner at a neighbouring *établissement Duval*, and then made my way through the Rue des Saints Pères, skirting the University quarter, to the river, which I recrossed to the Place du Carrousel and Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe, and so got home. In the

evening I strolled to the Boulevard des Capucines, gazed up at the Grand Hôtel and thought much of twenty years ago, and strolled down to the Place de la Madeleine. These evenings were the least satisfactory part of the time. The present state of the French drama put theatres quite out of the question, but I was glad to see a little of the great thoroughfares, the shop windows, and the passers-by. I was still more glad, however, to get home, and tumble into bed. Next day, after the Library, I took a fiacre to the Nord station, and much enjoyed the drive. Not understanding clearly the different kinds of suburban trains, I arrived unawares just too late for one to St. Denis, and so lost some twenty minutes, but got comfortably off in due time. From St. Denis station I walked the three-quarters of a mile to the Cathedral or *Basilique*. A less fit way of access to such a spot could hardly be imagined. St. Denis [is] now merely a manufacturing suburb of Paris, without a house of any importance visible. The streets reminded me most of Bishop Auckland or the outskirts of a Welsh town. All is sordid, not with the miserable sordidness of neglect as at St. Gilles, but merely because the place is all a kind of superior back slums. The people looked industrious and harmless enough ; there was not a trace of the wickedness which is only too conspicuous in the well-to-do parts of Paris. Apart from its marvellous associations, the church is architecturally very interesting, being chiefly built by Abbot Suger, minister to Louis VI., one of the greatest men of the twelfth or indeed any century. I had, however, not five minutes inside, and entirely lost the sight of the tombs of the kings of France. The other train gave the last opportunity, and the church was just being shut up. However, it was something to catch a glimpse of the tombs at a distance, and to think of the eighth century, and the anointing of Pepin and his sons (one of them Charles the Great) by Pope Stephen, the first beginning of the mediæval Papacy and the mediæval Empire, and then of the twelfth century and Abelard, and so on to the times of the Revolution, when the tombs were sacked exactly one hundred years, to a day, from the sacking of the tombs of the Emperors at Spire by order of the 'Most Catholic' king Louis XIV. It was sad to find so little remaining in sight,

the doors being shut, for the place outside was not one to linger in. So I looked about for the most enduring inn to dine in, and at last pitched on a *Hôtel du Marché*, in the style of our hostelry near Orange station. However, I did sufficiently well there, and then walked back in time to catch an earlier train. In the evening I lounged down through the Place de la Concorde to the Champs Elysées past the obelisk from Luxor, and then strolled back and bought photographs, but unluckily could get none of St. Denis or St. Germain des Prés.

TO HIS WIFE

MÜHLEN, July 11th, 1883.

. . . In the twilight [at Rheims] I went out to have a look at the great Cathedral close at hand, which of course was shut up. It suffers just now from the works connected with restoration, as, besides the scaffolding at the sides, there are great wooden enclosures for masons at the north door of the west front, and indeed, in some measure, at the south door too. But the grandeur and majesty of the west front itself remained almost uninjured. Equally impressive in another way were the western doors, and I stood in their deep recesses and looked up at the ghostly figures from another yet a most human world, with which they are peopled. In the dim evening twilight they woke up into a kind of second life of their own. Service was going on when I entered the building next morning after breakfast. When it ended, I had a short interval for looking about, without and within, before the principal service at 10. The interior is very beautiful and striking, but hardly equals the west front with its towers. The proportions are good and the form simple, while richness and variety is given by the *chevet* at the east end, with its radiating chapels. I was much interested by the sermon, delivered by a wiry little Abbé with keen eyes. It was rather a lecture on the duty of supporting *Séminaires* for the clergy than a sermon; but, under this rather serious limitation, it was very earnest and direct. With all its grievous offences, past and present, the French Church must have still a capacity for

great things when it can produce such men. After the hotel *déjeuner*, I walked down southward through a great piece of Rheims to St. Rémi. The city itself surprised me by its want of dignity. It is not at all squalid or disorderly, but there is a great lack of stately houses, though this is more true on the south than on the north side of the Cathedral. Rheims is more like a magnified Hereford than any other place I could think of, of course with French characteristics replacing English. As I got farther into the shabby outskirts over the hot pavements, I began to wonder whether I had missed St. Rémi; however, at last I reached it, a great church, most noble in appearance and most interesting, built in the Romanesque and semi-Romanesque of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, full of the restrained energy of the true Middle Age before its blossoming out in the thirteenth century, which is admirably reflected in the pure and rich Gothic of the Cathedral, and still more before the decay and corruption of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The west front, though without the imaginativeness of that of the Cathedral, is very original and striking, and so is the interior, one of the most spacious interiors I ever saw. But it is of no use trying to recall, much less write down, details, which you will learn much better from the photographs. The *name* St. Rémi comes only from the deposition of St. Remigius' relics. It is, I imagine, to the site of the Cathedral (not of course the present building) that the event belongs which gives Rheims its highest place in history, the baptism of the Frank Clovis by Remigius. This was the beginning of the Christian Frankish kingdom; and the combination of military and ecclesiastical power which thus arose led by degrees to the extinction of the Gothic and Arian rule in the south, and prepared the way at last for Charles the Great and his Empire, and the fresh alliance with Rome which dates from that time, as I mentioned in talking of Châlons. In Charles' age, or at least soon after, Rheims was likewise made illustrious by its great and learned Archbishop, Hincmar. From St. Rémi I went a little farther south, to the extremity of the city where (when it was fortified) stood the *Porte Dieu Lumière*, an interesting name, the origin of which I should like to find out. I then came back by a circuit to the hotel, and

strolled a little northward to look at the Place Royale (name still left unchanged !), with the Town Hall, which contains the Town Library, where I saw some remarkable MSS. exposed in cases. After the afternoon service I went still farther north to see a large Roman gate, the so-called Porte de Mars, interesting chiefly as a monument connecting the Rheims of to-day with its earliest civilised times. After dinner I wandered again about the Cathedral. The stained glass of its windows (as indeed of those of St. Rémi) is early and good; and few sights could be more glorious than the great western rose as the setting sun shone through it. Now I think I have come to an end of Rheims, and about the rest of the journey you have heard already. I may just mention one interesting house in Rheims, said to be of thirteenth century, the Maison des Musiciens. It is decorated in front with wonderfully beautiful and spirited wooden figures of musicians. Unfortunately I could not procure a photograph. They gave as a reason the narrowness of the street, which is undeniable; but I fancy I have somewhere seen a photograph.

The latter part of the above has been written out of doors.

TO HIS SECOND SON

BERNINA HOSPIZ, ENGADINE, GRISONS,
SWITZERLAND, July 18th, 1883.

. . . The bee orchis has come in very fair order. The other orchis which you send looks like *O. pyramidalis*, a July orchis growing on dry ground, for instance at the top of the Cherry Hinton chalk-pit. There must, I think, be near Sherborne at least three other kinds of orchids besides those which you mention, perhaps more, indeed probably more. I wonder where you got the name *Orchis fragrans*; no doubt it is the plant now usually called *Gymnadenia conopsea*, which is very sweet, as, indeed, is the Butterfly Orchis also. I found near Mühlen one spike of a not very common foreign kind closely allied to it, with flowers of a deep rose colour, called *Gymnadenia odoratissima*.

. . . The day I came here from Mühlen was very interesting

geographically. First, at the top of the Julier Pass I left the waters flowing into the Rhine, and so into the North Sea opposite England, and came at once to the waters flowing into the Inn, and so into the Danube, and so into the Black Sea not very far north of Constantinople; and then, at the top of the Bernina Pass, I left waters flowing likewise into the Inn, and came at once to waters flowing into the Adda, and so into the Po, and so into the Adriatic not far south of Venice. You see what a middle corner of Europe it is. Goeschenen and Andermatt are not far from the Furka, whence waters flow into the Rhone, and so into the Mediterranean.

TO HIS THIRD SON

CAMBRIDGE, *November 17th, 1883.*

. . . I wonder whether Mr. Young has been giving you at Sherborne any lecture or sermon or anything of the sort as part of the Luther Commemoration which has been going on during the last few days, in celebration of four hundred years from Luther's birth. We had what was called a Conference here on Thursday at the Corn Exchange, when some interesting papers were read and speeches made. The object of course was to honour the memory of a great and good man, to whom more than to any one man the Church owes the blessings of the Reformation, and to whom Germany in particular rightly looks up with great veneration. He was sometimes violent and unwise, but those were exceptions only; and it has been a good thing that his name has now been brought forward for commemoration.—Ever, dearest Edward, your affectionate father,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO MR. J. M. LUDLOW

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,
December 13th, 1883.

. . . I am rejoiced to hear that the long expected *Life*¹ is so nearly launched. I had hoped as much from a reported

¹ Of F. D. Maurice.

word of Frederick Maurice the other day. But I cannot say I have chafed greatly at the delay. The new picture and the new presentations of—to some of us—old thoughts will, I venture to think, come with the greater power for the space of forgetfulness that will have passed upon the rapid generation.—Believe me, very truly yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO MRS. FRASER

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,
February 9th, 1884.

My dear Mrs. Fraser—It is sad and humiliating to think how long I have been meditating a letter to you. Letters in these days seem never to get written except under the sharp pressure of some immediate occasion. To-day a very welcome occasion has arisen. The Select Preachers Syndicate has commissioned the Vice-Chancellor to ask the Bishop of Manchester to preach before the University in October, and so I am anxious to lose no time in writing likewise, with a double purpose. First, I trust we may reckon on your good offices to support the request of the University authorities; and next we are very anxious to have, if we may, the happiness of receiving the Bishop and yourself in our own home for as long as you can stay.

You and he have been much in our thoughts during the last few months. A more painful position could hardly be imagined, and the cruel injustice with which it has been misinterpreted has been of a kind that rouses simple indignation. But the appeal of every honest and true man in these days, and I suppose in all days, must be to the multitude of silent observers, who remain undisturbed by the clatter of unscrupulous tongues, and who do not forget the worth of high service rendered to Church and people. It was grievous to hear dark rumours of a possible resignation. The late decision has, I trust, quite averted that calamity. But indeed, indeed, if I may presume to speak, nothing short of physical incapacity for duty would in my judgement have justified it. The Church cannot spare the Bishop either from his diocese or from the

councils of bishops ; and his retirement would, I feel sure, have been both a heavy discouragement and a heavy loss to the causes which he holds most dear.

There, I hope I am forgiven for my presumption.

TO DR. C. R. GREGORY

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, *May 11th, 1884.*

. . . We were between two and three weeks abroad, and had a very successful time, not seriously incommoded by the cold at first and the rain at last, the middle part being dry and pleasant, and all the time better than endurable. . . . The route was Amiens, Chartres, Morlaix (a little east of Brest) with St. Pol de Léon, Dinan with Dol and Mont St. Michel, Le Mans, Angers, Saumur with Fontevault, Tours, Beauvais, and Abbeville. At the end we were a little tired, chiefly I think from taking of late only an ordinary instead of an exorbitant allowance of sleep, as at first ; but we were on the whole much the better, and of course enjoyed everything extremely. In most places we had two nights. This is much too rapid travelling, but under all the circumstances it would have been wrong not to take advantage of the expensive opportunity. I *peeped* into Le Mans Library, and spent half an hour in Tours Library, chiefly looking (quite without collation) at the magnificent golden Gospels. For the rest it was solely a topographical and architectural tour.

May 25th.— . . . This shameful delay of another fortnight has practically arisen out of pressure of lectures. Now they are practically over ; but much other business remains, with endless arrears of private work and letters ; and on June 18th and 19th we shall be deep in celebrating the Tercentenary of the foundation of Emmanuel College ; Lowell is coming down, and Harvard is sending over a representative. I shall hardly get away till the end of June, and whither I know not yet. I should like to say nowhither, for I do sigh for two or three months of undistracted work among my own books.—
Always truly yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS SECOND SON

CAMBRIDGE, *June 20th*, 1884.

. . . On Wednesday evening the festivities of the Emmanuel Tercentenary Commemoration began with a great dinner in Hall. Besides the Master and the present Fellows and a few other people connected with the College, there were also all the former Fellows of the College who were able to come, most of the Masters of Colleges, and the leading Professors and University Officers; and finally Mr. Lowell, the American ambassador; and Professor Eliot Norton, who came over specially from America to represent Harvard University, the oldest and most important American University, founded by an Emmanuel man two hundred and fifty years ago. Most of the speeches were very interesting. Next day we had Holy Communion early in chapel, and at 11.30 we had a special Commemoration service, in the arrangement of which I had taken a large part. It began with a Psalm in Latin, beautifully sung, and there was an anthem composed for the occasion by Professor Macfarren, and a sermon by the Bishop of Winchester. After service we went to the Senate-house to see an Honorary Degree conferred on Professor Norton. Then came a great lunch, or rather cold dinner, to all old Emmanuel men who could come, held in a marquee in one of the courts, again with interesting speeches. Meanwhile Mamma and Mrs. Shuckburgh had a garden party in the Fellows' garden, and in the evening the Master gave a party, with beautiful glee singing in the gallery, which is lit with electric light. Everything went off well from first to last, and I hope the result will be an increase of interest in the College among its members.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

BAKER HOUSE, CASTLETON, GROSMONT, R.S.O.,
YORKSHIRE, *August 19th*, 1884.

. . . We are staying in a cottage at the top of a village street along the crest of a ridge which, half a mile higher up,

becomes part of the Cleveland Moors, fifteen or sixteen miles west of Whitby. The country hereabouts is quite new to all of us, and we are greatly enjoying it, with its alternations of heathy moor and undulating dales, with bright little farms nestling in trees along the line of junction between the two regions. The air is very good, and even in this thunderous weather there has almost always been a breeze. We are fortunate in having for our clergyman J. C. Atkinson, a vigorous man of seventy, author of a solid *History of Cleveland* and *Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect*, a good churchman, sensible and active, with much miscellaneous cultivation, chiefly of the antiquarian sort.

This has been at Emmanuel a memorable year, as we celebrated our Tercentenary in June. The preparations had occupied the greater part of a year, and we looked forward with much anxiety to the result, the undertaking being considerable for our small body. However, all went off as well as we could desire, thanks in great part to the zeal and energy of two or three of our number. Perhaps the most interesting feature was the commemoration of the part played by the College, or rather by members of it, in the creation of New England, and especially the foundation of Harvard. Lowell came down and made a good speech; but an even more notable figure was Eliot Norton, who was specially delegated by Harvard to represent the daughter College, and crossed the water for the purpose. Possibly you may remember his name as that of the young American who became Clough's fastest friend in New England, and the recipient of some of his most interesting letters after his return to England. Both his speeches were full of matter, and personally he seemed even more a man to be liked. When I get home, I will send you a copy of the service in chapel, in the production of which I had naturally the chief part. For the opening I borrowed *O gentes omnes undique*, from the terminal Oxford service (unknown to most Oxford men, I fancy), and its effect as sung *very slowly* to Tallis' Ordinal was simply magnificent. We did not quite succeed in completing our series of windows for the chapel in time, but there was enough for the general effect. I must tell you about them another time.

Rose¹ and I have been taken up with them a great deal for the last year or two.

TO MR. WESTLAKE, Q.C.

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,
December 7th, 1884.

. . . As regards the prayer of the Memorial,² there is much to be said for it. Colenso was, I feel no doubt, a public benefactor in virtue of his missionary work, linguistic and other, and his genuine though perhaps not always well directed zeal on behalf of native races against English rapacity and injustice. Whether public services of this nature are such as would fitly be recognised by a posthumous Civil Service pension, is certainly worth consideration. But according to my view the question should be answered without the importation of any additional claim derived from performances in criticism or theology.

The terms of the Memorial, however, go considerably beyond these limits, though the second sentence pronounces it to be "unnecessary to look at the matter from any sectional point of view, either in religion or in politics." The words, "The services which the Bishop rendered to Biblical literature are widely acknowledged both in England and abroad, even by many who differ from him theologically," do not, indeed, express any opinion as to the merits of such 'acknowledgement'; yet any one putting his hand to them would reasonably, I think, be understood to express approval of it. And again, though it is only of Colenso's missionary labours that it is said that they "will always rank his amongst the most honoured names of the English Church and nation," I do not see how such language can be truthfully used by any one who does not personally rank Colenso's name among the most to be honoured names of the English Church and nation.

Now I am quite unable to assent to either of the opinions

¹ The Rev. Alfred Rose, then Bursar of the College.

² The proposed Memorial was one praying for a Civil Service pension for Bishop Colenso's widow.

which thus seem to me to be directly implied in the terms of the Memorial. As far as I can judge without that thorough independent investigation of the whole subject-matter which alone would entitle me to speak with full confidence, it seems likely enough that, among the various contributions which the present generation is making from various sides towards the solution of the exceedingly difficult problems of Jewish history and Old Testament criticism, Colenso's writings will be ultimately found to contain some materials of permanent value in the midst of much that will not bear investigation. But that is not saying very much. And on the other hand, even were such services greater than I imagine them to be, they would be outweighed by what appear to me the grave defects of his method and manner of criticism, and also by the discouragement which the cause of progressive Old Testament criticism in England has sustained through the natural revulsion against the manner in which he has represented it. So also as regards the larger claim that his name should be ranked amongst the most honoured names of the English Church and nation on the strength of his missionary work, it would be unreasonable to leave out of account another part of his conduct by which his position as a missionary bishop was affected, and could not but be affected—that is, the manner in which he gave expression to his recently-formed critical views. I am aware that to many, including valued friends of my own, this part of his conduct appears a title to special honour; and therefore the words of the Memorial are natural to them to use. But I am unable to share their opinion. It is impossible to withhold sympathy from a man who has been treated with such cruel injustice, more especially when he is condemned in great measure on grounds subversive of all honest criticism and rational belief. But, however much his accusers may be to blame, I am constrained to think that his own culpable recklessness was the prime cause of the grievous ecclesiastical troubles of S. Africa, the end of which, at least in their reaction upon English affairs, seems to be still far off. The earliest comment I heard made on his action still seems to me the most just, that it came under the head of those blunders that are worse than crimes. And if this is true,

Colenso cannot on a broad view be pronounced a benefactor to either Church or nation.

You will of course understand that I am not in the least desirous of entering into controversy on the matter. But I thought it due to you to try to indicate how I stand with respect to it, instead of merely saying, *Non possum*. You may be sure I shall not think the worse of you for your loyalty to your old tutor, of whom indeed it costs me no effort to think kindly.

TO HIS THIRD SON

CAMBRIDGE, *January 31st*, 1885.

. . . Poor German master! It is, very naturally, almost always a difficulty with them to keep order in an English school. However, every one in the form who treats them with the respect which is really their due, and feels it all the more a point of honour to do so because they are foreigners, may do a good deal towards mending matters.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *February 7th*, 1885.

. . . It is very odd to think of Arthur as teaching at Rugby,¹ which I knew so well for five years in my own school-days. Before he started we looked over the photographs which Mamma and I bought at Rugby when we were there some years ago. But of course a great many changes have been made since I left the school, more than thirty-eight years ago. However, the principal old buildings remain, and the great green school-field or 'close,' with its magnificent elm-trees. It is pleasant to hear of Arthur playing football there, as I have done so many many times.

No doubt you have heard of the sad news from Egypt, how Khartoum has at last been taken by the Arabs, and brave General Gordon either killed or made prisoner,—we do not yet know which. It is all very anxious news for the future,

¹ His eldest son was taking temporary work at Rugby.

as you will understand better some day. Indeed, just now there is much in public affairs to make one sad and anxious. God grant that you, my dear boy, may grow up a wise and good man, able and willing to do good service to our dear England, in so far as the cause of England goes along with what is right and good, and not mean and selfish.

TO HIS THIRD SON

CAMBRIDGE, *February 21st, 1885.*

. . . I was not at all pleased to hear that the attempted assassination of O'Donovan Rossa met with so much approval in the Debating Society. Of course everybody would feel, and very justly feel, 'Serve him right.' It would be quite impossible to have much pity for so unscrupulous a conspirator, ready to sacrifice any number of innocent lives. But that woman's act was not the less criminal, and the admiration shown for her is only a sign of low morality.

You have perhaps seen by the papers that the Master of Downing has at last died. He caught a cold driving on Tuesday week, and never recovered from the consequences. Every one feels deeply for dear old Mrs. Worsley, whose one desire was that she might not live to the funeral.

TO HIS SECOND SON

CAMBRIDGE, *March 7th, 1885.*

. . . You will be grieved, and yet not altogether grieved, to hear that dear Mrs. Worsley died yesterday morning. She had no desire to live after her husband, to the care of whom she had been wholly devoted for many years; and God has mercifully spared her what would have been only a prolongation of forlorn misery. She has even been spared the wrench of a removal from the house so completely associated with him. Since his death she has shut herself up, seeing no one but his nephew and niece; but she has been calm and free from suffering. She sent a tender message to

your mother, who called on Lady Worsley. She passed away in sleep. You will, I am sure, always remember her kindness to you and the beautiful dignity of her face. It is a real possession for life to have had such a vision.

TO THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON

(On his appointment as Head-Master of Harrow School)

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, *May 2nd*, 1885.

My dear Mr. Welldon—One line I must send to shake your hand. Much as I am rejoicing, I do not like to speak of congratulation. That never seems the right word when a friend has been promoted to a great and arduous post. I would rather send sympathy, which I trust includes rejoicing.

The future of England seems likely to depend in no small measure on the course of things at such schools as Harrow during the next twenty or thirty years. There never can have been a more critical time for them. It is still possible to keep them Christian, but only on the condition without which their Christianity would itself become stunted and depraved; viz. by keeping steadily in mind that a true Christianity must include the convergence of *all* high aims, by whatever names they may call themselves. Foes have to be recognised as foes; but their power of harm is best restrained by the recognition, whenever possible, that they are also something other than foes, unless they propagate mere destruction or immorality. For this reason I am sure that it is best to have as little waving of banners as possible. In the present state of things too much speech may easily sap the efficacy of resolute and circumspect work, by alienating sympathies which might have been kept and strengthened.

. . . I will only add that you are happy in succeeding to such a tradition of nobility and pure public spirit as Butler leaves behind him.

We shall think much of you.—Believe me very truly yours,
F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, May 30th, 1885.

. . . We were very glad to hear that the fret-saw has been at work. I am not sorry that you will have the *Lady of the Lake* instead of Milton, which you will understand better bye and bye. I hope you will read the Revised Version of the Old Testament all through, taking a chapter or two every day. If you have not begun already, you might begin to-morrow. It is a great gain to have the habit of reading some every day, and the publication of the Revised Version gives an excellent opportunity for a fresh start.

TO HIS WIFE

CAMBRIDGE, June 12th, 1885.

. . . I was quite able to enjoy the concert.¹ Bach's *Ein feste Burg* hardly came up to my expectations, but parts of it were very fine, especially the last two movements, a duet and the genuinely Luther-like conclusion. But the string Concerto in A minor was exquisite throughout. There was a very short break before the Handel began. First came the Organ Concerto in A major, which was marvellously grand, full of the stateliest melody, though a little declining into ordinary Handelian rant towards the end. The noisy and clever Ode for St. Cecilia's Day was much less interesting, except the Overture and a very peculiar and subtle March; but of course it was well worth hearing.

TO HIS WIFE

CAMBRIDGE, June 14th, 1885. 8.10 P.M.

Our entertainment² at the Divinity School yesterday afternoon was as successful as it could well be in boat-race week.

¹ A commemorative concert given by the Cambridge University Musical Society, consisting of works of Bach and Handel.

² Probably that given on the occasion of a visit from Bishop Lightfoot.

A dozen or so men turned up, to whom we supplied tea and coffee, and showed Palestine photographs (some very beautiful French views lent by Mr. Dalton) and expounded photographs of MSS. It was pleasant making acquaintance with the men, and I think they were interested.

St. Mary's was a strange sight to-day. The scaffolding was prominent, now moved into the middle of the church. The crowds were enormous, at least downstairs. I do not think I have seen so many M.A.s for many years, and the ladies swarmed and overflowed everywhere. The undergraduates alone put in a *comparatively* poor appearance. The labours of the week had probably been too much for them. The sermon itself did make me very sorry indeed that you missed it. I do not know how to describe the rather peculiar appearance of Mr. Phillips Brooks. He is very tall, with a marked face and manner. It is a shame to compare him to so very unlike a man as Thackeray, but there was a real likeness; something also of Mr. Hotham, *and* of Sedgwick! In the Bidding Prayer it was startling to hear him "as in private duty bound" speak of Harvard College in Cambridge, Massachusetts! He began, as Mr. Litchfield had described after hearing his Oxford sermon, with quite extraordinary rapidity. It was a great effort to catch what was said, the voice being at that time rather low and by no means emphatic, and the manner, though interesting to an intelligent hearer, was not impressive to any one who needed rousing. But in all these respects he improved much as he went along, though almost always too fast. But the simplicity, reality, and earnestness could hardly have been surpassed, and I should imagine that few ever let their attention flag. The matter was admirable, a carefully thought-out exposition of Maurice's doctrine of tolerance, as the fruit of strong belief, not of indifference. There was no rhetoric, but abundance of vivid illustrations, never irreverent and never worked up for effect, but full of point and humour. Altogether it was one of the sermons that it is a permanent blessing to have heard. If possible, I will get an extra copy of the *Review* before afternoon post on Wednesday, that you may be able either to read it at some pause on Thursday and leave it at Abercamlais, or else to read it on the journey.

But, after all, real sermons in print are only so many mummies ; they are poor things without the living voice of the living man, when a man of real force and truth of character has something that he wants to say.

By the way, it is annoying to find that if I should get to the boats to-morrow or next day, it will not be to see Emmanuel, the races for the Second Division being over.

I mean to send you on the *Spectator*, which has much interesting reading. The political crisis perplexes and distresses me more and more. As far as I can see, no one can gain from it but the revolutionary section of the Liberals, and the new Parliament is likely to be elected under most dangerous auspices. You will find a long and very valuable article of Miss Wedgwood's on 'Autobiography,' suggested by M. Pattison's book. But it needs (and amply repays) reading over two or three times.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *August 2nd, 1885.*

. . . Your account of the Norway flowers is inviting. But some day I should like to run down with you in the last days of June to High Force in Upper Teesdale, to see the abundant *Trollius* and other glories of Lightfoot's domain.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS SECOND SON

HOTEL DU DOM, SAAS-FÉE, VALAIS,
August 23rd, 1885.

. . . The chief excitement of this week has been Mr. Carteigh's ascent of the Dom, the highest mountain completely in Switzerland (*i.e.* not counting mountains half in Italy). Many years ago Mr. Llewelyn Davies made the first ascent, but that was from the other side, where it is less steeply inclined. On this side a very long climb is necessary up the face of a black precipice, where snow can hardly at all lie. The cold was so great on the rocky ridge where Mr. Carteigh and his

guides bivouacked that the brandy in his flask was frozen, and with his feet close to the fire he could not keep them decently warm, so that soon after midnight they had to get up and stamp about with a lantern till the first rays of dawn appeared. However, they got up successfully, though Mr. Carteigh had a very narrow escape. A guide climbing above him carelessly dislodged a huge stone. He had just time to spring aside (happy that this was possible), so that it only brushed past him, bruising his face and knocking out two teeth.

Most of the people here have been staying some days or even weeks, while a certain number come and go. It is altogether a large company—too large, I think, to be really pleasant; but we get on well together. The life is quite unlike anything I have had in the Alps before.

Arthur has doubtless told you of the butterflies he has seen, as well as other things. The Apollo is not at all uncommon, and Swallowtails were visible a little time ago. There are a good many magpies in the woods, and they at times make a great noise. I was glad to hear you had had so much success with your net. I suppose you will try various kinds of localities within reach of Cromer.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

HOTEL DU DOM, SAAS-FÉE, VALAIS,
August 30th, 1885.

. . . The company, including Arthur, had decided they would stay indoors no longer, but must climb the moraines to what they (wrongly) call 'the *Châlet*,' a sort of hut or *pavillon* which I have mentioned in my letter to Edward, perched on the narrow edge of a great moraine. It calls itself the Café of the Glacier Grotto, probably in honour of the natural grottoes which the glacier down below it sometimes makes when great pieces break off by the effect of the sun or the rain. The idea was to get tea there. I was asked to go, but rather shrank from getting wet. However, it seemed about to get finer, so after all I put on waterproof things, and followed the party as soon as I had made sure about the con-

tents of the post-bag. The rain was not then heavy, but after a time it became worse, but I would not turn back as I had got so far. As I was climbing up the zigzags, I saw a figure stand in the door of the Pavillon, and look down, and felt sure some design or other was brewing. When I reached the door and came in, there was a shout of applause. On the way they had seen an old gentleman whom they did not want, and had taken me for him, as I was buried in my umbrella, and they had been trying to think what they would do when he came. The little table was very crowded, but a corner was instantly found for me. Besides Arthur and myself, there were Mr. and Miss Thomas, Mr. Herbert Leaf, Miss Leaf, Miss Major, Miss Young, and Mr. Gerald Rendall. We were a very merry party, and astonished the good woman by the demands on her hot water and milk. After tea was over, some little time remained before it was necessary to return home, and Mr. G. Rendall proposed a dance! In a minute or two the table and all upon it had been carried into the kitchen, and the chairs piled up on a bench against the wall, all except one, which had smashed into I know not how many pieces under Mr. Thomas, as he lay back laughing at something or other. I sat on a chair on the top of the bench, and the remaining eight went through a quadrille, and then some polkaing, waltzing, and Schottisch. The woman stood in her kitchen door, bursting with laughing, and then gave us a Swiss song in German. To conclude, somebody said we must have Sir Roger de Coverley and leave nobody out; so Mr. G. Rendall took the landlady, and I took Miss Thomas, and so on, and we went through a complete round. Such a ball-room was never seen before. The space was about 7 foot square, and the situation a very peculiar one. After Sir R. de C. it was time to go down to dinner, so we paid our bill, put on wraps, and started. Just as we had gone a few steps came a flash of lightning and after some little time a peal of thunder, and this was repeated at intervals. The rain being rather heavy, I put up my umbrella, but should have done wiser to have waited for more level ground; for I suppose it rather distracted my attention from my feet, and in running down the path down the steep moraine my foot caught a stone and sent

me flying forward down upon my face. It might have been a serious accident, but happily I escaped with some scrapes to my forehead and nose. I was myself again (not so my poor umbrella !) in a few seconds, and able to go ahead with the rest ; so that till we got home no one knew that anything had happened except Mr. Thomas and Mr. Leaf, who chanced to be behind.

TO HIS SECOND SON

CAMBRIDGE, *September 26th*, 1885.

. . . Yesterday your mother and I were at the service in Jesus Chapel that preceded the departure of the Master's¹ remains to his parish near Wisbeach. After the lesson a regular procession was formed, and we walked round the cloisters and all about the principal courts to the great gate, while a hymn was sung by the choir.

Mr. Bradshaw came back with us and joined our early dinner. Afterwards I went with him to the University Library and was introduced to Theodor Mommsen, the great Berlin historian of Rome, editor of inscriptions, etc. etc. He was hard at work collating our MSS. of some early Latin authors on English history, Gildas and Nennius. He is a man whom I have often wished to see.

TO HIS THIRD SON

CAMBRIDGE, *October 24th*, 1885.

. . . Yesterday evening I was at a meeting at the Divinity School about the Delhi Mission, for which it is desired to obtain fresh recruits. The heavy rain unfortunately interfered a good deal, but still many were present. We had three speeches, all from men who had actual experience of the Mission ; first Mr. Winter, who has had charge of the original S.P.G. Mission at Delhi for many years, and who has worked most kindly with the Cambridge Mission afterwards sent out ; then Mr. Bickersteth, who has been head of the Cambridge Mission ever since it began its work, but had to come home from ill-health, and is now going out to other important work in the East ; and lastly Mr. Murray of St. John's, who was one of the first who went out

¹ The Rev. Dr. Corrie.

with Mr. Bickersteth, but had to return some years ago from ill-health, and is now teaching at Wells Diocesan College. All three speeches were striking and full of matter. I hope that the result may be the addition of fresh members to the Mission.

But what most fills our thoughts just now is the terrible and unexpected news of the Bishop of Manchester's death. When he and Mrs. Fraser were staying with us a year ago, he seemed as full of life as a young man, and I looked forward to the prospect of his doing good service to the Church for many years to come. It will be a grievous blow to Mrs. Fraser, whose whole soul was wrapped up in helping him in all his manifold good works. The public loss is a very great one. His large-hearted and generous ways had endeared him to multitudes in the North; and even Bishop Lightfoot has won hardly more respect from Dissenters as well as Churchmen.

TO HIS SECOND SON

CAMBRIDGE, *November 21st, 1885.*

. . . Of late I have had a good deal to do, partly at home, partly in consultation with others, in preparing for the bringing out of Cambridge declarations or memorials about Church Reform and about the proposed Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church. A good deal of the work has happened to fall to me; but that has not been at all unwelcome, as I was greatly interested in the subjects, and anxious that a right tone should be taken on matters on which there is only too much violence and unfairness on both sides. I suppose our handiwork will be in the newspapers in a few days. At half-past 1 your mother and I are to lunch with Professor Seeley, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Barnett of the Universities Settlement.

TO THE REV. T. J. LAWRENCE¹

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, *December 1st, 1885.*

My dear Sir—Dr. Westcott has shown me your note to him about the Church Reform Memorial, and told me the

¹ Deputy Professor of International Law at Cambridge.

chief contents of his answer. I gather, however, that he passed over, as too obvious to need mention, one point about which I should be sorry that there should be misunderstanding, and about which I am therefore tempted to write you a line in case of doubt.

In limiting the range of reforms to be noticed in the Memorial, the promoters certainly never dreamed of implying that no other reforms were desirable, or even (it might be) urgently needed. They did deliberately exclude from the Memorial such subjects as, by their direct implication with doctrine or other inflammable material, would only cause confusion at present. They believed (1) that what I may call constitutional reform was intrinsically the most important of all; (2) that it must be carried and got into working order before reforms affecting such matters as subscription, new services, or the exercise of patronage (as distinguished from its sale) could be attempted with any reasonable prospect of success; and (3) that to hang any such appendages on to Constitutional Reform was the surest way to render it impossible.

About ulterior reforms there would certainly be much difference of opinion among those who have signed the Memorial, and probably among the original promoters. But that is only an additional reason for showing that discontent with the present state of things is felt by Churchmen of very different schools, and that they are anxious to see the laity admitted to their rightful place, even if some of the results should be such as they would not themselves desire. Under the crude dualism of Parliament and a purely clerical Convocation all progress is very difficult. Under a better constitution "provision could be made," as the last sentence of the Memorial has it, "for meeting with greater elasticity the growing needs of the time."—I am, my dear sir, sincerely yours,
F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS WIFE

CAMBRIDGE, *December 8th*, 1885.

Last night it was a pleasant party at King's, for Founder's Day, which was Sunday. The Provost presided. I sat next

the Master of Jesus, and had some pleasant talk with him. Founder's Day being the same for Eton and King's, it is usually impossible for Eton Masters to be at King's on that day; but this year it was purposely arranged that the two Colleges should fix on different days in place of Sunday, and so we had several representatives of Eton, including Mr. Warre, the Head Master, whom I was very glad to see. Two other great guests were Sir Richard Pollock, father of Apollo,¹ and quite a Jupiter in his own way; and Justice Fry, a fine-looking man of quite another type, with dark soft eyes and a very winning mouth, not much like a judge. A speech from Oscar Browning brought him to his legs, and drew from him a most bright, happy little acknowledgement of the drinking of his health. It is a real gain to have had a good look at those three men, and to have heard two of them speak. Mr. Bradshaw did not appear; he was said to be 'upstairs, poorly.'

TO MR. H. BRINTON

(An Oxford undergraduate, who had asked for help in difficulties suggested by the Thirty-nine Articles, which he had to study for the—now obsolete—examination in the 'Rudiments of Faith and Religion.')

CAMBRIDGE, *January 1886.*

"What does subscription involve?" This question takes precedence of all details of this or that Article. The question cannot, I think, be answered without reference to the history of the Articles, and of their rise in the Church.

It so happens that the most important incident belongs to a very recent time. In the year 1863 public attention was much turned towards clerical subscription. This was due to various recent circumstances, chiefly the *Essays and Reviews* and Colenso controversies, and in that year a pamphlet was published by Stanley, then Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, which was felt as an invitation to action. In June 1863 an abstract resolution in favour of relaxation was moved in the House of Commons by Mr. Buxton. The 'previous

¹ Mr. D. N. Pollock, who acted the part of Apollo in the *Eu-menides* of Æschylus.

question' was moved by Gladstone in a very temperate and interesting speech, and supported by Disraeli in a somewhat similar general line. He threw out a suggestion that, if anything were done, it should be by the agency of a Royal Commission, the result of whose labours might be submitted to a reformed Convocation. The hint was taken by the Liberal Government, and in February 1864 a Royal Commission was appointed, consisting of twenty-seven clergymen and laymen, including the four Archbishops and four Bishops, "to consider and revise the various forms of subscription and declaration, etc. etc., and to report their opinion how they may be altered and simplified consistently with due security for the declared agreement of the clergy with the doctrines of the Church and their conformity to its ritual." After a few months the Commission reported, I think unanimously, in favour of certain changes. The report came before Convocation, and it was made known that the Crown would give leave to Convocation for the enactment of a new canon (for the first time since its revival) to give effect to the recommendations. Convocation accepted the report and made the request, practically with unanimity, though not without wry faces. A Bill was brought into Parliament, and carried that year (1865). The new declaration, so far as the Articles are concerned, runs thus: "I, A. B., do solemnly make the following declaration: I assent to the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion, and to the Book of Common Prayer, etc.; I believe the doctrine of the united Church of England and Ireland, as therein set forth, to be agreeable to the Word of God; and in Public Prayer, etc." In the Commons (I quote from the *Guardian* of June 28th, p. 669) Mr. Buxton "admitted that the Bill did not go so far in the way of relaxation as he could himself have wished; but the change it proposed was one of great importance, and the precedent it established was of great value. Having been himself a member of the Commission, he was in a position to affirm that it was its express intention to relax the extravagant stringency of the existing tests; in other words, to make it possible for men to minister at the altars of the Church although they might dissent from some part of her teaching, provided, however, they accepted it as a whole. To that last condition

they had undoubtedly felt bound to submit; in fact, it was plain that, if such declarations were to be preserved at all, it was essential that those who took them should be called upon to declare virtually that they were *bona fide* members of the Church whose ministers they desired to be. At the same time the Commissioners wished to give the clergy scope for some independence of thought. Look at the difference [he said] between these tests and the old ones. In the latter the intending clergyman declared that 'willingly and *ex animo*' he gave his 'unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything' contained and presented in and by the Book of Common Prayer, and also that he accepted 'each and every' of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion. . . . It was of the greatest importance to observe that all those phrases which indicated that the subscriber declared his acceptance of every dogma of the Church had been swept away, and this had been done expressly and of forethought." Similarly in the speech made in Convocation by the Dean of Ely (now Bishop of Carlisle) in proposing concurrence in the address to the Queen, we have this statement: "Throughout the Royal Commission there was no desire to introduce anything approaching to laxity; but it was felt, I believe, by all the members of that body that there was a fair case set up for altering a form which might be so interpreted as to be a burden upon tender and sensitive consciences" (*Guardian* of May 24th, p. 529).

These facts and quotations will show, I think, that within the last twenty years a very substantial, though of course not unqualified, relaxation of the stringency in the form of subscription has been deliberately made on the authority of both Parliament and Convocation. In recent times previous to 1865 it was not uncommon, as the Archbishop of Canterbury stated in the House of Lords, for bishops to assure inquiring candidates for Holy Orders that they were under no moral obligation to accept every single doctrinal statement or implication in the Articles and Prayer-book; that is, they practically insisted on no more stringent subscription than has since 1865 been statutorily sanctioned. Of course the wording of the old canon was thereby overridden, and thereby a serious snare for consciences was tolerated; but the question whether the

bishops were justified in taking this course as the lesser of two evils is a question that cannot be decided, I think, without taking the previous history into account.

The most useful source of information on this history, so far as the sixteenth century is concerned, is Hardwick's *History of the Articles of Religion*, a somewhat dry book, written in a narrow spirit, but in good faith and with a competent knowledge of the chief facts. In the Appendices are reprinted the various sets of post-Reformation Articles published in England.

The English Articles took their rise in the first instance from the Lutheran *Confession of Augsburg*, written by Melancthon in 1530. Friendly negotiations between Cranmer and the leading German Reformers led in 1538 to the drawing up of certain Articles apparently intended for both countries. They were not completed, and remained in manuscript till the present century. Their language is in great measure taken from Augsburg language, for instance, in the Article on Original Sin (p. 251 f. of Hardwick), though not without relaxations of the stringency of Melancthon's phraseology. The Forty-two Articles of 1552, of which our own are a revised edition, are likewise due in the main to Cranmer. They are part of the Church legislation of Edward VI.'s reign. Here, too, the Augsburg influence is strong, though chiefly, and perhaps wholly, derived through the unfinished Articles of 1538. But there is also a remarkable independence of treatment, both in the arrangement and in the language. The Thirty-nine Articles of 1562 (Latin) and 1571 (Latin and English), which are our present Articles, belong to quite the early years of Elizabeth, who came to the throne in 1558; and doubtless Parker is chiefly responsible for them. As may be seen by the reprint arranged in parallel columns at pp. 276-279, 286-289 of Hardwick's book, our 9th, 10th, 17th, and 18th Articles were reproductions of Articles of 1552 with a few trifling changes, besides the addition of a single sentence at the beginning of Article X. Thus these four Articles are practically Cranmer's, on a basis taken from Melancthon. Their tone is that of a modified Lutheranism, specially directed against Romish doctrine.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century the influence of such men as Calvin and Beza led to the prevalence of more

stringent doctrines on the subjects of Original Sin and Predestination. Our Articles came to be regarded by many as at least ambiguous or even lax; and the Lambeth Articles of 1595, happily never authorised and soon dropped, were an attempt to supply a corrective of these supposed defects. But a reaction had already begun, the traces of which are visible in Hooker and other writers of his school. Early in the next century the reaction grew much stronger by sympathy with the Arminianism which had similarly sprung up in Holland; it showed itself chiefly in men who would now be called High Churchmen. Another reaction, of a more speculative kind, against the stricken theology of the Reformation period, proceeded partly from Falkland's friends at or near Oxford, partly from Whichcote and the men called 'Cambridge Platonists.' From that time forward, say from the middle of the seventeenth century, there has been in the English Church no real return of the state of mind which gave birth to the four Articles in question, though no doubt the 'evangelical' party of the present century has cherished them for the sake of some of their contents. Thus one may say that for at least two centuries and a half these Articles have been accepted by at least the greatest part of the English clergy rather for their general purport than for all their details of language.

Such being the case, the bishops had ample warrant, even before 1865, for accepting subscription in cases where they knew that it did not represent unqualified and entire consent. The *animus imponentis* of late days was very unlike the *animus imponentis* of Edward's or Elizabeth's reigns; and it was the least of two evils to recognise the change in the only manner which the law allowed. It is, however, much more satisfactory that the law itself has now been modified.

Now for the Articles themselves. On the question of Original Sin, as on most theological questions, the wisest way of approach is, I think, to acquire some knowledge of the chief controversies as a mere matter of history. This is the only way, or at least the best way, to learn what are the chief elements of the problem, and how they successively emerge. Nothing teaches us so much as the past experience of human thought and feeling. For most purposes of this kind there is

no better book than Neander's *Church History*, of which there is an excellent translation in Bohn's Library. Neander unites warm Christian faith with a singular power of sympathy with every type of theological thought. As regards events and institutions and externals he is unsatisfactory, though often instructive ; but this does not interfere with his excellence as a historian of opinion. For subjects connected with Original Sin it is enough to read vol. iv. pp. 278-423. The volumes are published separately.

Another book worth mentioning, of entirely different character, is Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*. It is quite unhistorical, and rambling and discursive in the extreme, but it is a book to be read again and again.

Article IX

To clear the ground, it is worth notice that this Article entirely ignores the Augustinian and Calvinistic notion, by no means extinct in the present day, that the guilt of Adam's sin is imputed to his posterity. It deals solely with men's own sin.

Its main point is to assert the reality of a universal flaw or downward tendency in human nature as it now is, inherited (*cujuslibet hominis ex Adamo naturaliter propagati*), not merely arising in each case *de novo* after the likeness of Adam's sin (*in imitatione Adami situm*).

The authors of the Article doubtless assumed the strictly historical character of the account of the Fall in Genesis. This assumption is now, in my belief, no longer reasonable. But the early chapters of Genesis remain a divinely appointed parable or apologue setting forth important practical truths on subjects which, as matter of history, lie outside our present ken. Whether or not the corrupted state of human nature was preceded in temporal sequence by an incorrupt state, this is the most vivid and natural way of exhibiting the truth that in God's primary purpose man was incorrupt, so that the evil in him should be regarded as having a secondary or adventitious character. Ideal antecedence is, as it were, pictured in temporal antecedence.

Again the Article pronounces the corruption (*nature depravatio*) to deserve God's anger, and concupiscence to "have of itself the nature of sin" (*peccati in sese rationem habere*). This language is mainly directed against the Romish theory that original sin was truly sin till baptism, but that after baptism there remained only a concupiscence which was not itself sin. On the other hand, it avoids the unreserved statement of the Augsburg Confession, *quod hic morbus seu vitium originis vere sit peccatum*, and doubtless was meant to intimate that 'concupiscence' is neither sin in the fullest sense nor yet altogether clean of sinfulness. Whether it was worth while to put such matter into the Article at all, may fairly be doubted; but what is taught is, I think, in substance true. Though the translation of thought into act involves a fresh and distinct step in responsibility, the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount remains true, that the real seat of sin is within; and further, there are not only inward acts of sin but inward states of sin, springing out of the downward tendencies which we all feel within us. Doubtless a state cannot be blameable, and therefore sinful, unless there has been some *acceptance* of what is evil. But we have not the requisite knowledge for fixing the limits of age, if such there be, at which acceptance becomes possible. We can only see that, as a matter of experience of infancy, as soon as moral good becomes perceptible, the shadow of evil becomes perceptible with it. And again, as regards all ages alike, the 'concupiscence' spoken of in the Article is of course not to be confounded with natural instincts as such, which morally are neither good nor evil, but is to be understood as an evil moral state, or a state verging towards becoming morally evil.

Now on the separate questions. "God's wrath and condemnation" do not exclude His "pity and purificatory power," to which I believe them to be, on the contrary, both subsidiary and subservient. I do not see how a thing can be sin and yet not deserve God's anger and condemnation; if it were not morally hateful to Him, it would not be sin. Nor again, as far as I see, could it be sin, if no fault of the human being concurred in producing or maintaining it. The anger of One who is perfect love and perfect justice, can and must perfectly

distinguish what is blameworthy from what is merely misfortune in every atom of every man's life-history.

The New Testament attributes no 'inherent badness' to 'body.' In the early ages of Christianity the notion had a wide currency, derived chiefly from Greek philosophy, and afterwards from Persian religion; and it infected a great deal of Christian theology and morality. But it is no just inference from St. Paul's language about the flesh, when different passages are carefully compared. His 'flesh' is sometimes the lower nature simply, neither good nor evil in a moral sense (e.g. 2 Cor. vii. 1), sometimes the lower nature usurping the control of the whole nature. Nor did the term include only what belongs directly to the body; such passages as the very various list of "works of the flesh" in Gal. v. 20 shows that St. Paul included all low motives. So again, "the flesh desiring against the spirit" and "*the spirit against the flesh*" are phrases by which he expresses the conflict of higher and lower motives, the man within us that desires to follow the will of God and the man within us that desires what is for our own pleasure or pride. In τὸ φρόνημα τῆς σαρκός (Rom. viii. 6, 7) φρόνημα has nothing to do with 'wisdom,' which is doubtless mentioned in the Article only because the Vulgate has *sapientia* in v. 7 (*prudentia* in v. 6). It means either what the flesh *φρονεῖ*, or what pertaining to the flesh a man *φρονεῖ* (see the verb in v. 5, and for St. Paul's use of it compare Rom. xii. 16 *bis*; Gal. v. 10; Phil. i. 7; iii. 15 *bis*, 19, etc. No single English verb quite expresses the sense, "to have (chiefly) in mind").

Part of the last question on this Article has been already spoken of indirectly, part is insoluble. 'Heredity' explains nothing; it is only a name connecting one fact of human life with other facts of human and organic life generally. All human actions contain two elements, what is contributed by our own volition at the time, and our own antecedent state, which again in its turn is the result partly of former volitions of our own, partly of inherited influences, partly of influences imbibed without our will since birth. For these last two elements we cannot be morally responsible; but they are there. The case of original sin differs only by the absence of the post-natal

influences. In neither case can we be responsible in so far as we are only involuntary receivers. On the other hand, it is vain to ask how He who is altogether good could create beings capable either of 'original sin' or of what we recognise as actual sins. This is part of the inscrutable mystery of evil. Nothing is easier than to cut the knot in one of two ways, by denying the existence of evil or by denying the existence of God. But in thus getting rid of a speculative difficulty in a matter which we might have anticipated to lie beyond the reach of our present faculties and knowledge, we exchange a partially intelligible cosmos for a mere chaos. Meanwhile the Gospel does reveal to us God as bringing good out of evil, and makes known to us what He has done and is doing for the extirpation of evil.

Article X

Luther in his earlier writings had denied free will altogether. This Article carefully maintains it (*ut velimus, dum volumus*), but lays down implicitly that it is not the free will of independent beings. We can will and do what is well pleasing to God, but only in virtue of a Divine power inspiring us. This seems to me entirely true. It is virtually a description of religion as distinguished from the performance of mere tasks. I should have preferred to leave out the first few words (about the Fall), because the doctrine seems to me to depend on our finiteness, not on our evil; but no doubt the presence of evil makes it *a fortiori* true. In Article XIII. nothing is said about 'conscious' faith in Jesus Christ, and I do not see why we may not read the Article in the light of such passages as Matt. xxv. 34-40, Rom. ii. 14-16. What is fully true in the case of conscious and explicit faith may well be true in lesser degrees for lower forms of faith. This by no means turns Article XIII. into a truism; the acceptable spirit is the spirit which, if Christ were made known to it, would become faith in Him.

Nothing is said in either Article about our 'nature' being 'evil,' though there is a sense, as noticed by Coleridge, in which the phrase is admissible. In the more obvious sense it

belongs to Calvinism, not to the English Articles, which practically teach that our nature contains evil or is affected by evil—a very different matter. Article X. does also teach that our nature is *weak*, as a consequence of the evil within it.

Article XVII

The language of the New Testament about election seems to me to have *primary* reference to bodies of men, not to individuals; the origin of it is in the language of the Old Testament about the election of the Jewish people. Thus I do not in the least believe that St. Paul made sure that none of the Asiatics whom he was addressing in Ephes. i. would ever fall away. At the same time each individual would have a right to use St. Paul's language as a member of the newly-born Christian community. It would be the natural expression of his religion. If his belief in God's providential care had any meaning, it must imply that his admission into the elect body was itself part of God's purposes. It was impossible to think that, if God was to be thanked for the giving of any good thing, He was not to be thanked for the giving of this all-inclusive good thing. The special difficulty of the matter arises only in reference to the negative side of it, that is, to the implied contrast to others *not chosen*. Part of this difficulty is merely another aspect of the one mystery of evil. What the Bible, and theology following the Bible, do here is to take the obvious fact of experience, that every body of men bent on high aims is surrounded by a multitude bent only on poor or even evil aims, and to say that this fact is not outside the counsels of God's Providence, however imperfectly we may understand them. In the sixteenth century, however, the matter was looked at almost exclusively from the individual side, and at the same time reduced to an artificial simplicity and absoluteness. The more systematic of the Reformers, as others had done before them, treated individual election as involving of necessity entire and irrevocable blessing, and also as involving of necessity 'reprobation,' that is, an entire and irrevocable curse, due wholly to the doom of God, upon all men not so elected. The English Articles dwell solely on the positive side

of the doctrine, and then add two important warnings. First, they recognise the danger of despair, or else, antinomianism, from the giving of excessive prominence to the doctrine ; and next they implicitly teach that it is after all only one aspect of the truth, not to be taken as setting aside the broad teaching of the whole Bible about God's promises and exposition of His will. The Articles do not set forth, but neither do they contradict, what seems to me the clear drift of Romans ix-xi, the three chapters in which the subject is most fully treated, that election is not a single and absolute decree, but rather the method of God's providence in its successive stages, so that non-election at one time is compatible with election at a later time, and moreover that election is not simply for the benefit of the not yet elect ; that is, that it is election to a distinctive *function* in a long and comprehensive order of things. When once the crude individualism of our common notions of 'salvation' is corrected, the idea of Divine election puts on quite a different aspect.

The difficulty of predestination in relation to free will is part of the mystery of Providence. It is purely speculative, not moral. Both thoughts are involved in the thought of a living God, the Maker and Lord of men ; but they belong to different spheres, as it were, which we have not the faculties for adjusting together. As a matter of experience, it is usually men that have the strongest sense of the supremacy of God's fore-ordaining will who have also the keenest sense of their own responsibility to Him.

Article XVIII

This Article does not seem to me to be happily expressed. It may be easily understood as setting forth a doctrine which the authors may very possibly have had in their own minds, and which appears to me utterly untenable. But it is founded on a principle, taken expressly from Acts iv. 12 and more or less directly from other passages, which I believe to be true and in the highest degree important. Here, as before, all turns on what we mean by being 'saved.' I understand by it, as I think the Bible does, being brought to perfection, both negatively and positively, being freed from stain and corruption,

and being ripened to the highest excellence compatible with human or individual limitations ; now the Bible and experience agree, I think, in teaching us that the cardinal instrument of this process of salvation is the faith and knowledge of God, and that the cardinal and only adequate means of attaining a true faith and knowledge of God is the faith and knowledge of His Incarnate Son (John xvii. 3). Jews and heathen before Christ came, and non-Christians now, were and are, I believe, in this life capable only of lower forms of salvation, varying endlessly in worth, partly according to the use made of opportunities. Their knowledge of God was, I believe, also a knowledge of Him through His Son, who, as His 'Word,' was, as St. John teaches us (i. 4, 5), the Light of men, shining in their darkness, though not recognised by them. But it was a knowledge far inferior to that which is made possible by the Gospel.

On the other hand, the doctrine condemned in the Article ignores this Divine process, and resolves God's dealings with men into a mere prize-giving and prize-refusing, in which the one uniform prize is something altogether separate from the performance which wins it, and nothing more is demanded of the prize-giver than to see fair-play. Doubtless the Article fails to do justice to the instinct of natural equity which suggested this doctrine (probably as a reaction from an equally shallow and far more immoral substitution of acceptance of Christian tenets as the condition of success in a similar prize-giving), or even to the express teaching of Romans ii. and the implicit teaching of many other passages. But it was also a true instinct, I believe, which led the authors of the Article to uphold a principle of which it is likely enough that they very imperfectly understood the true purport.

In all these Articles, however, it is of the utmost consequence to remember that there is great risk of missing the true force of a doctrine when it is looked at separately, disconnected from the rest of Christian belief, and therefore out of proportion. The character of God, as revealed in the Gospel, is the foundation that underlies the whole. Difficulties about means become less, when we remember that the ends to which they are means are the saving purposes of One who cannot be unjust and who is Himself Love.

Article XXII

I do not remember what Kingsley says about purgatory, and it seems hardly worth while to hunt it up. Nothing, I think, can be clearer than that the Article does *not* condemn *all* doctrine that may be called a doctrine of purgatory. It condemns specifically the Roman doctrine of purgatory, and that in connexion with the Roman doctrines of indulgences, of the worshipping of images and relics, and of the invocation of saints. It is thus morally certain that the authors had in view the doctrine as bearing on religious practice, and as conflicting with the Reformed doctrines of justification and the like; a specially conspicuous fruit of it being the performance of masses to deliver souls out of purgatory. The epithets employed confirm this interpretation; a doctrine sustaining delusive practices of this kind would with special propriety be called *res futilis, inaniter confecta*.

'Purgatory' is an ambiguous term. It is commonly understood as literally a place of purgation. Most instructed Roman Catholics would decline to insist on its being literally a place, and would prefer to say that by a natural figure a state is spoken of as if it were a place. 'Purgatory' is not a word that I should myself spontaneously adopt, because it is associated with Roman theories about the future state for which I see no foundation. But the idea of purgation, of cleansing as by fire, seems to me inseparable from what the Bible teaches us of the Divine chastisements; and, though little is directly said respecting the future state, it seems to me incredible that the Divine chastisements should in this respect change their character when this visible life is ended. Neither now nor hereafter is there reason to suppose that they act mechanically as by an irresistible natural process, irrespectively of human will and acceptance. But I do not believe that God's purposes of love can ever cease towards us in any stage of our existence, or that they can accomplish themselves by our purification and perfection without painful processes. It has been well said that the heaviest sentence which could be pronounced on a sinful man would be, "Let him alone."

Hence, while the language of the Article does not appear to me at all too strong in condemnation of the Roman doctrine of purgatory, involving as that does very mischievous superstitions, I do not hold it contradictory to the Article to think that the condemned doctrine has not been wholly injurious, inasmuch as it has kept alive some sort of belief in a great and important truth.—F. J. A. H.

In thanking for these answers to his questions Mr. Brinton asked for further light as to the meaning of Article XIII. "Can we say," he asked, "that there is a faith in Christ, when it is unconscious, and when the very idea that the action was done for Christ's sake might perhaps be repudiated? . . . Does not faith mean 'conscious' acceptance?" To this question the following reply was sent :—

TO MR. H. BRINTON

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,
January 31st, 1886.

. . . The principle underlying Article XIII. seems to me to be this, that there are not two totally different modes of access to God for men, faith for Christians, meritorious performance for non-Christians. There is but one mode of access, faith; and but one perfect and, as it were, normal faith, that which rests on the revelation in the person of Jesus Christ. But faith itself, not being an intellectual assent to propositions, but an attitude of heart and mind, is present in a more or less rudimentary state in every upward effort and aspiration of men. Doubtless the faith of non-Christians (and much of the faith of Christians, for that matter) is not in the strict sense 'faith in Jesus Christ'; and therefore I wish the Article were otherwise worded. But such faith, when ripened, grows into the faith of Jesus Christ; as also it finds its rational justification in the revelation made through Him. Practically the principle of the Article teaches us to regard all the good

there is in the world as what one may call *imperfect Christianity*, not as something essentially different, requiring, so to speak, to be dealt with by God in a wholly different manner. Of course I take for granted that acceptance of the Christian creed is not identical with Christian faith, but only the necessary condition of its existence in the highest or strictly Christian form.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *January 12th, 1886.*

. . . A letter¹ has come to-day from Mr. Coley, who has doubtless written to you and our colleagues, about 'non-communicating attendance.' . . .

As far as I see at present, the only shadow of evidence for the practice in ante-Nicene times is a curious passage of Clement (*Strom.* i. 5) which shows that some left the elements for the people themselves to take, so that any one deciding at last to abstain, might abstain without positive refusal of a proffered portion; but this is different in principle. And, as far as I see, the fourth century knew the practice only either as a penal privation (for the *Consistentes*) or as a popular irregularity condemned by the bishops.

It is, I imagine, best not to touch needlessly on the question of sacrifice, though that is no doubt at the bottom of the practice, so far as it is not a mere aping of unreformed usage.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. J. COLEY

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,
January 14th, 1886.

² My dear Sir—To the best of my knowledge there is no evidence for the practice of Non-Communicating Attendance in at least the first four centuries, except either as a penal privation inflicted on one class of penitents, or as a popular

¹ See next letter.

² This letter, in answer to an inquiry from Mr. Coley, was published in a newspaper.

abuse rebuked by authority. The doctrinal grounds on which it is defended appear to me to receive no support from Scripture or from any formulary of the Church of England ; and the results to which it naturally leads are in my belief disastrous. —I am, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO DR. C. R. GREGORY

CAMBRIDGE, *February 15th*, 1886.

My dear Dr. Gregory—You cannot tell how welcome your card was this morning. All this year I have been constantly wondering what your present movements were, and what the next would be. I did not know that it was safe to write to your Leipzig address. But ever since Thursday last I have been especially desiring the power of writing to you, though the purpose was of the saddest.

Last Wednesday evening Bradshaw dined out with a small party of near friends. Of late he has been often depressed ; that evening he was his brightest and tenderest self, I am told. At half-past ten the party broke up with merry talk, and he walked home to King's. At half-past seven in the morning his boy found him sitting in his chair a corpse. He had evidently sat down at once on coming in, without even taking off his comforter ; he had put on his spectacles, but had not opened the book which lay before him, with his Bible near it. Some think he had fallen asleep, and never woke ; it may be so, or the death-stroke may have fallen instantly. His face was perfectly calm, and death is said to have been absolutely instantaneous. . . . He certainly did not expect to live long, though he seems hardly to have expected the end to be so very near. He always, like a true scholar, desired to die in harness. This afternoon we have been burying him in the ante-chapel of King's. . . .

Cambridge will be another place henceforth to me and to a few others. The loss to learning is irreparable ; the loss to true and always helpful nobility still more so. He radiated goodness wherever he went. To helpless and forlorn strangers he was as a father.

TO HIS SECOND SON

CAMBRIDGE, *February 20th, 1886.*

. . . Mr. Bradshaw fills all our thoughts just now. The loss to the University is irreparable, even more for his goodness than his greatness; though indeed the two were almost the same in him, no small part of his greatness coming from his perfect industry, perfect truthfulness and justice, and perfect unselfishness and humility. He had been a dear friend of mine for above thirty-five years, and of late years hardly a week passed without my having fresh occasion to know the value of his friendship. The funeral in King's Chapel on Monday was a very striking one. Dr. Westcott read the service at the grave, and the final blessing was pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, a very intimate friend of Mr. Bradshaw's. He came down from London on purpose, though he had to open Convocation next day. It was a great comfort to have two such men, with two such voices.

TO MR. J. M. LUDLOW

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,
February 22nd, 1886.

. . . I am even later with Drummond¹ than you. I bought the book not long after it came out, and began to read it, but was interrupted, and have never resumed it. I do fully mean to read it; but I confess I found the interest of it to lie mainly in the author, evidently a fresh and genuine man. It seemed to me a quite singularly muddle-headed book, and to illustrate afresh, what by this time hardly needs illustration, the powerlessness of the mere love [lore?] of natural science to teach men to think.

What you say on politics pretty exactly agrees with my own feeling, except that I have never been or called myself a Radical. The shameless opportunism of the Cabinet made it impossible to desire their continuance in office. Gladstone,

¹ *i.e. Natural Law in the Spiritual World.*

who seems to me each year to soar higher morally above other politicians, seems to me also to be discarding convictions for feelings and wishes, and dragging us into deeper and deeper quagmires. He refuses, for instance, to see that we Irish are children still in so far as we are allowed to keep to ourselves ; and that to treat us otherwise is to condemn us to perdition. Only a day or two before your letter came I had been turning over the early pages of *Politics for the People*, and wishing that like words could be heard now.—Very sincerely yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

CAMBRIDGE, *February 23rd*, 1886.

. . . You will, I know, have been sharing our grief and—in the English, not French, sense—desolation at dear Bradshaw's death. I forget whether I told you that on coming home last September I was shocked to hear that in August he had one night had violent bleeding at the nose for above six hours. After a few days in bed he had gone off on a little tour in France with Robertson Smith, who watched tenderly over him ; and in due time he came back in word and appearance well and certainly cheerful. No doubt, like the rest of us, he felt it to be a warning of possible apoplexy, and there were various signs during the winter that he was thinking of health more than usual. On the average he was brighter than of late years, but now and then was depressed without apparent reason. One Monday morning in December his place at the Council table was empty, and the Vice-Chancellor read a letter from him resigning his membership of the Council, General Board of Studies, and Press Syndicate. The first of the three offices he cheerfully agreed to keep, the two others he resolutely put aside. The only reason he would give me was that he wanted to do more justice to the Library. He certainly was feeling painfully the extreme difficulty of carrying on and finishing any of his own pieces of literary work under the treble pressure of Library, University business, and the very long calls which he allowed a multitude of friends,

young and old, to make in his rooms. After Christmas he was not quite so well, but there was no marked change. For three or four weeks before his death I saw less of him than usual, for he had leaped up, as it were, in response to a fresh appeal from Christopher Wordsworth to finish his long-promised history of the editions of English Service Books for the last volume of the Cambridge reprint of the *Sarum Breviary*; and till it was done he could not come with me for a little walk after library hours, as he used often to do. . . . The University has lost not only a man of rare critical genius and knowledge, but its wisest, kindest, and most truthful counsellor, at a time when such men are becoming sorely needed. To myself, personally, Cambridge will be a different place now. The power of sympathy and counsel which he could give on almost any matter I do not know where to find in anything like the same degree in any one else now residing here.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

CAMBRIDGE, February 26th, 1886.

. . . As regards the word 'celebration' (used nakedly), is it not better avoided in a book¹ which you mean for men of all parties in the Church? It is *rather* convenient, and conventionally has no particular meaning. But (1) I imagine that *de facto* it came in from Roman Catholic usage, and meant *celebratio missæ*; (2) it rather suggests the performance of a rite by the individual officiant, rather than an act of the Church; and (3) it is certainly a stumbling-block to Evangelicals. If you think you must keep it, I should suggest your adding a quiet footnote, explaining and limiting your meaning. All through I think it would be a gain if you were to re-read the mere wording with the eyes of an Evangelical, though there is nothing substantial that ought to give offence.

¹ Ellerton's *The Great Indwelling* (*Thoughts on the relation of the Holy Communion to the Spiritual Life*).

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, March 21st, 1886.

. . . I am afraid I expressed myself badly about Fasting Communion. I did not at all mean that it would be well that in your book you should *condemn* it. But your language seemed to me to contain a probably unintended *implication* that it was in itself the right thing, though not to be rigidly enforced; and this seemed a needless departure from neutrality; neutrality being all, I meant to argue, that the practice had any right to claim. Its antiquity is no doubt considerable, for it is found in the second half of the fourth century (the passage cited from Tertullian *Ad uxorem* refers, I believe, to a very different practice). But by that time materialistic views were widely spread.

All I meant with reference to 'Apostolic Communion' was that according to the language of the New Testament, and the natural inference from its records of apostolic practice, the corporate communion was not merely a universal characteristic of the Eucharist, but its very essence. Before all things it is the feast of a brotherhood united in a Divine Head, setting forth as the fundamental law of their existence the law of sacrifice, towards each other and towards Him, which had been made a reality by His supreme Sacrifice. This is entirely obscured in the Roman and Anglican rites alike; and I meant to say that the 'rail-ful' mode of administration does preserve some sort of reminiscence of it. I confess I should be afraid to divide the two sentences in the way you suggest, feeling sure it would suggest a materialistic interpretation; for the converse division (*i.e.* with the present order), and "given for you," there is, I think, much to be said.

I have tried in vain to find any evidence whatever for the use of *Nunc Dimittis* after the Communion, though I have several books (Protestant and Roman Catholic) where it must have been mentioned if known, and others where it might naturally have been mentioned. (The only exception is in the legend of Mary of Egypt, who is said to have uttered it between Communion *and death* in the desert on the same day;

—hardly an exception!) But it is very hard to get at evidence on such points for strictly mediæval times. One might conjecture that the usage would not be long in springing up after the introduction of the Latin or post-consecration Elevation, which seems to date from the eleventh century. One cannot say that it is inappropriate at the close of *any* religious service, though ancient custom links it with evening use with special propriety. But surely there is very great and real danger of its being interpreted of a *visible* 'salvation,' and the "Behold your God" of the wafer. *La Messe* no doubt contains (hardly 'is') *l'évangile*; but it also contains much at variance with *l'évangile*, and one would not willingly encourage practices, however intrinsically innocent, which naturally give importance to those unevangelic elements.

By the way, I must not forget to mention that on looking again at the rubrics about the Canticles I came to the conclusion that I had too hastily assented to the view that *Jubilat* is meant to be used only when *Benedictus* is in the Gospel or Lesson. I now think, as I believe I did ages ago, that in Morning and Evening Prayer alike the Old Testament and New Testament Canticles are placed exactly on a level; I cannot otherwise understand "Or." Why the restrictive exception is put on the New Testament Canticle alone in the morning and on the Psalms alone in the evening, I cannot guess; but I do not think it has any bearing on the question of relative dignity. It is, I see, a freak (? a 'fluke') of 1662.

TO THE REV. DR. MILLIGAN

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,
April 30th, 1886.

. . . You have often been in my mind during the last few months in connexion with public affairs. On the whole the signs of the times, dark enough in most quarters, appear to me more encouraging as regards your Church than I had ventured to hope a year ago. I trust this is not the illusion of a distant but assuredly not uninterested spectator.

TO HIS SECOND SON

CAMBRIDGE, *March 8th*, 1886.

My dearest Frank—One line I must send you to greet you on your eighteenth birthday. Every blessing be upon you, my dearest boy, in the year that it begins, and in all the coming years of which this year will be a fruitful entrance for good or evil, if God spares you to enter on them! It is a day not merely for forming fresh resolutions and kindling and strengthening them with fresh prayer, but also for beginning some new habit, to be henceforth continued daily, which may be a constant reminder of the new year, and a constant help towards living worthily of it. A little bit of quiet, serious reading will do much to keep each day touched with the Divine presence; but it will be hardly less helpful to secure each day a definite piece of what one may call instructive reading—reading which will give you some knowledge of what our forefathers in various nations have thought and felt and done.

TO HIS SECOND SON

CAMBRIDGE, *March 12th*, 1887.

. . . Your birthday was a great day in Cambridge. The Local Lectures, in different parts of England, which were set on foot soon after we came to Cambridge, a good deal under Professor Stuart's and Dr. Westcott's influence, have reached a point at which it was thought desirable to invite representatives of local committees to a conference with University authorities, and they were duly received in the Senate-House by the Vice-Chancellor in the chair. There were long meetings in both morning and afternoon, with many interesting speeches, especially one by Dr. Westcott which evidently made a great impression. All went off in the pleasantest way. The local representatives and many of ourselves, with a few ladies, lunched together in St. John's Hall. Mr. G. F. Browne kept admirable order and punctuality.

On Thursday Bach's Passion Music (founded on St. Matthew) was performed in King's, and very beautiful and interesting it was.

TO HIS ELDEST SON

PENSIONE MAD. JENNINGS,
71 CORSO DEI TINTORI, FLORENCE,
April 3rd-5th, 1886.

. . . In the forenoon of Monday we left Milan with much regret, having liked our hotel and had a mere glimpse at the sights of the place. We had a quiet and comfortable journey of five hours, passing several very interesting places which it was tantalising not to see, especially Piacenza, Parma, and Modena. We reached Bologna at 4.40. . . . That evening we had a stroll a little way into the city, to look at the picturesque piazza and the huge brown mass of St. Petronio, in which Charles V. was crowned, and to get our letters. Our train was to start at 6 A.M. We could not have gone later without losing half the precious day for Ravenna. The train was exceedingly slow, stopping at every station, and that for some minutes; but that was a misfortune only as consuming time. The previous day, from the time we had passed Piacenza, we had been running along the old line of the *Via Aemilia*, parallel to the Apennines on their E.N.E. side at no great distance, and had much enjoyed the varying outline, with peeps of opening valleys, and here and there higher tops still covered with snow. It was the same on Tuesday with the Apennines still nearer, and with the clearest early morning light, till we reached Castel Bolognese Junction, just half way. There we changed carriages and left the Adriatic line to run on to Rimini and Brindisi on the way to Alexandria and the East, and struck off to the left across a rich level plain covered with mulberry and other low planted trees, looped together by now leafless vines. At length the towers of Ravenna became visible against the low sky, we steamed slowly half round the city, and stopped at 10. There are only two decent inns in the place, both said to be very rough. We went to the Spada d'Oro, and found it quite comfortable in all matters worth thinking of, though certainly not cheap. Your mother boiled the water, as the place is too far from hills to have an aqueduct, and depends on its wells; but there was not a sign of a mosquito, and I should have

stayed a week without scruple if we could have spared the time.

It is hard to know where to begin or end about Ravenna. Some, at all events, of our party will not know that it is the place which has preserved unchanged more of the old Roman world than any other place now existing, except of course in a certain way Pompeii ; and its remains are in themselves far more interesting than the frivolities of Pompeii. Besides the Middle Ages, and the centuries just before the Middle Ages, it represents three short but important periods—the last generations of the expiring Western Empire, when the emperors made it the capital of Italy on account of the security given by the neighbouring marshes ; the kingdom of the Goths, and especially of Theodoric, a really great king, surrounded by remarkable men ; and thirdly, the rule of the Greek exarchs or viceroys of the Eastern or Constantinople Empire, after Ravenna had been taken from the Goths by Belisarius, the great general of the Emperor Justinian, himself the legislator who founded the law of most of the countries of Europe as it still in great measure exists. The remains are partly buildings, partly mosaics in the buildings. The buildings themselves are of great architectural interest, from the various early forms in which they are constructed ; and the mosaics are in fact contemporary pictures, often beautiful, far more beautiful than I had imagined, and always full of curious interest. We wanted, however, a fortnight for them, rather than parts of two days.

After depositing our goods at the hotel, we walked first to San Vitale, an octagonal church, with an apse added by way of a choir, consecrated in 547. It was partly copied from the great church of St. Sophia which Justinian had recently built at Constantinople (still existing as the mosque best known by the same name) ; and in its turn Charles the Great (Charlemagne), who was much impressed by Ravenna, took San Vitale as the model of the cathedral which he built at Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle). The columns are most beautiful, with Byzantine capitals of various patterns, and the effect of the whole is very striking. The roof and arch of the apse are covered with rich mosaics, partly with sacred subjects, partly with representations of Justinian, the bishop, and other

attendants, making offerings on the one side, and his strange empress Theodora and her ladies similarly employed on the other side. The vividness of the gazing of those faces, as they have gazed for more than 1300 years, was startlingly impressive. A time later still was represented by the tomb of one of the exarchs in a recess leading out of the church. Not many steps off we came to another building of at least equal interest, a century older, the mausoleum of the empress Galla Placidia, daughter of Theodosius the Great. It is quite a small cruciform building, not fifty feet long, and decidedly dark. At the end farthest from the entrance is the enormous and somewhat rude stone ark or tomb of Galla Placidia herself, formerly covered with plates of silver, in which she was buried *sitting*. The arms of the cross contain similarly shaped tombs or arks of two emperors, her brother Honorius and her brother Constantine III. It is said that these are the only tombs of Roman emperors that now remain in their original position. Overhead in the vaulting are exquisite mosaics, likewise of the fifth century, with less technical skill than those of San Vitale, but better in colour and with truer life in the designs, which are of quite simple sacred subjects. From the mausoleum we came home to our dinner at 12.30, and then went off to see the Baptistery beside the Duomo or Cathedral. It is probably the oldest of all the existing buildings, perhaps half a century older than the empress' mausoleum, octagonal in shape, but without the inner colonnades of San Vitale, and many times smaller. The roof and upper parts of the walls are covered with striking mosaics of the fifth century, representing the Baptism in the Jordan, the Apostles, and other sacred subjects. After seeing the Baptistery we took a drive never to be forgotten. Augustus made Ravenna the chief station of the Roman fleet, building a harbour on the shore of the Hadriatic, called Classis, and connecting it by a canal with Ravenna. Our first object was the sole relic of Classis. After a drive of above half an hour between flat swampy fields, diversified only by the channel of the Ronco and another river, we came to the great desolate-looking church of Santo Apollinare in Classe, with a lofty bell-tower beside it, round, like most of the Ravenna bell-

towers. (Just then we had a short shower, the only rain seen since leaving England, except a few drizzly drops at Luzern.) The interior is very imposing. It is in form a basilica, a vast oblong open space, with two aisles divided off by rows of columns. Here and there round the walls are ranged a wonderful series of stone sarcophagi of early bishops of Ravenna, some of them with very beautiful or curious carving. On the place where the triforium would be in a large church of N.W. Europe, there is a series of medallion portraits of bishops of Ravenna, 126 in number,—of course imaginary as regards a good many heads. At the E. end (if it *is* E., about which I am not certain) there are some fine mosaics of the sixth century, partly of historical personages, but chiefly of sacred subjects. We spent an hour here, and longed for much more. Even if there had been less to see, the wonderful church in its wonderful position was difficult to leave. There was, however, the Pineta to be seen, and so we had to drive off, among wetter and less fragrant marshes than before. Presently we left our excellent road, which ran along the coast towards Rimini, and followed a very rough country road beside a canal, which, after a while, we crossed and almost immediately found ourselves within the famous Pineta or pine-forest of Ravenna, referred to in a well-known passage of Dante as well as in various later books. It was in all probability originally a long narrow flat island parallel to the shore, to which it is now joined by the marshes formed by the choking up of the rivers. It is covered with magnificent stone-pines, two thirds of which were, however, killed by frost two or three winters ago; and there is under them much brush-wood of juniper, butcher's broom, and other bushes, with grassy spots between. We poked about for about half an hour, and I aimed my camera at the stone-pines; but we found hardly any flowers out as yet. About five we started homewards, and reached Ravenna just after six. On Wednesday morning we went to a church rather near at hand, now called San Spirito, a fine basilica erected by Theodoric for his own (Arian) communion; and then, a few steps back, to Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, originally the Gothic or Arian baptistery, and octagonal like the other baptistery. On the extinction of

the Gothic kingdom in the sixth century the dome was covered with mosaics, partly resembling those of the other baptistry, but by no means copied from them. Built into the adjoining wall are some curious and rather pretty crosses dug up on the spot, and supposed to be of Gothic origin. Then crossing the street by which we had entered the city, we came to San Giovanni Evangelista, a basilica originally built by Galla Placidia, but now much altered. It has a graceful west front of Italian Gothic and a specially beautiful bell-tower. The frescoes have all vanished, but we saw some very curious remains of the original pavement. The next church was a very remarkable one, San Apollinare Nuovo, a basilica built by Theodoric as the Arian Cathedral and dedicated to St. Martin. It has twenty-four marble columns brought from Constantinople. When Ravenna came under the Eastern empire in the sixth century, two magnificent lines of mosaics were set up in the place answering to our triforium, on the N. a procession of female saints coming out of the city of Classis and headed by the Magi bringing offerings to the Holy Family, and on the S. side a similar procession of male saints coming out of Ravenna and advancing towards our Lord enthroned. Above each of these two marvellous processions are two smaller series of mosaics very interesting in their own way. In fact the church needs a week for studying it. After our short examination of it we came home, and then sallied out in a different direction. First came Dante's tomb, a rather heavy and square little semi-classical building, but mainly in quiet and good taste. The position pleased us much. The tomb joins on to a kind of chapel with open sides, containing stately and carved ancient tombs of various dates; and this again joins on to the church of San Francesco, with a small green piazza in front. The whole was a much more appropriate memorial of Dante than the ambitious statues of him which every large Italian town thinks it correct to put up. Further down the city we came to Sta. Agata, a large damp church with two rows of very ancient columns. There were some poor remains of mosaics in the apse, the rest having been shaken down by an earthquake long ago. Many of the *tesserae* were preserved in a sort of cupboard, and

the sacristan gave your mother a few, which she carried off with great satisfaction. From S. Agata we came home to dinner. Later (see below) we came back to the Duomo, in itself a dull and pretentious modern building, but containing some interesting remains from an older building (the oldest is said to have been built A.D. 400 !), such as two fine marble coffins of the sixth century, a beautiful silver cross attributed to the same time, an elaborate circular calendar for calculating Easter from 532 to 626, and above all an exquisitely carved ivory throne of Bishop Maximian, of the fifth and sixth centuries. From the Duomo we went to the adjoining Archiepiscopal palace to see the mosaics of its chapel, originally of the fifth and sixth centuries, and very interesting. The place of honour was occupied by an eleventh century mosaic Madonna with a saint of the same date on each side. The original occupant of the place had been thrust away into a corner out of the way, a striking mosaic figure of our Lord with a thin cross carried on His right shoulder, and in His hand a book or scroll with the words *Ego sum via et veritas et vita*. We were obliged to dispense with a projected second visit to the Baptistry. Immediately after dinner we went to get some photographs, and then took a short drive outside the town in the direction opposite to Classe to a building very unlike any of the rest, nothing less than the mausoleum or tomb of Theodoric himself, believed to have been built by his daughter. It is like a low decagonal tower, and except for two staircases erected on one side, it remains very little altered externally. By great good fortune it was in early times used as a church, and so was preserved from destruction. It stands alone in the midst of green fields a little outside the city walls. I ought to have mentioned above that on our way to Classe we passed the façade which is all that remains of Theodoric's palace. From his tomb we drove to the Duomo and Archbishop's chapel, about which I said something just now, but prematurely. On returning to the hotel we had just time to get off comfortably by train at 4.30, and after half an hour's wait at Castel Bolognese we reached Bologna at 9. So ended the part of our tour which will, I think, have left a deeper impression than any other.

Thursday was devoted to seeing something of Bologna. It is not a place of great sights, but extremely picturesque in many parts. The more important streets have an arcade on each side, like one street that you may remember at Thun, and some streets of Chester. There are two remarkable towers, both unfortunately leaning, one of them of great height. We were able only to make a short selection of what we most cared to see. First we went to San Giacomo Maggiore, a large and handsome church, with various notable paintings, and especially a great Madonna of Francia's; adjoining it was the chapel of St. Cecilia, with a striking series of frescoes illustrating her legend by Francia and his pupils. Making a small circuit to see a very beautiful court surrounded with light open porticoes in front of Sta. Maria dei Servi, we came to what is architecturally much the most interesting church of Bologna, San Stefano, formed of seven different churches joined together, not all at the same level. Two of them (besides windows of a third), and probably more than two, are of great antiquity, one of them, S. Sepolcro, formerly the Baptistery, being like a small San Vitale (of Ravenna, I mean). On our way home to 'breakfast' (*collazione*, our early dinner), we came through the huge and imposing but for the most part ugly mass of San Petronio. The afternoon was practically devoted to two things, the Pinacotheca, or public Picture Gallery, and San Domenico. The gallery had the advantage of being rather small, and, as we did not care to give much time to the later Bolognese painters (the Caracci, Guido, etc.), we were able to see very fairly the part that we cared for most, the works of the earlier Bolognese, especially Lorenzo Costa and Francia and his pupils. There were also a first-rate Raffaello (St. Cecilia) and Perugino, and some good specimens of the little known earliest Venetian masters. San Domenico has unfortunately been utterly disfigured by modern changes, but cannot lose its peculiar interest. St. Dominic himself (in whom we have a special concern at Emmanuel, as having succeeded to the Dominican site in Cambridge) lies buried there, and is represented by a magnificent monument in the S. transept, covered with the work of the best early sculptors. In the

now desolate-looking cloister close by were held the first chapters of his Order of Friars, which, with the twin order of Franciscans, set on foot the greatest and most effectual reforming movement of the Middle Ages, from early in the thirteenth century ; till at last they sunk into corruption, as the old monastic orders which they attacked had sunk before them, and so they had to give place to the better instructed Reformers of the sixteenth century. Two other remarkable personal memorials are in this church, a very early portrait of the great Dominican schoolman, Thomas Aquinas (a great power even in the present day), taken apparently when he was young ; and a mask taken from the face of St. Philip Neri, the founder of the Oratorian Order in the sixteenth century. Outside the church on the wide piazza are two columns with statues, and two very beautiful tombs supported on columns. On our way home we came again through San Petronio, and looked into the Duomo (which was close to our hotel), a dismal, sumptuous, modern pile, preserving inside two forlorn stone lions, which no doubt once supported the columns of an early Western portal. One other building I should have mentioned, the Palazzo della Mercanzia, or Chamber of Commerce, a lovely Italian Gothic building, on which we stumbled by accident in the morning.

On Friday morning we were up betimes, and started by train for Bologna at 7.30, and almost immediately were beginning to ascend the valley of the Reno (an Italian Rhine!) through its windings among the Apennines. The scenery was nowhere striking, but almost always pleasant and interesting, with an occasional peep at a higher top still capped with snow. The tunnels were endless. The descent on the Tuscan side was much more rapid and very fine, as we wound about and about down to the picturesque old city of Pistoja, which we hope to see better next week. Then came an hour or more along the valley of the Arno, past Prato. In the Apennines we had seen little but Hepaticas, primroses, and we thought crocuses ; but now we often saw Anemones in the grassy strips between the orchards ; scarlet and purple of the common kind, and purple of the starry kind. By 1.30 we were at Florence.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

CAMBRIDGE, *May 9th*, 1886.

[After an account of the journey out, and of Ravenna.]

. . . On the Friday we took the half-past seven train, so as to reach Florence soon after one, left our goods at the station, and walked off to explore. . . . We were settled before dinner. The view opposite was an unceasing delight,—San Miniato and Michael Angelo's fortifications surrounding hills and dales of orchard and garden dying away into the southern quarter of the city on the right ; and on the left the river and open country leading up to the Apennines. We were just in the longitude of Santa Croce, and very close to it over the roofs, not far even by the streets.

. . . On April 16th we went early to Siena, and spent Saturday and Palm Sunday there. It is a very bewitching place, which I am very thankful not to have missed. Early on the Monday we went to Pisa, saw the great sights that afternoon, spent Tuesday (by return tickets) at Lucca, a very impressive place, and on Wednesday saw more of Pisa, and the Cathedral and Baptistery (not, alas ! the Campo Santo) a second time. Thursday we ran through from Pisa by Genoa to Milan. On Easter Morning we were fortunate in hearing Marcello's Mass in C ; but I failed to see the Ambrosian offertory, to my great disappointment. Our last (Monday) afternoon we spent in going by the country tram to Saronno to see the Luinis at the pilgrimage church. On Tuesday we had a superb day and an endless series of brilliant views all the way from Milan to Basel. . . . It would have been better for us both if we could have had two or three quiet weeks first ; but I think we shall get all right, and meanwhile we are able to look back with great satisfaction on the first real Easter holidays that we have ever taken.

Now I must stop this egotistical letter. Your notes were the greatest help, and you were constantly in our thoughts ; so that telling you a little about the trip seems part of the trip itself. I hope you are all well at home, and enjoying the early summer which we are having somewhat prematurely.

With our best love to your wife and all belongings—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO DR. C. R. GREGORY

(On a post-card)

CAMBRIDGE, *May 17th*, 1886.

. . . I had a short visit to the Laurentiana, chiefly occupied with *am.*¹ At Lucca I remembered your wish, and (unexpectedly) almost succeeded in doing something. But I found the library was removed, set out towards it, was accidentally delayed, found a drenching impending and time absurdly short, and so with a sad heart I had to give it up and return to Pisa. Lucca itself is a most interesting place. At Milan I had a good chat with Ceriani, with whom I was very glad to shake hands in the flesh. We talked about many things. Those were the only two visits to libraries that I succeeded in making ; and perhaps it is as well, for I came home too tired with what had been crammed into the five weeks, and lectures coming immediately have proved oppressive. However, I am not getting worse, and daylight I trust is not far off.

TO HIS WIFE

CAMBRIDGE, *June 29th*, 1886. 11 A.M.

. . . What made me oversleep myself was naturally the meeting. It was over in good time, before ten ; but Professor Seeley asked me to come in and have a chat with Goldwin Smith, which I was very particularly glad to do.

. . . It was a very successful and enthusiastic meeting, with hardly any disturbance except at the end. . . . Mr. Fitzgerald got up, and said very emphatically that his first duty, "as a mere matter of business," was to declare "that this is *not* a Tory meeting." He spoke effectively and intelligently himself. But the event of the evening was Goldwin Smith's very serious and genuine address, coming with especial force from his old position as an advanced Liberal, his admiration for the United States, and his personal devotion to Canada. The other speeches were short and slight.

¹ Codex Amiatinus, see pp. 254-8.

TO HIS WIFE

CAMBRIDGE, *June 30th*, 1886. 9.35 P.M.

I am rejoicing in having just (last night of the month) finished the big job for Abbé Batiffol. Now I can get to my own work and feel less of a galley-slave.

TO HIS SECOND SON

CAMBRIDGE, *July 3rd*, 1886.

. . . The Cambridge election is over, and I am thankful to say Mr. Fitzgerald, the Unionist candidate, has come in by a good majority. Above 50 Liberal electors belonging to the University had put out a declaration that they intended to oppose the Home Rule candidate; and the number would have been doubtless much larger had not Cambridge been so empty. Among those who signed were Professor Seeley, Dr. Sidgwick, Mr. Sedley Taylor, Sir Rowland Wilson, Professor Creighton, Professor Darwin, and myself.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *July 3rd*, 1886.

. . . We had the election here yesterday, and Mr. Fitzgerald, the Unionist candidate, was elected, I am thankful to say; so that Cambridge has done its best to save poor Ireland from destruction. A time like this makes me more than ever anxious to see my boys growing up with a spirit of justice and public spirit and care for others, and above all with knowledge that will help to make them wise, and especially knowledge of history. This is one among the many reasons which make me watch the reports so anxiously.

TO THE REV. DR. HATCH

ASKRIGG, *September 11th*, 1886.

. . . Few things have been more encouraging of late than the progress in Edinburgh University of which you speak.

Despite some adverse appearances, I trust that we are not without corresponding movements at both Oxford and Cambridge; and your words should help to give definite aim to what are now often rather vague impulses.

In the general drift of the sermon, and in nearly all of what you say under the first two heads, I entirely concur. On the question of organisation I imagine that we agree more than we differ; but some of your language is not such as I should naturally use. I quite go with you in condemning the refusal of fellowship with sister Churches merely because they make no use of some element of organisation assumed to be *jure divino* essential. But it seems to me that the rejection of theoretical and practical exclusiveness clears the ground for the recognition of at least the possibility that other kinds of (relative) *jus divinum* may be brought to light by history and experience. In organisation, as in other things, all Churches have much, I think, to learn from each other, the Church of England as much as any. It does not follow that organisation ought to be everywhere identical. But it may well turn out that there are some elements or principles of organisation which cannot anywhere be cast aside without injury; and at all events each Church has need to ask how far its peculiarities may be mere gratuitous defects, not right adaptations to its own special circumstances.

I hope you have kept tolerably well through this year. It is pleasant to see that a book of yours is announced for early publication by the Clarendon Press.—Believe me, very sincerely yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. HATCH

ABERCAMLAIS, September 22nd, 1886.

. . . In the matter of Churches with different organisations it seems to me that what we now want is, not so much a doctrine of *ἀδιαφορία* as practical tolerance and practical brotherliness. I wish I could see my way more clearly as to the best way of carrying it out. The problem is to carry round the great body of comparatively reasonable Anglican

feeling ; and so even Anglican prejudice and exclusive theory need tender handling if their power is to be sapped. Despite ugly appearances, I cannot give up the old hope that the Church of England is meant to be the mediator of Christendom rather than its *via media* ; and, if so, it must not depreciate anything positive in its traditions. But indeed the same may be said of all communions. They have all much need of development, but each from its own historical base.

I am very glad you are at work on Philo's psychology. The crude neglect of analysis of antecedents with which he is treated in even good German books is very disappointing.—
Very truly yours,
F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *October 2nd, 1886.*

. . . Many thanks for the present of your book,¹ which has reached me to-day. I am very glad that others besides the Abbey congregation and readers of the *Expositor* are to share some of the lessons of Hebrews detached from the commentary. But, whatever be the antithesis of homily *v.* commentary, I believe homily would have lost immeasurably if created directly rather than suggested through commentary ; and so it would be of all future homily. The constraint which each exercises on each is salutary for each.

Notwithstanding the last few years, it is hard to believe that the Master² is gone. It seems but yesterday that as a freshman I first climbed his stairs, opposite the door which a term later was to be my own.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS WIFE

CAMBRIDGE, *October 3rd, 1886.* 5.40 P.M.

. . . Another card from the Master of Emmanuel to say he now thinks (I wish I could think otherwise !) we must send a Latin address to Harvard, and after the Tuesday College

¹ *Christus Consummator.*

² Dr. W. H. Thompson, Master of Trinity.

meeting, Messrs. Chawner and Adam and I must be a committee to write it. Poor lectures! I seem further off from beginning to write them than ever, though I shall have to deliver the first on Friday week. To-morrow is Council, A.M., and Perse (I hope short) P.M.; Tuesday, College meeting and this Latin Committee; Wednesday, the funeral; probably Thursday or Saturday, Revision; and Friday, Press Syndicate. Happily I am fairly well, though desperate.

By snatches I have read a good piece of Mr. Ellerton's book,¹ which thus far is very beautiful and very wise.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

CAMBRIDGE, *October 5th, 1886.*

. . . F. hopes to come home to-morrow in time for dear old Thompson's funeral, which is to be at two at Trinity Chapel. On our return we heard that he had had an ailing summer. . . . Every one feels oppressed with the succession of heavy losses that have fallen on Trinity. It is sad too how few of the later generations have been able to know what really was in Thompson. Who will succeed him, no one seems able to guess. My own feeling is very strong on behalf of Montagu Butler.

TO HIS THIRD SON

CAMBRIDGE, *October 30th, 1886.*

. . . It is curious that both the essays and the debate should run so near together as 'fox-hunting' and 'field-sports' do. The real good of either essay-writing or holding a debate on such subjects is to train oneself to consider carefully and dispassionately what can be said on both sides, starting from the knowledge that both sides are defended by good and sensible men. I do not at all mean that it is not well to make up one's mind at last decisively in the one way or the other; but that the opinion *must* be a worthless one if pains have not been taken to do justice to the other side. It is quite news to me

¹ *The Holiest Manhood.*

that you have to take down the speeches,—I suppose, only quite short summaries of them. However, it is very good practice both in trying to catch the *points* of a speech, and in expressing them neatly and clearly.

TO HIS SECOND SON

CAMBRIDGE, *November 13th*, 1886.

. . . You must, I am sure, be profiting by what you hear from Mr. House. My only fear is of your going over the ground too quick. I was specially glad that the *De Corona* was to be done a second time. You might learn more Greek from making quite sure of the meaning of every word (especially every particle!), and getting the grammar of every sentence exactly right, than in any other single way that I can think of. I at least think I owe more to Demosthenes lessons at school than to any others. Then the *De Corona* is such a magnificent speech, with about the most perfect diction in all literature; and the subject is so interesting. You do not mention, I think, which books of Thucydides you have been doing. He too in parts is very interesting (not always), and his language is well worth mastering, but decidedly difficult in the speeches, and not so universally useful to have mastered as that of Demosthenes. The *Georgics* and Plautus are also not bad reading, though by no means at the same level. I am glad too that you are getting lectures or talks on the Greek Drama and Greek influence on Roman literature and also on Philology. They will at least give you new ideas, and make all work more *alive*, which is the great thing. Whatever happens about the scholarship, this term's work will certainly not be thrown away.

TO HIS SECOND SON

EMMANUEL COLLEGE, *December 4th*, 1886.

. . . Just now we are occupied with Trinity proceedings, which are pleasant and interesting, but rather interfere with the examination work, of which my hands are full at

the present moment. Dr. Butler came to Dr. Luard's on Thursday evening. I dined there to meet some of the leading Fellows of Trinity, and your mother and Ellen came in the evening, when there was a great gathering of Trinity people and ladies of their families. The only person present not connected with Trinity was Dr. Ainger, who was staying with Mr. Howard. Yesterday morning we had brilliant sunshine for the installation at Trinity. At twelve (or a little after) the Master found the great gate shut and barred, and had to knock and ask admission. He handed his royal patent to Hoppett, who walked majestically off to carry it to the Fellows, assembled in the Combination Room. They then marched down to the great gate, which was re-opened, and Mr. Trotter shook hands with Dr. Butler, and they all went off to the Chapel for the formal admission. The rest of us were then admitted, and the choir sang the *Te Deum*. In the evening I dined at Trinity with Dr. Jacobson to meet the new Master and the Fellows, and a certain number of Former Fellows and Former Scholars, no other guests being present, and greatly enjoyed it. After dinner we had two most interesting speeches, from Mr. Trotter in proposing the Master's health, and Dr. Butler in returning thanks.

TO HIS THIRD SON

CAMBRIDGE, *February 5th, 1887.*

. . . On Monday I dined with the Master of Trinity, but in Hall, not at the Lodge, to meet Mr. Gladstone, who, as I dare say you saw in the papers, has been paying his nephew, Mr. Lyttelton, a visit of a couple of days at Selwyn. In Combination Room the Master proposed his health, and he returned it in a nice little serious speech. He was very quiet and pleasant, and I was glad to be able to see him so near, especially his quite wonderful eyes. Next morning I sat next him at breakfast at Selwyn Lodge, Mr. Lyttelton having been kind enough to ask me to meet him, with Professor Creighton, Professor Kirkpatrick, and Mr. Stanton. Mrs. Gladstone was also there.

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER

HOTEL MONTANVERT, CHAMOUNI,
June 23rd, 1887.

. . . Now we are daily longing greatly for newspapers with some account of Tuesday's doings in London and all over England. We cannot, I fear, hear anything before mid-day on Saturday, unless (which is not impossible) the Chamouni chaplain remembers our isolation and sends us up his *Morning Post* by breakfast-time. I have been wishing too late that I had asked the London newsagent to send me one of Tuesday's evening papers, which might have reached me to-morrow. Thanks to the chaplain's kindness, we were able to have our service in the Archbishop's form on Tuesday morning, and much did we think of the memorable day. It was practically fine here, and so we trust it was all over England, Ireland, and Scotland. Mamma and I are sitting out now on a rocky hillside overhanging the glacier. Two little patches of snow are close at hand, and the sodden turf forming a wide margin to them, and showing where the snow still was only two or three days ago, has little *Soldanellas* growing in it. The slope below is clothed with rhododendron bushes, and will be a brilliant sight when the buds have burst. . . .

I was just wondering whether mamma had written home about our last day at Geneva, and she tells me she thinks not. We had a very interesting morning. We first climbed up to the famous old Cathedral of St. Pierre, and went into it. It is of stately good architecture, partly Romanesque, partly Gothic, without having any very special features. But the great interest was historical, as the place where many striking incidents took place in the sixteenth century, and where Calvin himself long preached. We saw his chair and the sounding-board of his pulpit. Then we went on to the promenade called the Treille, on the old ramparts, whence there is a superb view, first of the Botanic Garden below and the suburbs, and then of the range of the Salève bounding the view to the south. We went down through the pretty Botanic

Gardens to the Library in the University building, and were allowed to spend some time in the *salle*, where various interesting MSS. and early books are exhibited, and where there is a peculiarly interesting set of portraits, chiefly connected with the Reformers—mainly of the sixteenth and (in part) seventeenth centuries. In the afternoon I went alone to the old cemetery of Plainpalais, a well-kept and quietly impressive cemetery, to see once more (after thirty-three years) the plain little stone with the letters J. C. marking Calvin's grave. By his own wish no monument was erected. He was one of the greatest of men, and a very good man too ; with a little more charitableness and self-distrust he would have been one of the best of men. Few men have left a deeper mark on the world after them, partly for evil, but also greatly for good.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *July 24th*, 1887.

My dear Westcott—It is more than time to send you a word of hearty thanks for the new book¹ which I found awaiting me here. I have much of it still to read, I am glad to think, but what I have already read makes me very hopeful about the fruit that it may bear ; nor can I think that the impression produced by a living and timely utterance of one's own strongest and clearest convictions is, in this case, a beguiling impression.

It was grievous work to be absent from England at the time of the Jubilee. It was bad enough to think of beforehand, but, as the time approached, it was difficult to refrain from starting off home without delay. But the accounts which reached us were very cheering as well as interesting, and one cannot but feel that we have been passing through an event with wide and deep results. I long to hear what came before you in the Abbey on the day, and at Westminster before and after. We three (Miss Blunt being with us) had our Jubilee services at the Montanvert, but there was no one else there to share them with.

¹ *Social Aspects of Christianity.*

Jubilee apart, we had a pleasant and successful time. . . . On the way home we slept at Bourg en Bresse, to see the Church of Brou, spent two nights at Autun, two more (with Sunday) at Bourges, and one at Amiens (instead of Paris). All was restful and abounding in interest.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *September 23rd, 1887.*

. . . The position¹ is very perplexing. First, as regards the Regius Chair. Of course what you have said from time to time since Lightfoot left us has compelled me long ago to try to think what might be possible and best if that unspeakably dreaded contingency of a vacancy should happen. But I have never been able to see anything like daylight. My one qualification is that I might hope to keep the Cambridge tradition unbroken, and be at least an obstacle to attempts, or unconscious tendencies, to divide τὰ θεῖα from τὰ ἀνθρώπινα. But not for a moment have I been able to think it possible that there would not be a woeful downward drop in the life and power of the post, and the disablement arising from an overpowering sense of the fact itself and of men's sense of it. Along with this has been the conviction of sheer bodily and mental inability to carry on anything like all the various forms of work at Cambridge which are now associated with the post. Apart from other difficulties, the mere fact that I am constitutionally so much slower in work and in counsel would render it hopeless for me to attempt to carry on what you can now barely accomplish by an excessive strain.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *September 27th, 1887.*

My dear Westcott—Your letter was of course decisive. It is a great help in thinking of the responsibilities of the future, as well as the present possible or probable contest, to know that the attitude of the younger men is so much more than acquiescence in your and Lightfoot's judgment.

¹ With regard to the vacant Lady Margaret Professorship.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *October 3rd, 1887.*

Dearest Fred—I must send you at once one happy line to wish you all joy on being at the top.¹ Last week's letter gave me a sort of feeling as to what was coming, though I said nothing to anybody, and now it has come. Now for holding fast to the top! English soldiers, you know, are always famous for what is called 'solidity,' that is, for quietly *holding on* to what has been given them to hold. It needs tougher qualities than carrying a post by a rush; but I know you have it in you to do it.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *October 22nd, 1887.*

. . . The printed circular which I sent to you yesterday will have told you that Dr. Luckock is no longer a candidate for the Lady Margaret's Professorship. Unless therefore some other candidate should come forward in the meanwhile, which is not at all probable, I shall, if all goes well, be elected on Wednesday next. It is the oldest Professorship in the University, and has been held by many distinguished men. Dr. Lightfoot held it before Dr. Swainson; and before his election he was Hulsean professor, as I am, so that I shall be exactly following in his steps.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *December 3rd, 1887.*

. . . Here in Cambridge we are all in sore anxiety about Mr. Trotter, who, after having long been out of health, has now become very seriously ill, and is hardly expected to live. He is one of the most valued friends whom I have left in Cambridge, and it is difficult to say too much of the good which he has done for the University and for Trinity.

¹ Of his form at Marlborough.

TO THE REV. JOHN ELLERTON

[About *December 23rd*, 1887.]

. . . Apart from the loss of Swainson, the vacancy was most unwelcome to me. I much preferred to remain in the less conspicuous office, and shrank beyond measure from asking to be promoted. It is always weighing on my mind that want of leisure and freedom from arrears of work have hitherto kept me from speaking my mind on great matters in print, and it is hateful to owe anything to even the most involuntary reticence. Then it was impossible to avoid suspicion of ambition, if not of greediness (the Lady Margaret income, as it is now, being ludicrously exaggerated in general estimation).

[Further explanation of the reasons for candidature follows, but the letter is incomplete, and, indeed, was apparently never sent.]

CHAPTER X

CAMBRIDGE: LADY MARGARET PROFESSOR

1887-1892. Age 59-64.

HORT spent the Easter of 1888 at Rome with his wife, and paid also short visits to Genoa, Orvieto, and Assisi. It was his first and only visit to Rome. He did as usual a prodigious amount of sight-seeing, paying impartial attention to classical and Christian antiquities, mediæval and modern art. He had had all his life a great longing to see Rome, but it was a desire always qualified by the feeling that he did not know enough, which feeling was strongly present with him when he actually went there. His eagerness for the first sight of the city, as the train approached, was fresh as an intelligent boy's; he rushed from side to side of the carriage to catch each glimpse as it came into view; he left with a longing frequently renewed to return. On such occasions he carried a formidable array of guide-books, and artistic and archæological literature in various languages; his travelling library also frequently included a careful selection of books of more general interest; among his most frequent companions were volumes of Browning and Ruskin, every line of whose works he possessed.

In June he journeyed to Ireland, to receive an

honorary LL.D. degree from Dublin University, a most welcome and pleasant honour. He took the opportunity of re-visiting everything in Dublin which was connected with his childhood; this was his first visit to Ireland since he had left it as a boy of nine, but his recollections were marvellously fresh (see vol. i. p. 5).

Two summers later he received an honorary D.C.L. degree from Durham University, and in 1891 was obliged to decline a like honour from Oxford, where a short time before a wish had been expressed that he should examine in the theological schools. This recognition was one which he would have very highly valued, and he was willing to make a great effort even in feeble health in order to receive it. But the risk was too great, and in the following year, the last of his life, when the offer was renewed, he was again unable to make the necessary journey and stand the necessary fatigue.

In these last years indeed recognition of his work came abundantly, and in the only form in which he set any value on it. More than ever before he was consulted by younger men, to whom he gave generous guidance and encouragement in their work. Indeed in the last two years of his life, when broken health confined him largely to a sofa, he was perhaps more accessible than in his more active days.

Among the younger workers in the same fields of study there had grown up, as Professor Armitage Robinson says, a "kind of cult." "There was doubtless," he adds, "an occasional exaggeration in our talk about him. But he had so seldom failed us, that we felt as if he really knew everything. Of the obscurest book we said, 'Dr. Hort is sure to have it'; of the

most perplexing problem, 'Dr. Hort knows the solution, if he would only tell'; of any subject, 'Dr. Hort will tell you all the literature.' And indeed nothing seemed to have escaped him that had been done in any branch of theological research." But the help which he gave was not always of the kind which the inquirer expected; though he would sacrifice hours to provide a younger scholar with a list of references which no one else could supply, he would rarely provide him with a ready-made opinion. "He seemed to regard," says Professor Robinson, "the formation of opinion as a very sacred thing; he refused to prejudice by arguing with one who was beginning the study of a subject." For instance, when he was asked to recommend the best books for the study of the synoptic problem, he replied, "I should advise you to take your Greek Testament, and get your own view of the facts first of all."

His foreign correspondence was considerable; he was in frequent communication with Harnack, Zahn, Schürer, Gregory, Ezra Abbott, and other scholars in Germany, Holland, and America. He used to say with a smile that his work was better known on the continent and in America than at home. Among American scholars particularly his name was surprisingly familiar, and they lost no opportunity of expressing their veneration for him. Once on a steamer between Corfu and Brindisi I met an American professor; when he heard the word 'Cambridge' dropped in conversation by one of our party, he broke in eagerly with, "Are you from Cambridge? Do you then know Dr. Hort?" I made my name known to him, and he talked enthusiastically of my father for the rest of the evening.

On December 20th, 1889, Bishop Lightfoot died; some months before he had apparently rallied from a

dangerous illness, and his friends had begun to hope again. Hort had been allowed to visit his sickroom at Bournemouth in January 1888, and could not then persuade himself that he was looking at a dying man. But the rally was only temporary, and at the end of 1889 the first gap in the triumvirate was made. Lightfoot's funeral, at which Hort was one of the chief mourners, was a most impressive ceremony; not least impressive was the moment when Hort and Westcott stood in the chapel of Auckland Castle, looking together into the open grave of the youngest of 'the three,' and the first to be removed. It was altogether a trying year; in May Dr. William Wright had died at Cambridge, another scholar of congenial habits and tastes; and about the same time Cambridge society mourned the loss of Mrs. Luard, a very dear friend and neighbour of the Horts; her husband, Dr. H. R. Luard, the Registrar, survived her only two years.

Hort suffered also much distress from the growing feeling that on the highest debated questions of the time he had something to say, but could not say it. His depth of learning and width of thought and sympathy had given him a position from which he could speak with almost unique authority; but important controversies raged, and he still stood apart. Yet he bitterly reproached himself for his silence; his still unpublished Hulsean Lectures were hitherto his only deliverance on the fundamental problems for which he cared most, and speech had now become even more difficult to him than at the beginning of his Cambridge life. Among those who knew him best there had long been a feeling that he ought to make his voice heard, and the consciousness that the claim was a just one caused often deep depression. In July 1889 Dr. W.

Sanday, in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, appealed to him, not for the first time, to break silence; he compared him to Achilles in his tent, and called on him to come down to the battle. The public appeal, which was backed up by an earnest private letter, touched him nearly. With bitter pain and tears he sought to vindicate himself in a pathetic letter, part only of which is preserved. His enforced reticence was the more regrettable that it was likely to give a wrong impression; it might appear that he too in matters of faith still halted between two opinions, and it would be easy to misunderstand without further knowledge of his mental character the attitude of a man who would never close his mind against new light, and was content in some things to acquiesce in a temporary suspension of judgment. But how misleading any such hasty inferences from his silence would be has been shown now by the publication of his Hulsean Lectures, which, though they had not received his final *imprimatur*, yet declare with no uncertain voice how openness of mind could coexist with an unshaken grasp of central truths. These lectures themselves waited so long because he felt that, with advanced experience, he could and must enlarge the scope which he had originally given them; they give his mind, but not his whole nor his latest mind.

Less than a year after Dr. Sanday's appeal came an opportunity of speech which he could not disregard. On May 1st, 1890, Dr. Westcott was consecrated as Bishop Lightfoot's successor; his invitation to Hort to preach the sermon in Westminster Abbey on that occasion was considered and reconsidered during an Easter vacation tour with his wife to Venice, Padua, Verona, and Brescia. On this tour he entered with no

flagging of enthusiasm into all that he saw, and especially studied with the most minute care the works of the early Venetian school and of Tintoret. But all the time he suffered from unwonted weakness and weariness, and was oppressed with the thought of Dr. Westcott's invitation. He longed to accept so attractive an offer, yet shrank from the effort. At last the responsibility of refusal seemed too great; in the course of a beautiful day's excursion to Torcello he decided provisionally on a text, but the final decision was only arrived at on Easter Day, as he sat on a hill above Brescia. To any one unacquainted with the constitutional difficulty which hampered him in sermon-writing, so much deliberation about the natural request of a friend of forty years' standing must seem excessive, but it was in fact a supreme effort, and he felt it to be such, and accepted with full knowledge of the probable consequences. He had approved of Dr. Westcott's acceptance of the bishopric, but his approval was costly to himself; his friend's departure left him isolated at Cambridge, and in a leading position, as senior theological professor, which he had never coveted. Perhaps he felt it on that account only more incumbent on him to give counsel which did violence to his own inclination and interest.

The consecration was fixed for May 1st; he sat up over his sermon nearly the whole night of April 29th, as well as several nights before, went up to London by the last train on the 30th, working all the way while candles were held for him, and was up nearly all of that night also. Yet, when the time came, his nerve was good and his voice strong, and the heavy responsibility, which had nearly crushed him during the preparation, seemed only to add force to his utterance.

The sermon itself was long and yet compressed ; in fact the first part of it is a condensed summary of the lectures on the *Christian Ecclesia*, which he was at the time delivering at Cambridge. Closely packed as were the thoughts expressed in it, those who heard it could not mistake the preacher's main purpose, and those who read it afterwards found much to stimulate thought in this presentation of a "large and progressive faith," which seemed as widely removed from ordinary dogmatism as dogmatism itself from negation ; they could only regret that the sermon was not expanded into a volume, developing the fruitful ideas which it shadowed forth. The burden is the application of the teaching of St. Paul in the most universal of his writings, the Epistle to the Ephesians, to the needs of the modern world. The revival of the sense of church membership, with all the manifold consequences, which would follow from the real acceptance of a principle never yet fully grasped, might seem to some to have a far-off sound ; but the aspiration was justified for the preacher by his appreciation of the important acquisitions of modern knowledge, and especially of the desire never manifested till quite recent times to read the Apostolical writings "in the light of the personal and historical circumstances out of which they sprang." His theology has a quality too often wanting in the systems of learned men ; it is in touch with the world of men, as well as with the world of books. It is possible that some of the congregation were surprised to hear, not the sermon of a recluse, but of a man whose ears had been open to all the manifold voices of the age. Its message had a peculiar appropriateness to the "friend of forty years," who had himself so assiduously pleaded for the 'social interpretation of the Gospel.' Its concluding words

were a quotation from Dr. Westcott's own sermon, preached eleven years before at Dr. Lightfoot's consecration to the same see.

May 1st was a day of great happiness, but it left its mark; the strain of preparation contributed to the breakdown of an already enfeebled constitution. At first the effects were not obvious. A few days later he enjoyed a performance at Cambridge of Gluck's *Orpheus*, and at the beginning of June listened with the most vigorous interest to the expositions of all the candidates for the Regius Professorship, vacated by Dr. Westcott's removal. On the 23rd he journeyed to Durham to receive an honorary D.C.L. degree, and stayed afterwards with the new occupant of Auckland Castle, a most interesting visit. He was one of Bishop Lightfoot's literary executors, and his advice was of course most valuable to those who were engaged in bringing out the late bishop's unpublished works. At the end of July he went to Switzerland with his second son, selecting for his perch the new Schwarzsee Hotel, above Zermatt, 8500 feet above the sea. He had a well-founded opinion of the value to his health of very high altitudes. This year his heart was probably not strong enough to stand such high air, but he persisted with the experiment till September 1st, and was almost the last to be driven down by the snow to Zermatt. It is probable that his boldness this summer, together with an unfortunate fall, which he had on the way out at the top of the Gemmi, hindered rather than helped his recovery from a feeble condition of health.

On November 2nd a fortnight of indefinite feeling of illness culminated in an acute heart attack combined with pleurisy. He was forced to take to his bed, and stayed there till November 22nd, and was unable to

get downstairs to his study till January 24th of the next year. He was well aware how serious was his condition, and throughout his illness calmly studied the symptoms of his disorder. The beginning of the breakdown probably dated from a slight but persistent attack of influenza early in the year, which came upon him when he was much overdone with work, and greatly depressed with the thought of losing Dr. Westcott from Cambridge. There were intervals of apparent recovery, and his own hope was scarcely dimmed by constant attacks of more or less serious illness. To those who watched him these two years were a wonderful experience. His intellectual interest seemed to grow keener, as his bodily powers declined. At first no actual work was allowed. But he read incessantly, seizing this opportunity to devour books for which at ordinary times it would have been difficult to find leisure. J. H. Newman's *Letters* he specially enjoyed, and the other recent volumes bearing on the history of the Oxford Movement. He examined to the very last the parcels of books, English and foreign, which unceasingly poured in. Indeed the amount of miscellaneous literature for which he at all times found or made leisure was very remarkable. He always read while dressing and undressing, and in this way got through such solid books as Mr. S. R. Gardiner's on the English history of the seventeenth century.

He often complained of a bad memory ; it was indeed true that he had not a memory like Macaulay's or Conington's, but he knew where to look for required information, and could at a moment's notice turn to the right passages in the right books. Nor could his memory be called bad in any save a relative sense ; the knowledge which he had acquired seemed always to

be ready at hand. I can remember, for instance, his giving in the course of conversation a clear twenty minutes' sketch of the history of the Scotch Established Church and of its offshoots.

For part of the last two years of life, which were spent in a half-invalid condition, he was unable to lecture, and Mr. F. Wallis acted as his substitute for nearly a year. After October 1891 he lectured again, although rarely able to walk to the Divinity School. Anxiety about the performance of his official duties weighed heavily on him, and he struggled to accomplish all, and more than all, that he was capable of. During his illness the meetings of the Apocrypha Revision committee and Septuagint committee were held at his house. The subjects of his lectures as Lady Margaret Professor were 'Judaistic Christianity' (continued), St. James again, 'Early Conceptions and Early History of the Christian Ecclesia,' The Epistles to the Seven Churches, The Epistle to the Ephesians, The First Epistle to Timothy. He also shortly before his breakdown in 1890 gave a course of six popular lectures at the Cambridge Clergy Training School on the ante-Nicene Fathers from Clement to Origen.

His professional lecture-room was naturally not very popular with undergraduates; he dealt usually with rather advanced subjects, and his methods hardly subserved the needs of examinations. The term was generally nearly over before he had got beyond the outskirts of his subject, since his *Prolegomena* took nothing for granted. But among senior men there were several who came even from a distance, and those who attended him regularly were fascinated in a quite peculiar way; there was an almost unique quality in his lecturing, which exercised a kind of spell over the more thoughtful

listeners. One of these in a character sketch contributed to the *Cambridge Review*, as one of a series of, for the most part rather flippant, 'Letters to Lecturers,' gives a very perceptive description of him as he appeared to a disciple: "There is something mysterious about those lectures. I do not think there is any one in Cambridge whose lectures are so utterly simple as yours are; language, ideas, reasoning, everything is simple in them. One does not at the time always feel that there is any particular depth in what you are saying, and yet, when the hour is over, and the note-book is shut, and we are out in our silly world again, we find that at least one point you have been telling us about has become a sort of living creature in our minds, has made itself a home in us, and will not leave off talking to us. The one childishly simple idea runs on in a whole 'chain of beautiful thoughts' that illustrate and explain everything we come across for days and months."

The article throughout is a striking proof of the charm which a retiring student's presence could exercise over some at least in modern Cambridge. "The grace of scrupulous courtesy," says the writer, "and the free restraint of chivalry is not yet forgotten even in the damp flat wilderness, and the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity is our link with the gentle life of the past. Why is there no Rembrandt among us to paint that keen, spare face with the grey hair that looks white beneath the black skull-cap, and the scholar's beard, and the knightly nose and forehead, all lit up by that wonderful grace that only hard work and a kind of self-forgetting asceticism lends?"

The following extract from a letter from Miss Julia Wedgwood vividly recalls some characteristics of the

lecturer's manner, although the impressions are those of a reader, not of a listener :—

It was quite wonderful to me, in reading 'Judaistic Christianity,' to find such a vivid renewal of *personal* impressions in words so remote from anything personal. I had never, you know, heard him lecture, but his voice seemed in my ears at every word. I seemed to hear the peculiar inflections, the little pause as if waiting for some nuance of expression suited to a special meaning, and then that touch of eagerness, as it were of *hurry*, which bore out that sense of ideas seeking words, not words ideas, and which always somehow brought to me the feeling of youth. I sometimes laid down the book with a sense of surprise that it could revive so much, for it was not cognate with any subject we had happened to discuss together; but that careful, scrupulous accuracy which one always felt in any discussion with him is so marked in it that I feel his very hesitations, and confessions of perplexity, throw more light on the sacred page than the fluent certainties of most commentators. One reads such words as his, and wonders that one needs them to show what is in those which one has read blindly all one's life.

A good idea of the scope and method of his later lectures is thus given by the Rev. J. O. F. Murray :—

These lectures in many cases did not get beyond a careful and complete introduction, worked out at first hand from the original sources, and including a series of short, clear, delicate—sometimes almost playful—appreciations of the works of his predecessors in the same field. . . . As an expositor he had an unique power of taking a phrase to pieces, and tracing the whole course of the history of each of its significant parts, first singly, and then in combination with one another. Having thus helped his class to an understanding of the wealth of association that had gathered round each phrase by the time that the author came to use it, he would then replace them in their context, and it was often surprising to note the richness of meaning which this truly 'historical method' of treatment

brought to light in passages that might otherwise have been passed over as commonplace and unimportant.

Another distinguishing characteristic of his treatment of early Christian writings is indicated by Professor W. M. Ramsay (*Expositor*, January 1893). It is that he did not study those writings in isolation, but looked at them in their environment, *i.e.* that he "avoided distortion" in his conception of them by having "a vivid and accurate conception of the Roman world as a whole." That this was the only satisfactory method of handling either Church History or the 'profane' history in which it is set, he had seen when he first marked out for himself the investigation of the early Christian centuries (see vol. i. pp. 233-4).

To complete the picture of him as he appeared to his pupils, I may add a sentence written by one of his class: "The bowed head covered with his hands, as we sat waiting for the commencement of his lecture, made us feel that we trod with him on sacred ground; and his whole bearing was at all times that of one who realised a Higher Presence."

This personal sketch may fittingly be supplemented by a few sentences written of him after his death by two friends, one resident at Cambridge, the other a casual visitor. Professor Ryle thus pictures him in Cambridge and in his study:—

The familiar sight of the man with the quick nervous step, the left arm folded across books and papers, the right swinging vigorously across the body as he hurried down Trumpington Street past Peterhouse and the Pitt Press to St. Mary's, or to some meeting in the Divinity School, or as he rounded at full pace some buttress of books in the University Library, clings to the memory; or again, as he starts up from his chair where he is sitting before his papers and at his books, and

comes out from behind the great revolving bookcase with the cheery welcome and the warm clasp of the hand ; you see him before you, the wonderful blue eye piercing keenly beneath the penthouse of bushy brow, the worn emaciated cheek, the noble forehead ; you hear the bright glee of his merriment, you catch the tremendous energy of his purpose in all he says, his noble loyalty to his friends, the noble scorn of meanness.

Dr. Milligan thus recalls a visit to 6 St. Peter's Terrace :—

Let me turn once more to the man, to his noble, pure, loving nature, full of a childlike joy in his friends, and yet so humble and simple that he never thought how he was communicating happiness to them. He thought only that they were communicating happiness to him. And, as on a spring or summer day, he would in that garden or under those trees, behind his house in Cambridge, hasten from one spot to another to try and bring some little additional comfort to his guests, it was sometimes almost painful to be so served by one to whom the guests could not help feeling it would have been far more fitting in them to render service.

The shyness, which sometimes came over him in company, wore off in his own house. At meals he was seldom silent or preoccupied, in spite of the urgent work which made those intervals all too short. Even in his study he was never so engrossed that he would not put all books aside at a moment's notice to attend to a visitor seeking literary help, or have a talk with one of his children, or discuss the right sum to be given as Christmas box to the postman. His work was incessant, but human interests were always foremost, and he was never abstracted from the world of ordinary affairs. He was never by choice a recluse or an ascetic : " A man," he once said, " who professes himself indifferent to a good dinner is either a liar or a

fool." His conversation abounded in such trenchant pieces of criticism, levelled generally at some form of insincerity or make-believe of knowledge.

While he was laid up in 1891, he sat for his portrait to Mr. Jacomb Hood, who had been commissioned by the Master and Fellows to paint him for the Emmanuel Combination Room. Perhaps at another time he would hardly have had patience to submit to this ordeal. As it was, the process interested him greatly. Often the effort to sit was great in his weak state, but he cheerfully exerted himself to give all possible help to the artist and to give the best possible to the College. The portrait is a most interesting and successful presentation. Copies from it, or from another most vigorous picture painted immediately after and presented by the College to Mrs. Hort, are hung in the hall of Trinity College, in the library of the Divinity School, and at Rugby.

This was a year of weakness and depression. At Easter he went for three weeks to West Malvern, but was scarcely able to walk at all, and suffered from the least exertion; other experiments at Cromer, and in the summer at Ilkley, were hardly more successful. In the autumn there was some slight increase of strength; at Ilkley he had been able to go to church for the first time for ten months, and in the October term he was lecturing again for the first time since his illness. In this term the compulsory 'Greek question' came up again; he was unable to vote with the reforming party, though the reasons for his conservatism were not the motives which inspired a good deal of the opposition to the proposed change. His views, which were not lightly formed, nor without considerable sympathy with the other side, are given in a letter in answer to a

request which I sent him for enlightenment on the subject. He was moved almost to tears by an eloquent appeal 'for Greek' by Mr. W. Bateson, a rising Cambridge biologist.

The affairs of the Cambridge Mission to Delhi were also pressing. In this, as in other matters, he had become, by Dr. Westcott's departure, the leading consulting authority at Cambridge.

In this autumn he got through a great deal of work, though it was an effort to sit up in a chair, and he could sometimes scarcely lift the ponderous folios which lay on his table; he felt indeed that he did himself some harm in this way. At Ilkley, and afterwards at home, he gave many weeks to a minute study of Mr. J. Rendel Harris' book on the Codex Bezae, from the conclusions of which he widely dissented. His own views, in so far as he had expressed any on this actual question, were inadequately apprehended by Mr. Harris, for a reason which is not far to seek. A more recent writer¹ on the same obscure subject says: "We suspect that it will have been the experience of many others besides ourselves that, although they may begin by differing from that eminent scholar, they often end by agreeing with him, the reason being that his published opinions frequently rest upon facts and arguments which are not fully stated, but which the inquirer discovers for himself painfully by degrees." The particular point at issue is too technical for these pages, but it may be worth mentioning that Mr. Chase's book, the main contention of which is adverse to Mr. Harris' conclusions, ends with these words: "I would fain find an indication that my work may prove a starting-point for further

¹ F. H. Chase, *The old Syriac Element in the Text of Codex Bezae*. Macmillan, 1893.

investigation of the early history of the text of the New Testament in the fact that, in its final stage, it is merged in the well-considered conclusions of one¹ who speaks with authority, conclusions which are the re-statement in a more definite form of an opinion expressed by Dr. Hort." Mr. Harris' book seemed to Hort to demand an answer; he had promised a notice of it for the *Classical Review*, and was greatly concerned that he was unable to write it. He would not publish any criticism which did less than full justice to an opponent. The following provisional criticism, contained in a private letter, shows both parties to the controversy in a pleasant light: "It was very considerate of Mr. R. Harris to wish to adjourn publication to a time perhaps more convenient for myself to read his book. But this would have been quite unreasonable, and it was certainly right to let the book come out when it was ready. It will take some time to go over the ground by inches, and I cannot at present give all the time to it that I could wish. I have, however, run hastily over the whole, and examined a fair number of the details that had a comparatively promising look. As yet, however, I remain profoundly sceptical as to, I believe, all his leading positions. It is a pity that he does not allow himself time to think of more than one theoretical possibility at once."

From November 1890 onwards he was never able to walk more than a very short distance; he drove out frequently by way of exercise, and greatly enjoyed what was to him an unusual method of progression. At Christmas 1891 he was better than at any other

¹ The authority alluded to is the author of a review of Mr. R. Harris' study of Codex Bezae, which appeared in the *Guardian* of May 18th and May 25th, 1892.

time during his illness. On Christmas Day he was able to attend Holy Communion at Great St. Mary's, the last time that he joined in this service with all his family. Soon after this a chill brought back the trouble; he became very weak, and began to consider what strong measures could be taken to secure an increase of strength during the summer months. In January 1892 Professor Adams and Sir George Paget died, and a little later Miss Clough. The death-roll of valued Cambridge friends had been heavy in the last two or three years. In March he was again confined to his room, then there was another rally, then another collapse; then, at the end of April, he was strong enough to lecture, or at all events he did so, for once consenting to read old lectures. He took the familiar subject, *1 Peter*, for this, which proved to be his last, course. It was delivered with astonishing vigour and strength of voice; the lecturer's face, worn with illness, yet reflecting, as it seemed, even more than before of spiritual and intellectual vitality, made a lasting impression on those who heard him. At the end of May he was able to get up to London for a few days; he wished to consult Sir W. Broadbent, and, when in town, he was well enough to submit to being photographed,¹ and even went to see one or two pictures at the New Gallery, being specially anxious to see a fine portrait of Mr. J. M. Wilson. On his return home he made up his mind to take Sir W. Broadbent's advice, which, bold though it was, seemed to offer a last hope of recovery, and inspired him with new life. He was recommended once more to try the effects of Alpine air, the well-tried tonic of so many years. His adviser

¹ The portrait prefixed to vol. i. is from a photograph taken at this time.

did not suggest very high altitudes, but, after trying in vain to reconcile himself to something under 5000 feet, he at length determined to ascend by slow stages to real glacier air. The place selected was Saas-Fée, in a valley which had always specially attracted him.

About ten days before leaving home he took part, for the last time as it proved, in a University function, from which he would have been very reluctant to absent himself. This was the installation of the Duke of Devonshire as Chancellor of the University, and the conferment of honorary degrees by him.

On June 23rd he left home; the journey was a source of great anxiety beforehand, but difficulties disappeared, and, after a pleasant rest at Berne, and an easy journey up the Rhone valley, crowded for him with old associations, he arrived in the Saasthal in improved spirits and apparently none the worse otherwise. He paused for some days at Saas-im-Grund, where, in the pretty wooden pavilion half out of doors in front of the hotel, he worked incessantly for Dr. Gregory at his Prolegomena to the eighth edition of Tischendorf's Greek Testament. He could only work in a recumbent position, but enjoyed meanwhile the pleasant view of the hillside through the unglazed windows of the pavilion, and the daily bouquet of Alpine flowers on the table at his side. He did not reach Saas-Fée, his ultimate destination, till July 7th. There too the experiment seemed at first to be a wonderful success; he picked up strength in a way for which he had hardly dared to hope. Recovery seemed for the moment nearer than at any other period of his illness. The weather was glorious, and the unique mountain view was a constant refreshment after his invalid life at home. At first he was

even able to walk on Sundays to the English Church close by. Most of the day was spent on the roof of the porch of the hotel, on to which the window of his room opened. Here the amphitheatre of the *Mischabelhörner* lay straight before him as he sat reading under an improvised awning of umbrellas and sheets, the daily erection of which greatly amused the other visitors, who sometimes delayed starting on their expeditions 'to see Dr. Hort come out.' Twice he attempted to get beyond the hotels, and was carried to the foot of the glacier, and up the slope of a steep hill. But the effort proved too great, and hopes were once again delusive. At the end of July there came a relapse, due perhaps to the height above the sea, in spite of first appearances to the contrary. For many days he was unable to go beyond his room. Whenever he was strong enough, he was writing or reading. His principal work during the early part of his stay at Saas-Fée was the writing of notes for Dr. Moulton on the reserved passages of Wisdom for the Apocrypha Revision. He had hoped to write here his article on Lightfoot for the *Dictionary of English Biography*, but was obliged to defer it. He wrote also a very large number of elaborate letters on the choice of candidates for an appointment in which he was officially interested. He could on leaving home have delegated his duties as an elector, but he preferred to go into the whole business himself. When not up to work, he amused himself with novels, and became enthusiastic over Stevenson's *Treasure Island* and Mr. Barrie's *Little Minister*. Many friends were admitted to see him, and on all sides he received marks of wonderful kindness and thoughtfulness. A lady friend of Mrs. Hort's had come out with them, and in August their eldest

son joined the party. On August 6th he made a last effort, and was present at the consecration of the new English Church; he had been one of the first contributors to it, and had taken great interest in the preliminaries. The chaplain, the Rev. W. A. Bathurst, had consulted him about the decoration, and had adopted the recommendations which he sent him with a long letter of explanation. He was carried to the consecration service in a *chaise-à-porteurs*, and stayed through the whole; he was never in church again. A brass tablet now hangs in the church in his memory.

By August 19th his weakness had become so alarming that he sought the advice of a retired English doctor, Dr. Hartree, who was staying in the hotel, and who generously took on himself the responsibility of advising whether, in his very critical condition, it was more dangerous to go or to stay. It was decided to go, and the next day the move was made, the utmost care being necessary on the rough mule-path which leads down from Fée to Saas-im-Grund. Here he paused for three days, and then was carried on down the valley to Stalden, at which uncomfortable resting-place he stayed three miserable days, during which he was attacked by fresh illness, and then, in an exceedingly feeble condition, was moved to Lausanne. The descent of the valley was accomplished with anxiety, which his attendants would have found insupportable but for his own courage. The thought of leaving the Alps had depressed him greatly; it seemed to him like going home to die; but, when the dreaded journey began, he roused himself to cheer those who were with him, talked brightly on the way, and manifestly enjoyed each new view as it was revealed by the turns of the road. The discomfort of the journey by rail from Stalden to Lausanne was

increased by the breakdown of the mountain-line through floods in the St. Nicholas valley, and by violent storms of rain. It was a relief to reach Lausanne, and here he stayed from August 26th to September 5th, and was attended by a Swiss doctor. The risk of trying any other less exalted Alpine station seemed too great, and a push was made for home. This time, as on the journey out, all went surprisingly well, in spite of tiresome ceremonies adopted at the French frontier in view of cholera. The night of the 6th he slept at Dover, travelling home next day. At Dover all his children were gathered about him for the last time, and he spent a peaceful evening with them, very full of happiness in his safe return to be amongst them. The relief of this produced for a time good results. Alarming symptoms showed themselves, but he rallied again, and there was a wonderful interval of renewed vigour; this he seized upon to accomplish his article on *Light-foot*, which he wrote with most unusual rapidity. To a reader ignorant of the circumstances under which it was composed, it would certainly betray no sign of failure. Mr. Lee, the editor of the *Dictionary*, had been most forbearing, but he would not trespass longer on his patience. At great pressure this last labour of love was completed; the final sheets of proof were returned on November 10th. He had, as it proved, exhausted on this work his fast-failing strength, but he never for a moment regretted the sacrifice. Thus strangely the greatest and mostly costly efforts of his latest years were acts of devotion to the two friends with whom his own name is indissolubly linked.

During these weeks he spent most of his time on a sofa in the drawing-room, where he received a good many visitors. On October 3rd Dr. Jowett sat with

him for a time, and was astonished at his vitality. New books came daily, and were arranged on every available shelf, chair, and table in his room. Before leaving it, he was wheeled each morning to the places where they lay, to make a selection for the day's reading. He read nearly all day, beginning soon after 7 A.M. At this time his Bible and Prayer-book and other religious books were brought to him. Before each meal it was touching to see him give thanks like a little child with bowed head and folded hands. Religion was never much on his lips, but each act of daily life revealed the simple-hearted piety of his 'gentle spirit.' It was shown not least in his sweetness and patience through a long illness, in which there was much to cause discomfort and irritation. Familiar as he was with the import of every symptom, in every temporary rally he was the first to hope and to encourage.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *January 28th, 1888.*

My dear Fred—The time has come for my first letter of 1888 to you. It is to be the year of your Confirmation. In writing to-morrow, you will no doubt tell us all that has been given out, what the arrangements for preparation will be, and whether it has begun already; and if so, what it has thus far been. In any case this will be the time for your own inward preparation, which no one else can do for you. The great thing is to take care that you break off the ordinary daily course of work and play quite regularly for ever so short a time,—say five minutes every day or even every other day,—and quietly by yourself open yourself upwards, as it were, by thinking and serious helpful reading and praying. You have a good many days of life to look back upon, and an unknown future to look forward to and to prepare for. In Confirmation there is strengthening, fixing, making sure of all that is right

and high and good ; and it now rests with you in the intervening weeks to help forward and make ready for this greatest of blessings.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *February 11th*, 1888.

. . . We were all greatly saddened to hear that Sir Henry Maine, the Master of Trinity Hall, had died at Cannes on Friday evening. He was one of the greatest and wisest men left in Cambridge ; and the books which he has written are likely to be read and valued for centuries to come. He had been a little out of health for some time ; but he was able to give his lectures on International Law last term ; and when he went to the Riviera about Christmas, every one thought that he would be able to come back refreshed. Poor Lady Maine was in Cambridge, and had to be summoned by telegraph. Sad indeed must that long journey across France have been.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *March 10th*, 1888.

. . . On Wednesday next there is to be a great Liberal-Unionist meeting, when the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Brodrick are coming down to speak. Mamma and I are going to breakfast with the Master of Trinity on Thursday to meet the Duke of Argyll, who is a very distinguished man in several ways.

For the last two or three days we have all been thinking much of the grand old Emperor of Germany, who died yesterday morning at the age of ninety. It is a most striking and sad conjuncture of things that his son, the new Emperor, the husband of our own Queen's eldest daughter, should have been detained at such a time on the shores of the Mediterranean by the mysterious and perhaps fatal illness of the throat from which he has been suffering all these months. Happily he is now well enough to start for Berlin to-day ; but it will be an anxious thing to see whether his throat suffers injury, first from the long railway journey, and then from the

severe climate of Berlin. All Europe, and not least we in England, are deeply concerned in the preservation of that precious life.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

HOTEL DU SUD, 56 CAPO LE CASE, ROME,
March 28th, 1888.

My dearest Fred—It is hard to believe that only ten days have passed since we parted from you at the Master's Lodge. During all the constant shiftings of place and scene which have come upon us in these ten days, our thoughts have been constantly running back to that Sunday at Marlborough, as a kind of bright entrance-gate to our long journey. First there was the happy surprise¹ that you and Mr. Leaf between you prepared for us, and then there was the peaceful and solemn service in chapel, and then our afternoon and evening and morning spent together. But early on the Monday you must have found yourself again in the stream of school-work and school-play and school-ways generally; and it will have needed a constant effort to be true to the thoughts and hopes and wishes which, we doubt not, found a place within you during that service in chapel. But there will have been new strength at hand too, 'power from on high,' ready only to be sought for and prayed for, and so brought down for your need.

When you were a helpless little baby, we brought you into church and had you baptized in the Holy Name. Promises were made for you which laid no new burden on you, but which gave you over to what we knew to be the best and happiest rules of life,—nay, its *only* good and happy rules. A true Christian is a man who cultivates a true and perfect manhood. What he renounces, what he believes, what he does as his duty, are just the things which have to be renounced, believed, and done if his life is to go on right lines and not slide away into nothingness. In taking up these promises now yourself, you have been telling yourself and us, and all who know you, that having come to a knowledge of good and evil for yourself, you choose to follow this pattern of good. And your Father in heaven has received the new promises,

¹ A high place in form.

and Himself given you the promise of His own power, to sustain you.

On Easter Day, the day of Life from the dead, you are to take your place as a full member of the Church, the Christian brotherhood. In receiving the Bread and Wine you will be entering into communion with all that great brotherhood, and with Christ their Head above. We too here in the English Church in this great foreign city shall, if we are spared, be joining in the same communion. It is the great pledge that time and distance do not keep apart those whom God has made to be one. May we all, dearest boy, learn more and more to break down the walls of our too separate selves, and draw nearer together in Christ who died for us, and so through Him draw nearer to His Father and ours. With all love from us both.—Ever your own father,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER

ROME, *April 13th-16th, 1888.*

. . . Only one more day of Rome remains for us, and how the poor thing will manage to bear all that we want to cram into it I know not. To-day we had a very unexpected addition to our sights. There has been great excitement for the last few days about a rumour that the Pope would honour the French pilgrims with some special service at which he would appear publicly in person. At last it became known that he would officiate at High Mass at St. Peter's to-day, and give audiences to-morrow and Monday (I think). To be present seemed to need such very special favour that it seemed out of the question for us, as I should not have liked to apply to any of the influential people to whom I had indirect access. Two days ago, however, we had the offer of tickets for the Mass. . . . It was announced for 8.30, and would, we knew, be unpunctual; but we thought it safest to start just after 7. The Piazza of St. Peter was full of people; but we made our way easily in, and found good places (standing), under the great dome. The church filled rapidly but very quietly, and there was little special to be seen but the banners of some of the dioceses from which

the French pilgrims came. At 9.30 there was the first sign of movement by the appearance of choir-boys in the passage kept open down the nave. In a minute or two there were shouts as of ill-taught and confused hurrahs, and the procession proper began to appear, and soon the Pope himself, carried high in his litter or chair, with a monster fan on each side of him. He came on slowly, turning his head from side to side and bowing, and giving blessings with his hand. Most of the great people in the procession seated themselves in the choir; the Pope himself and some others remained to the E. of the altar, under the dome. The mass itself was short and quiet, probably to save the Pope fatigue, as he officiated himself, looking westward according to the ancient custom. We could see his face very well between the candlesticks. When mass was over, the procession formed again, and the Pope was deposited on a high pedestal at the W. end of the dome, where he formally dispensed benedictions. Then the procession moved on afresh with immense cheering, and disappeared at 10.25. In about half an hour the church was clear enough to let us out. More particulars must wait till we meet.

[Continued in train near Arezzo.]

To finish at Rome proved impossible. And now our forty-five hours at Assisi are over,—such hours, in spite of the quite intolerable beggars and the racket of the Belgian pilgrims. It is a truly marvellous place, and needs many days. . . . We are going through such beautiful country (Tuscan uplands), on the right bare brown Apennines, with picturesque cities on their spurs, far older than Rome; and on the left a rich broad valley with the soft Siena hills beyond. *And we are moving homewards! Best love all round.—Ever your loving father,*

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *April 22nd, 1888.*

. . . We have had a very pleasant time in the South. The Rome of a few years ago is nearly destroyed; but the

great memories are sustained by multitudes of detached objects embedded in the new city, and an outskirt or two is left. The view from the Colosseum is marvellous. We had a day in the Alban Hills, but had sadly to resign Portus as well as Ostia and Tibur. The French pilgrims enabled us to see the Pope celebrate mass in St. Peter's. Work at Rome was followed by sabbath at Assisi, where we spent Sunday. It is a bewitching place, and the lower church is like nothing else.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *June 9th*, 1888.

. . . Just now Cambridge is all in a whirl, and I am snatching a few minutes to write to you before putting on scarlet and going off to the Arts School and Senate-House. The occasion is the conferring of an Honorary Degree on the young Prince, and on a number of other distinguished people at the same time. The Prince came yesterday to stay for the night at Trinity Lodge. I dined in the Hall of Trinity to meet the Prince and the rest. It was a very grand affair, with 150 guests. The Master was of course in the chair, and made several speeches. Others were made by the young Prince, Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. At 11 we adjourned to Trinity Lodge, where there were hosts of ladies and other guests; and among them Mamma and Ellen, and another lady not unknown to you, Miss Helen Bell of Marlborough, who has come over from Oxford to spend a few days with us. They and Frank and Mary had been part of a great barge-party whom Mr. Rose and Mr. Shaw took down on the river to the races, and then entertained in Emmanuel. The girls are now going to the top of St. Mary's tower to see the great procession, which will be a striking sight, if only the showers will hold off. Mamma will be in the Senate-House itself. I shall of course have to take part in the procession. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with three young princesses, are coming down this morning. At 2 the Vice-Chancellor gives a great lunch in the Fitzwilliam, to which he has invited

me. The Royal party will then drive to Newnham, where there is to be a huge garden-party; and then they will return to London.—Ever your affectionate father,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CAMBRIDGE, *July 12th*, 1888.

My dear Westcott—Very many thanks for the welcome gift of your Hereford sermons.¹ Twenty or thirty years ago such teaching was thought full of dangerous paradox. Now, I venture to think, it will find the ground far better prepared to receive it.

The weather brought us home from Ireland a few days earlier than we had intended. My dream had been to see some important antiquities, the Atlantic, and the Kerry flora. But it was not prudent to venture beyond Dublin and Wicklow under such skies. Time was also much needed at home. Salmon and his daughter were kindness itself, and greatly did we enjoy our six days with them, as also three or four more with a niece of mine, who is for a few months a sojourner in Dublin. It was startling to find how much I remembered of localities, after fifty years on the other side of vast spaces of total forgetfulness. The perpetual miracle of personal identity stood out with overpowering vividness. Glendalough gave us the satisfaction of not having to recross the Channel without seeing one satisfying piece of ancient Ireland. It is a spot to be long remembered. I need scarcely say that we saw and heard almost nothing new bearing on the social and political state of the country. But I felt more than ever that no people has so strong an attraction for me personally; and, likewise, more than ever, that no people is so little able to stand alone.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *July 21st*, 1888.

My dearest Fred—The first piece of news for you this week is a big one. Arthur has been offered and has accepted

¹ *The Victory of the Cross.*

a mastership at Harrow. It is curious to think of him as teaching in the same place where Dr. Westcott, Dr. Butler, and other friends of ours were teaching so long.

. . . The great event of this week for Cambridge generally has been the visit of the Bishops assembled from all parts of the world under the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth. About eighty came here by invitation. Two were to have stayed with us ; but both were for various reasons detained in London. Several of them received Honorary Degrees in the Senate-House. In the evening there was a great dinner in St. John's Hall to receive them. About 150 of us altogether sat down. There were a number of interesting speeches, especially from the Bishops of London, New York, and Minnesota. I hope a pleasant impression of Cambridge will have been carried away to Ireland, Scotland, the colonies, and America. Certainly their representatives left a very pleasant impression behind with us.—Ever, dearest Fred, your loving father,
F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *October 13th, 1888.*

My dearest Fred—I wish you had been at home with us yesterday, when we had Arthur with us for his 'admission' as Fellow of Trinity, in Trinity Chapel, the act by which he becomes actually Fellow. . . . By a new custom introduced this year, there was a great dinner at Trinity to welcome the new Fellows. The old custom was that they should remain at the Bachelors' table till actually M.A. ; but now they are to join the high table at once. Of course I dined in Hall, and the Master made me come as his guest, Arthur being further down at the same table. We received the warmest possible greetings from many people. After dinner, in Combination Room the Master sent for Arthur to sit up near the head next to me. Presently the Master made a very pleasant little speech to welcome the two new Fellows who were present, and said some kind words about me too. . . . Grandpapa was a Scholar of Trinity, and I was Fellow ; so there are the three generations.

TO DR. C. R. GREGORY

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,
November 11-17th, 1888.

. . . I forget when I wrote last, and have not time to hunt out. It was at all events after our return from Rome. Late in June we were a few days in Dublin, chiefly staying with Salmon, now become Provost of Trinity College; the occasion of going being an honorary degree which T. C. D. voted me last year, and which I was then unable to receive, being on the skirts of Mt. Blanc. But the great delight was to see Dublin, my much cherished place of birth and childhood, not seen for more than fifty years. Of course I saw some of the Library treasures, and made T. K. Abbott's acquaintance, itself an acquisition. We wanted to go West; but the weather was too stormy for knocking about all day on open jaunting cars, and so we came home.

. . . Your phrase "the sad young emperor" struck and touched me much. It implies something not known to us here, but full of interest. As yet he is to us rather a mystery. His utterances are eagerly looked for and studied; but I have not come across any one (of course I am putting out of sight people who measure everything by what are called 'English interests') who has been pleasantly and hopefully impressed by them. Those of us who love his family much, and Germany more, long to see traces of *Menschlichkeit*, not to say Christianity, which as yet have not revealed themselves. No one doubts the tremendous difficulties of the position; but it has also unique possibilities of beneficence both to Germany and to poor distracted Europe. The firm ruler and valiant captain of armies is indispensable; but to be no more than these things would not be to be a true German king. If you have corrective facts or impressions to impart, it would be a true kindness to do so—when you have a little leisure. Even a word might be helpful, and help in this matter is needed.

Your bits of news about professional changes are always interesting. Oddly enough, the *Times* correspondent at Berlin had a paragraph about Harnack's appointment. Usually he flounders woefully on the rare occasions when he deals with

matters of church or theology, but on this occasion I think he must have been well informed. I did not however discover how Harnack finally prevailed or who was the rival candidate. Selfishly I do not like to think of him so far off as Berlin ; but I suppose it is right that he should have the great place, though I should think a less happy one, than in intermediate Universities. You have twice spoken of Zahn as now at Leipzig ; but not of his coming. (Wrong ; you did on June 19th.) I am very glad Loofs has come to the front, as he deserves.

I hope I have not before wholly passed over your mother's death. I know what it must have been to you and must be. The corresponding year for me (1866) lies under a heavy shadow in my memory.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *November 24th, 1888.*

. . . The *Life of Darwin*, which I dare say you have seen on our drawing-room table, is a very interesting book ; but I am afraid you will find many things in it hard to understand, and it is a big book. Some day you may like to have a talk about it. I hope the 'Inhabitants of a Pond' are not put off for good. But you were not badly off in hearing about such a man as Savonarola, especially if the lecturer was *the* Dr. Hodgkin of Newcastle whose books are on the dining-room shelves. Perhaps you may remember that at Florence Mamma and I saw the convent of St. Mark's in which Savonarola lived, and specially his cell ; and also the public place where he was burned. After hearing the lecture I dare say you would like to look again at our photographs of these things, and of Savonarola's own portrait.

So glad to hear about the House XV., the *Messiah* and *Creation*, and the Entomological Society.

TO HIS WIFE

IMPERIAL HOTEL, E. BOURNEMOUTH,
January 11th, 1889. 4.20 P.M.

. . . I sallied out to find Sandykeld. The porter carefully instructed me, but his instructions were not intelligent,

and I wandered about a good deal before I found the house, which is above three-quarters of a mile distant. Naturally there were few people to ask the way from, and of those few knew the house. But it was a walk to be remembered. It was a clear starlit night, and one was quite beyond anything like streets; only long lonely roads stretching over the plateau near the sea to Boscombe Chine (near which Sandykeld stands), with rather distant detached houses in large gardens, and all carved out of a forest of bare-stemmed and dark-topped pines dimly lit up by a gas-lamp here and there. The foot-paths by the roads were, in fact, alleys of pines, sometimes with double or treble rows outside them.

I was first shown into the outer (and larger) drawing-room, and through the open folding-doors I could make out that the Bishop was in the next or inner room. Presently Mr. Eden came out on receiving my card, and fetched me round into the dining-room beyond the inner drawing-room. He then told me that the Bishop had taken a surprising turn since last Friday, and especially since Sunday, and was now better than he had been before at Bournemouth, so that the hopes of a few weeks ago had quite revived. He would not hear of my waiting till to-day before seeing the Bishop, but after first ascertaining that the Bishop could see me without fatigue, brought me in. The light was not very good, but I was astonished at his appearance. He looks invalidish of course (his voice and, above all, manner are still more so), but his eye is clear and strong, and his features natural, in one sense indeed more natural than usual. To my eye he has *not* the look of deadly illness. He is also in good spirits. I undid your flowers before him, and he expressed warm thanks. I found to-day that he had wanted a letter to be written to you, but the chaplains told him it was better to let me convey the message. Of course I stayed only a short time then in the room, but readily agreed to come at twelve to-day, and stay to lunch.

This morning I made my way, losing it a good deal, to Dr. Scott's door, but, as I said before, in vain. I came home by the end of the gardens near the pier. Everything was at its loveliest under the bright blue sky. I could not have

wished for flowers in place of the various evergreens, with the 'pines' or rather firs dominating all. After a few minutes at home I went to Sandykeld. It was near one before the Bishop was free. Then I went in to shake hands. He looked even better than last night. . . . After a while I went off to see and have a chat with old Mr. Carus (Canon of Winchester), now eighty-five, to whose Sunday evenings when he was senior Dean of Trinity I used to go in early days.

TO HIS WIFE

PLOUGH HOTEL, CHELTENHAM, *January 12th, 1889.*

I think I broke off at the worthy Mr. Carus'. His carriage was presently announced, which comfortably ended the call. I was very glad to have made it. His loyalty to Trinity is always quite affecting.

. . . In the evening I saw the Bishop more than once, with just the same impressions. He was only too keen about his books and connected literary matters.

. . . Now I have had dinner in the coffee-room, and have written to two magnates, the Archbishop and the Vice-Chancellor, both specially interested in the sick-room at Bournemouth.

It is so strange to find oneself about to sleep in the middle part of the High Street at Cheltenham. I do hope to-morrow will be fine. It should be a day to remember. I passed Loretto to-day, our first Cheltenham house in my lifetime; but beyond my recollections, for I believe I was only a few months old.

TO HIS WIFE

PLOUGH HOTEL, CHELTENHAM, *January 13th, 1889.*

. . . I went in specially good time to Trinity Church through a damp and rather raw but hardly ever rainy morning (no sleet to-day). I was thankful to have a few quiet minutes before the service. I suppose it was when we took Ellen to the Ladies' College that we went into Trinity Church together, but I remember little about it. *Now*, at all events, it is changed from old times,—new seats, abolition of the 'three-

decker,' a reredos, a big broad Tudor window at the E. end in place of what used to carry Captain Wallace's gift of coloured linen, and all the windows filled with good glass of the *grisaille* sort, only rather injured by occasional touches of cerise. The church was quite full when service began. The voluntary was good music, well played, but too ornate. The service itself was a great enjoyment. It was gravely and quietly read by a young man in a bachelor's hood, both prayers and lessons; one could not desire better. Canticles and Psalms were well sung (though too loud) to well-chosen Anglican chants. These and the hymns were well joined in; for the first time for many years one felt to be in a real congregation. The (extempore) sermon by the mission preacher was quite unsensational and had some real force. Naturally the horizon was limited, though looking back to old times one felt a certain progress. One of the hymns was 'Praise, my soul, the King of heaven'; the two others good, though too purely personal, 'Evangelical' hymns of modern type. Various things seemed made for the day, especially Ps. lxxviii. and the Isaiah lesson.

I had a walk about the town in the afternoon, and this evening have been up to Christchurch. Altogether a very interesting day, though externally dreary enough.

TO HIS WIFE

PLOUGH HOTEL, CHELTENHAM,
January 13th, 1889, after post.

. . . After service at Trinity Church I made my way round to the N. aisle, and with some difficulty (for the day was very dark) made out the two chief tablets, Grandmamma's, and Arthur and our baby sister's. 'Uncle John's' (Aylmer) I somehow missed. After church I made a small round, passing by Roden House and Segrave Villa (now become 'Berkeley House') and Kenilworth House (the Coghills' when we were at Segrave Villa), turned to the right, and again to the right by unfamiliar and probably new streets into Hewlett's Road, and so to the Bellevue for letters. Presently after lunch I sallied out, with rather an effort, to see what I

could. The moist skies and muddy earth forbade a country walk, if I could have managed it; and it was really better worth while to hover about haunted places within the town, or nearly so. . . . I was sorely tempted to go on to Lansdown (having seen Eckington House only from the fly yesterday), but feared to make the walk too long. So I crossed the Promenade and went by Imperial Square (which I can remember in 1833 as a cowslip field), past Wolseley Terrace (where Grace Vivian used to live) on the one side and the Chalybeate Spa on the other, and turned up past Farnley Lodge. Except for the (now old) glass entrance passage, replacing the brick passage, it looks just as it did when it became our first settled English home (after the uprooting from Ireland) forty-nine years ago. The little yard was sufficiently visible where (alas, alas!) all my grandfather's correspondence was burned in 1844. I can see now the close masses of paper which refused to burn till they were poked and separated. We were going from commodious Farnley Lodge (for the owner Mr. Armitage wanted to come back), and Segrave Villa would by no means hold all our goods; so that many books and other things had to be shut up in a hired store to which my father and I afterwards paid countless dusty visits; and thus the temptation was strong to lighten the heap by destroying the papers, relating to long-extinct affairs, filling several packing-cases, and, it was thought, never likely to find a reader. Still I am sorry. But all this is a digression. I went just far enough up the road to see Coburg House (name now absent), the first Cheltenham house of our occupation within my actual memory (1833). Then down again once more past the Chalybeate Spa, past Rodney House (where lived Frederick Robertson's father, old Captain Robertson, whose younger sons, Struan and Harry, were Arthur's and my chief friends), and through the narrow passage into Cambray, having at the head on the right the house first occupied by the Ladies' College; and so down to the Plough.

. . . To-morrow will have to be chiefly spent in Mr. Fenwick's study. Strange to say, my cabman yesterday knew nothing of 'Thirlestaine House,'¹ and when the garden door

¹ Sir T. Phillips' library; see p. 4.

was opened, exclaimed at there being such a big house in Cheltenham—as well he might !

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

6 S. P. T., March 7th, 1889.

. . . Force of all kinds is lost by the total want of co-operation among those who are not partisans.¹ Some such joint action might save us from the victory of either party ; and either victory must be destructive. But in what shape should joint action be embodied ? Only, as far as I see, in reference to what comes after the trial or is independent of it. It might be clearly asserted (1) that no incumbent of any grade can be permitted to interpret documents regulating external worship on his own authority ; (2) that a large latitude should be permitted in respect of external worship, all details being subject to the control of the Bishop (and ultimately the Archbishop ?) ; (3) that the principle of unlimited and *ad libitum* additions not expressly forbidden by rubric should be negatived ; and (4) that the permanent remedy for present difficulties should be sought not in alterations of the interpreting authority, but in an alteration of rubrics. Of late years this last mode of action has dropped out of favour ; but I think recent experience shows that it is the only hopeful remedy. (Perhaps you have noticed the remark dropped in to-day's *Guardian* about Stokes' proposal in the House of Laymen.) Now, if a really representative body of 'moderate' men can be got to work, they might, I think, formulate suggestions for new rubrics which would be accepted by a great body of both the adverse parties. The first three points seem the most essential (speaking hastily) as a basis on which such a middle body might unite, and which might guide their suggestions. Unless they are all secured, I cannot see how the Church is to hold together for the future, nor do I see how any decision of the Archbishop in the present suit can secure them jointly. But if they can be secured independently, by means of new rubrics, the sting of

¹ The reference is to some proposed action in regard to the Lincoln case.

the antagonism in interpretation by the courts may be drawn beforehand.

So much for 'Ritual.' I confess I do not see the wisdom of mixing up the other question with it, and have great doubts whether anything is gained for any interest by attempting a formulation at present. 'Modern Thought' is a vile and unintelligible phrase, made the worse by coming in as a second thought. It would be better to say simply 'Doctrine and Criticism,' if anything is said; but the inclusion of this head seems likely, if persevered in, to wreck the whole enterprise, besides being of questionable policy in itself.

To return for a moment to ritual, I do not of course mean that new rubrics would shelve for ever the question of the interpreting authority. That must in some way be faced ultimately. But I am convinced that it *cannot* be settled while, as now, the whole burden of the ritual question is thrown upon it. The judicial question assumes a monstrosity disproportionate importance, and gets looked at in all kinds of unreal and unhistorical ways, so long as legislative work is practically piled upon the judicature. Undisguised legislation must, I feel sure, be shirked no longer.

If then you see your way to moving in this direction, I think you may do great good by accepting the invitation. A repetition of the former fiasco is on the other hand not to be desired, though it was probably well to make the attempt then.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *May 25th*, 1889.

. . . We have had a great loss here in Dr. Wright's death. He was, you know, Professor of Arabic, and had a better knowledge of that and the other languages allied to Hebrew than any living man anywhere—one or two in Germany perhaps excepted; and he was always wonderfully kind and helpful to other people, and would take any pains for them. Yesterday we had a funeral service in Queen's Chapel, but the actual burial is to be in Scotland.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *July 7th*, 1889.

. . . Yesterday, in anticipation of Ellen's birthday, we took advantage of Mary's Saturday freedom to go over by train to Bury St. Edmund's. It was very, very hot ; but still we were able to enjoy the two great churches, the Norman tower, and the great garden which now covers the ground formerly occupied by the famous monastery built in honour of St. Edmund.

TO DR. C. R. GREGORY

CAMBRIDGE, *July 31st*, 1889.

. . . It is increasingly hard to do anything. Multitudinous heavy business, private and public, has been and is upon me, making it scarcely possible to touch real work, of which, oh so much ! ought to be done this week, and meanwhile I am losing head and heart. Looking over slips at Ballater will have to be a very perfunctory business.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

CITADEL, BALLATER, *August 22nd*, 1889.

. . . Mrs. Hort and I had a very pleasant day with the Milligans on Monday and Tuesday ; so bright and so good a home-party one rarely sees, and the remains of Old Aberdeen in King's College and St. Machar were very interesting.

TO THE REV. PROFESSOR SANDAY

(From a copy, unfortunately defective)

BALLATER, *August 28th*, 1889.

. . . These are the actual reasons of my unproductiveness ; but pray do not suppose that they make me acquiescent in it. I chafe at it incessantly and increasingly as the tale of remaining

years swiftly lessens. Preparation for my lectures takes up a huge part of the year; and yet the notes, as I am obliged to leave them, are for the most part unfit to print without large revision and, so to speak, justification. Thus summer after summer I dream of leisure to finish editions of St. James and 1 Peter (long begun and partly executed), on the basis of lecture notes; but as yet it fails to come. It is the same with lectures on 'Judaistic Christianity'; and again on the 'Early History and Early Conceptions of the Christian Ecclesia,' on which indeed I am now at work.

But the gravest disappointment is connected more directly with the occasion of your article.¹ It is only by accident, so to speak, that I have had to occupy myself with texts, literary and historical criticism, or even exegesis of Scripture. What from earliest manhood I have most cared for, and what I have at all times most longed to have the faculty and the opportunity to speak about, is what one may call fundamental doctrine, alike on its speculative and on its historical side, and especially the relations of the Gospel to the Jewish and Gentile 'Preparations,' and its permanent relations to all human knowledge and action. Some aspects of the subject were treated in a course of Hulsean lectures which I delivered nearly eighteen years ago while still a parish priest, and a large part of which went soon afterwards into type. Unluckily the last lecture was written in a state of dull exhaustion, and so fell disproportionately below its intention, as indeed did also, less egregiously, its predecessor. But the time has never yet come when there has been a quiet space of at once tolerable vigour and tolerable undistractedness for completing even these unpretending little discourses, unmolested by imperious claims of more pressing pieces of work; and so the sheets and slips lie imprisoned in a box. Perhaps it would have been less difficult to try to complete them but for an increasing sense that, as things now are, they could help little if unaccompanied by a thorough discussion of problems needing a different kind of treatment; and that would [be] a task still more hopeless to attempt without some considerable pause from distraction. While every year seems to bring some fresh

¹ In the *Contemporary Review*, July 1889.

reason for wishing to try to speak, every year brings also fresh responsibilities in regard of speech.

This is, I fear, an egotistical letter ; but I think you will pardon the disburdenment, if only as an assurance how greatly I cherish your sympathy.

We have come here for our young people's holidays, now half over. Mrs. Hort and I have never been in Scotland before. We are much enjoying Deeside, though the air is less bracing than I could wish.

Our kindest regards to Mrs. Sanday.—Believe me, ever sincerely yours,
F. J. A. HORT.

TO DR. C. R. GREGORY (on a post-card)

CAMBRIDGE, *October 5th*, 1889.

. . . Alas ! I did not know that we had lost either Reuter or Th. Harnack, for both of whom I had (unknown to them) a great regard. Much of what is best and most enduring in our Harnack he owes to his father, I feel sure ; and no one can know that so well as doubtless he does.

TO DR. C. R. GREGORY

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,
December 12th, 1889.

My dear Dr. Gregory—It is sad to have kept your proof of introduction to Lectionaries some days, but there was no help for it. . . . Then came the remainder of lectures, with which I was specially backward ; and then an examination for which (as examiner !) I had much preparation to make. Hence several (not successive) nights of half or less than half their natural length. Hence oppression and stupidity. Then on Saturday week I was knocked over (happily not trodden on or driven over) by a violently driven dogcart emerging suddenly from behind a tramcar, which, aided by darkness little affected by bad gas, had quite concealed it. No serious harm ; only some slight strains, a cut or two on the forehead, and the shock of said forehead against the road ; but at my age a fall

like that does not help one to throw off quickly an already oppressive condition.

We are all grieving over Hatch's loss. So much remained for him to do, that no one else can do as well. Lightfoot has had a good journey to Bournemouth, and is shortly going to the Riviera.—Ever sincerely yours, F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. MOULTON

[CAMBRIDGE], *December 22nd, 1889.*

My dear Dr. Moulton—All is alas already over! The Bishop [of Durham] passed peacefully away at a quarter to 4 P.M. yesterday. I should have written to you in the evening but that I assumed you would hear from Dr. Westcott direct. But he had much on his mind.

On Thursday he had a decidedly unfavourable account from Mr. Harmer, who reported that bad symptoms had appeared on Tuesday evening, though in the morning the Bishop had been working at his books. On Friday he wrote a much worse account. The remedies, after a little partial success, had begun to fail, and the dropsy was rapidly gaining ground. The telegram, a very brief one, was no surprise to either of us. Except the telegram, nothing has yet been received of later date than the middle or afternoon of Friday.

Each year, I fear, will show more vividly what we have all lost.—Ever sincerely yours, F. J. A. HORT.

I am sorry at the delay in answering your note. It came into my hands just as I was starting with Mrs. Hort for St. Mary's. The Dead March in *Saul* was played, and we walked home very slowly with the Westcotts and Kings. Dr. King's concluding words were most touching and worthy.

TO DR. C. R. GREGORY

CAMBRIDGE, *December 30th and 31st, 1889.*

My dear Dr. Gregory—I wonder much whether you know already the cause of my seeming tardiness. We—and all

Protestant Christendom—have had the most grievous of losses. On Saturday week Bishop Lightfoot passed peacefully away at Bournemouth, whither he had gone for a short sojourn before proceeding by the doctor's advice to the Riviera. We learn now that, when he passed through London, some symptoms looked well, others not well; and that he himself thought ill of his own state. But we at Cambridge knew nothing of anything amiss till Friday week. On the Tuesday he was hard at work (not unwisely or harmfully) at his enlarged edition of *Clement of Rome*; but an ill-omened change began that evening, and each day things grew worse. Happily he suffered no pain.

On Thursday, the day after Christmas Day, Westcott and I and others went down to Durham. That night we received the body from Bournemouth, and deposited it in the Chapel of the Nine Altars in the Cathedral, where relays of Cambridge pupils in twos watched it through the night. Next day we met at Holy Communion at 8, at the ordinary service at 10, and then at the great preliminary public funeral (the first part) in the Choir of the Cathedral, the whole length of which was filled from end to end. It was said that only six of the clergy of the diocese were absent; and the clergy in their surplices seemed as nothing to the dark masses of laity. Westcott and I walked as mourners with the few surviving relatives in our ordinary clothes, instead of coming in academical dress with the representatives of Cambridge. After the service (a hymn, the psalm, the lesson, the anthem, and another hymn) we followed the body again down the central aisle and up the S. aisle, and out through the cloister of the abbey to the open air, where it was placed in a hearse with glass sides. A few of us were admitted to the carriages which followed the hearse, while a few went by train. The drive of twelve or thirteen miles to the episcopal residence, Auckland Castle, was in its own way most impressive. The road lay over a barren upland full of coal-pits, and through two or three huge miners' villages, much neglected before Lightfoot's episcopate, but now well cared for. Almost every shop was shut, and blind down; and the road was lined with grave-looking crowds of both sexes and all ages. So it was all through the straggling miners' town of Auckland.

Then followed the burial proper in the chapel of Auckland Castle, an exquisite thirteenth century hall turned by Bishop Cosin (seventeenth century) into a chapel, much improved and beautified by Lightfoot. There was not room for many besides those who had formerly been inmates and pupils of the house as Candidates for Holy Orders, and special friends. The service was very quiet and impressive.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, *January 3rd, 1890.*

My dear Westcott—The welcome gift of your *Hebrews* has come this morning. Very many thanks to you for it. It comes with an additional sacredness from these last few days.

It is humiliating to me to think that one of our three has passed away without my having 'produced' as yet anything of my portion of the joint work undertaken 29-30 years ago. Yet, in late years at least, it has not been for want of trying, or of ever-increasing desire. I can only hope that, if life is spared, the new year thus begun may be less barren.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

[CAMBRIDGE] *January 9th, 1890.*

. . . The only criticism, I think, that occurs to me on the sermon¹ is on slip 3, § 3, lines 4-7 (cf. slip 8, l. 24). First it is not clear whether you mean to express concurrence with 'men' as to what they call 'mystical.' But further, what is of more consequence, your language (in both places) seems to me to be liable to be taken as saying more than you mean, you are liable, I fear, to be understood as condemning all Christian *γνώσις*. 'Speculation' is always a vexatiously ambiguous word. Lightfoot's mental interests lay almost exclusively in concrete facts or written words. He never seemed to care for any generalisation. No one can

¹ On Bishop Lightfoot's death. The sermon referred to is the last in the little volume called '*From Strength to Strength*. In memoriam J. B. D.'

with advantage be everything; and he gained much by what was surely a limitation. He gained by it in clearness and force for thought and word; and he gained by it enormously in ready access to English people of all sorts, owing to its correspondence to the prevalent English habit of mind. But would it not be a pity to seem to suggest that the region which had little attraction for him is, in itself, a barren cloud-land, as so many people assure us it is?

Since writing this, I have been looking at the early numbers of the *Journal of Philology* to see what Lightfoot first wrote on. If I mistake not, his earliest contribution is a short notice of Schaff's *Church History* (ii. 119 f.); and, strange to say,¹ it contains these sentences: "He writes under a full conviction of the importance of co-operation between the practical sense of the English and the speculative tendencies of the German mind." "We regard it [the book] as no mean earnest of what may be expected from the co-operation of those two nations, which in so many respects may be regarded each as the complement of the other in the intellectual world." The recognition of both provinces is quite characteristic.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

6 S. P. T., February 10th, 1890.

[*A Postscript.*]

. . . I have found on my table a letter from an Oxford man suggesting a quite new interpretation of *ἐπιούσιος*. The 'apostles,' being "ignorant men with very little knowledge of philology," meant it to represent *ἐπιπιούσιος*, "bread in addition to drink"; "quite in accord with the simple details of the Prayer." A reminiscence of Falstaff?

TO DR. C. R. GREGORY

CAMBRIDGE, February 25th, 1890.

. . . Two things I have long had to thank you for, and, alas, have not yet done it; those beautiful large paper

sheets of the completed list of cursives, and the specially welcome portrait of yourself. It is very pleasant to have that to look at. The sheets give me a double feeling; huge relief to think that that much of your burden is safely dislodged from your shoulders, and remorse—no, that is too strong a word to use honestly, where the *will* assuredly was not wanting, but at least repining—that you had so little help from me after the sheets had assumed their sheet-form. But that is now spilt milk.

I *hope* I should have written to you sooner, had I not fallen a victim to influenza. It came on me three weeks ago, not at all severe, and not seriously debilitating, but hindering and half-disabling in various ways. I had only three or four days in bed, which was a great thing. In the fine weather of a week ago I went out on three days with no chill, and at the time seeming benefit. But each night the feverishness and aches returned; so that I have had to keep shut up ever since, and with good effect, though the enemy has not altogether disappeared. To day I ventured on lecturing, and thus far do not seem to be the worse for it. But the stupid state in which I have been all the winter has by this attack become stupider; and as soon as University rules permit, *i.e.* about March 13th, we are thinking of starting for a little trip to Venice, Padua, Brescia, etc., in the hope of being fresher for Easter term.—With kindest regards to your wife, ever truly yours,
F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, *March 8th*, 1890.

My dear Westcott—After much thinking, I can see but one answer,¹ though on selfish grounds my heart sinks within me at writing it. A call coming with such peculiar emphasis throws a very heavy *onus probandi* on refusal. The responsibility of refusal ought, I think, to be faced and acted on if you felt clearly that you would by acceptance be exchanging a mainly fit for a mainly unfit form of service. That, however, is certainly not the

¹ To the offer of the Bishopric of Durham.

case. After two nights, you feel indeed as every one who knows himself must feel, but you have not that prohibitory sense which I mean, nor again (to say the least) have you a sense of clinging to Cambridge in permanence. As regards the spheres themselves, they are, I think, incommensurable as to importance, and mutually necessary. But no one who knows you, and who knows the times, can for a moment doubt that, be the limitations what they may, you are capable of rendering the highest and most needed service to the Anglican and the whole English flocks, and through them to all others. Nor is it a question of Durham alone, but of Durham in conference with Lambeth.

I have tried to write down, quite drily, what I am constrained to say when asked. Of personal or of academic consequences I dare not think. What remains of life would have to be lived under conditions of bewildering dislocation and solitude; and the dearth of men outside the staff you know only too well. But, though the academic embarrassment is no light matter for either Church or University, I cannot urge that it should be decisive. It would, at least, be a constant support to know that the University is in good earnest represented among the Bishops with acquaintance and with sympathy.

I can say no more. God be with you.—Believe me, ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER

ALBERGO D'INGHILTERRA, VENICE,
March 22nd, 1890.

. . . Yesterday morning (at Padua) we first walked to the Church of the Eremitani, to see some very fine and interesting frescoes by Mantegna, the first great Paduan painter. Then we made our way to the peculiarly *uninteresting* Cathedral, to catch hold of the sacristan as keeper of the key of the adjoining Baptistery, an interesting building architecturally, and lined in all directions with remarkable early frescoes. By this time the rain had begun again, but we managed to get to the great Town-hall or Parliament-house (whichever you like to call it), the Palazzo della Ragione, in

order to see the prodigious room called Il Salone, said to be the largest in Europe. The walls are painted in compartments with multitudes of separate subjects, the connexion of which with each other no one has ever been able to make out. They were painted in the fifteenth century, the hall itself being some two hundred and fifty years older. . . . One church we failed to get into ; another, S. Giustina, we peeped into and found dull inside, though outside very interesting. Then we had just five minutes for a rush into S. Antonio and a second glimpse at the wonderful Veronese frescoes in S. Felice's chapel. The afternoon was dull with a shower or two, so that we missed nearly all the Venetian Alps to the north of the train, but we got quite easily to Venice, and soon found ourselves ensconced in the black cabin of a gondola (we have as yet seen nothing but black, in any shape, on every gondola !), and gliding down the Grand Canal. Just before we came to the Rialto Bridge we struck into a narrower canal to the left, to cut off a great bend, and after twisting and twining about, found ourselves beside the Doges' Palace and going under the 'Bridge of Sighs,' and then in two or three minutes we were at this comfortable little hotel. We have a wondrous view from our window. In front S. Giorgio Maggiore on his separate and distant island, with the lagoon beyond ; to the right S. Maria della Salute and the mouth of the Grand Canal ; to the left the quay and the ships for the Adriatic.

But, alas ! I must stop, or the post may be lost. Very much love to all.—Ever your loving father,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. WESTCOTT

ALBERGO FENICE, BRESCIA,
Easter Day [April 6th], 1890.

My dear Westcott—You will not need to be told how ceaselessly we have been thinking of you and Mrs. Westcott since we left Cambridge, or again—a small matter beside great matters—how much the message¹ which you conveyed

¹ A request to preach the sermon at Dr. Westcott's consecration as Bishop of Durham.

through Mrs. Westcott has been present to my mind all this while. It might seem a poor return for the care and consideration with which the message was caused to reach me that you have been left more than three weeks without the slightest word of answer. But I know you will have approximately understood why you have not heard. The suggested wish was one that from every point of view it would be a peculiar satisfaction to be enabled to accept, and one that it would bring a peculiar sense of frustration to be obliged to decline ; and yet I could not but go on craving from day to day the justification afforded by renewal of energy.

We have had a pleasant and successful time, with good weather after the first week. I have been able to go about a good deal, chiefly on foot, and hope I may regard the results of influenza as long worn out. On the other hand, nights, though not often bad, have been rarely good, chiefly owing to a wholly unimportant but troublesome cough ; and this curtailing of sleep, together with the difficulty of finding quiet pauses, has made thinking coherently a hard thing to have opportunity for, since freshness of mind failed to arrive. Yet I did not in the least feel it to be justifiable to write off a negative answer on these grounds, and so I have gone on shamelessly leaving you in suspense.

For some days, however, I have felt that the answer should not be written later than to-day. Last night the *Guardian* arrived with a paragraph which showed afresh how unfairly I had been treating you. This afternoon we have spent on the hill to the north-east of Brescia, mostly in solitude, before the most wondrous view of the city, with the Lombard plain fading into an iridescent bloom on the one side, and the exquisite outline of the hills towards Bergamo and Lecco on the other. And now I feel that the venture must be made, and that I cannot but write to-day to accept the trust of attempting to say a word on the day when the great trust will be committed to you. I assume that the papers are right in saying that the time and place will be Ascension Day¹ and Westminster Abbey.

¹ It was actually May 1st, St. Philip and St. James' Day.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

CAMBRIDGE, *May 3rd*, 1890.

My dear Westcott—You see I can obey episcopal ‘instructions.’¹

You have, I fear, been too anxious about those forty minutes (too many perhaps) in the midst of the great congregation. They did not involve any appreciable effort, and strange to say, I escaped even nervousness.

Yes, that was a service of worship indeed, more to be remembered than spoken of. We are deeply thankful that all our six children were enabled to take part in it. None of them, I think, will ever forget it. It was a great delight to see the Bishop of Winchester filling that place, and to see him so comparatively well.

For myself, I never can be too grateful for the privilege of having such a representative part in a day of such moment for yourself and for all things that we greatly care for; though I am haunted by the inadequacy of expression given to much that I desired to say. However, I am taking some words in your note as an ‘instruction,’ and writing to George Macmillan about publication.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

CAMBRIDGE, *May 10th*, 1890.

. . . I had hoped to avoid troubling you again, but I cannot now be content without a word to you on a big matter which concerns your new as much as your old work. Have you considered whether it would not be well for you to take or make some early opportunity of saying publicly what you said to the Clergy Training School gathering about the Old Testament question; better still, of saying rather more, and more explicitly? Often during the last few months I have thought of asking you, but the opportunity never came. What has taken place since does but make me wish still more to ask it.

¹ Viz. as to addressing the Bishop by the more familiar designation.

This last week has brought a fresh impulse. I venture to send you privately two letters from Ryle. In answer to the first, after pointing out that probably he would have to await a new Regius Professor's election, I asked whether he had fully faced what he was undertaking. He was evidently meaning what he wrote to be published, and at all events it would have publicity; while the stress of the matter must rest at last on the Christological question. Liddon's conclusions seemed to me to follow from his premises, and he and his friends were ready to pronounce those premises (what they call) *de fide*. Did he feel clearly called to raise a controversy like this, on the legitimacy of the possible revision of traditional formulations? Was it not better, unless challenges should be thrown down that could not be declined, to try to promote such insensible change of doctrine as we have had other examples of for many years past? You will see his answer. Apart from his taking such a thesis, it does seem that there is very strong reason indeed for something being done, not only to avoid showing lack of sympathy towards Driver, whose mode of writing is exemplary, but also because guidance is so greatly needed, for Cambridge students and for others, and this is the quarter from which a word might most reasonably be looked for. But your removal gravely changes the position. None of us who remain possess any appreciable portion of the moral authority on a great doctrinal question which would undoubtedly attach to whatever you might say; even if we are not objects of some positive suspicion. And secondly, it is of great consequence not to do anything (without urgent reason) which might give a handle to an impression or statement that Cambridge theology was changing its character on your departure. Nothing could so strengthen Ryle's hands as a public utterance from you that would cover his ground; and nothing—I will venture to say it—would have such salutary effects as regards this subject throughout the Church, not least in reassuring much shaken faith. . . . Meanwhile, in speaking fresh from Cambridge, you would be speaking on behalf of Cambridge. All delays would, as far as I see, weaken the advantages of the present conjuncture.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

CAMBRIDGE, *May 19th*, 1890.

My dear Westcott—How shall I thank you for the little parcel¹ which has come from Auckland inscribed with *Ascension Day*? It will be cherished as a visible message always speaking in the present. The past of which it speaks is precious for its own sake, but yet more for the days to come.—
Ever affectionately yours, F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

CAMBRIDGE, *June 18th*, 1890.

. . . On the morning when the honorary degrees were conferred, I breakfasted at [Trinity] Lodge, and sat between Jowett and Liddon! It was a curious experience. Both were friendly.

TO HIS WIFE

REV. DR. FARRAR'S, THE COLLEGE, DURHAM,
June 23rd, 1890. 6 P.M.

Here I am, safely arrived after quite an easy journey. It was rather hot and close for most of the way, thunder being evidently not many counties off. After crossing the Tees we had a brighter sky and rather fresher air. It was delicious to be brought back again almost to the beginning of June, so much brighter and more springlike was every green thing than it has now become in the South. I looked out in vain, however, for Globe flower in the meadows. The young bracken was exquisite. . . . The twin view of Castle and Cathedral from the station looked more wonderful than ever. Host and hostess were most friendly and hospitable, and in

¹ A bound copy of Westcott and Hort's Greek Testament, inscribed "CTNAΘAOTNTEC; F. J. A. H., in grateful and affectionate remembrance of the close friendship and common work of forty years. B.F.D. Auckland, Ascension Day, 1890."

two minutes I was at tea in the drawing-room. Very shortly Dr. Tristram (he of Palestine zoology and botany) came in, and we chatted a little.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

AUCKLAND CASTLE, BISHOP AUCKLAND,
June 29th, 1890.

. . . It has been a very quiet time here, which was all the better, as I came chiefly for work, viz. to examine the notes left by Dr. Lightfoot. Yesterday two sets of people came by invitation to see the Castle and be talked to by the Bishop. One was formed by the (about forty-two) lay Church-workers of this Rural Deanery. They saw the sights, had tea and made speeches, and then came for a little service into the Chapel, which the Bishop is anxious to use in every possible way. Mr. Eden, who was their conductor, read prayers, and Mr. Body gave them an 'address,' really a rather long sermon. Tuesday is to be a great day. It is to be this year practically the 'St. Peter's Day' instead of to-day, and a large number of Bishop Lightfoot's Auckland pupils are coming as usual for the yearly gathering. By to-morrow night the Castle will be full, and overflowing into the town. . . . I much want Mamma and you to see the Chapel in its present improved state. The windows represent eighteen scenes in the early history of the Northumbrian Church, half from the Celtic period, half from the (chiefly) Roman period, *i.e.* after the Synod of Whitby. Then the arms (where discoverable) of all the Bishops form a bright band round the walls. The prayer-books were given by the American Bishops.

TO HIS WIFE

HOTEL GEMMI, KANDERSTEG, *August 3rd, 1890.*

On the top of the Gemmi we stayed barely a minute, but that minute was an unlucky one. I was standing on the little shaly flat place to the left of the (so-called) Hôtel Wildstrubel, and pointing out to F.¹ the precipices of the Balmhorn

¹ Frank, his second son.

and Altels, when a huge dog, whom I had not seen, made a sudden spring at me and knocked me over in a moment. The creature probably meant only rough play. Providentially I was a few feet from the edge. I at once felt my right hip the worse for the shock on the stones, but was able to walk without limping, and we set off at once to descend, hoping soon to get sheltered from the pitiless wind and its burden of rain; but this happened only partially, and after a long time. In a few minutes I was thankful to accept F.'s offer of his alpenstock, as I should have scrupled to do but that I saw him making his way down safely and easily. Evidently his head was not much tried by the precipices. Happily mine also remained steady. But I found the descent very trying physically, partly no doubt from want of strength, but chiefly from the lame hip, though it only ached. Of course I dared not make long halts, for fear of its stiffening and leaving me utterly in the lurch among those awful crags. No doubt people were going down at no long intervals, and a *chaise à porteurs* might have been in time sent up from Leukerbad. But then there would have been the long wait in the cold wind and rain, and one would not willingly go down that path in a *chaise à porteurs*, though I believe it would be as safe as Trumpington Street. Naturally power lessened as time went on, and only very slow progress was possible at last. However, from the top to this house we were only two hours and ten minutes on the way, less than double the usual time.

TO THE REV. J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON

HOTEL SCHWARZHORN, ÜBER ZERMATT, WALLIS,
August 9th, 1890.

My dear Mr. Robinson—It is excellent news indeed that the project for a series of studies¹ in biblical and historical 'theology,' to be published at Cambridge, which has been

¹ This letter is in answer to a communication from Mr. (now Professor) Robinson about the proposed Cambridge *Texts and Studies*, inaugurated in this year under his editorship. Hort was never able to take active part in furthering the scheme.

talked of so often from time to time, is at last likely to be so taken up as to become fact. A conversation which I had with Ryle not many months ago made me feel that it ought to be dallied with no longer, but in the interval I have had neither time nor energy to think and consult about it. It is all the more satisfactory that initial action has been taken independently. It is needless to say that you may reckon upon me for any help that I can give. If I may be forgiven for saying so, I think the meeting made an admirable choice as to the editor. Nor need you be perturbed by the consciousness of ignorance, though you must not expect to get free from it. As far as my experience goes, the more one learns, the more one's sense of ignorance increases, and that in more than double measure. We can only go blunderingly on according to the best of our lights, hoping that sooner or later the blunders will get corrected by others.

. . . I observe you do not mention the Oxford *Studia Biblica* (our best authority to appeal to in applying to our own Syndicate), though really, if I understand rightly, your plan is to include a number of essays in one volume, which is the Oxford plan, not to bring out chiefly single works of different lengths, which is Harnack's plan. For most purposes the Oxford plan seems to me preferable, though I should doubt its fitness in the case of (say) the edition of Tatian or even Loof's Leontius. Possibly the plan should be so framed as to allow occasional adoption of the separate method. It will be important, I think, to take pains to provide variety in the subjects, and especially not to drown literature and history in a textual flood.

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER

HOTEL SCHWARZSEE, *August 17th*, 1890.

. . . I told Ellen the other day about our evening at Leukerbad. One little incident I forgot, which amused us much. Among the 'bath-guests' was a French boy of fourteen or fifteen, whose looks we did not at all dislike, but who was the most absurdly fat boy ever seen. Doubtless he had been sent to the Baths to thin him down. You may imagine

then how we opened our eyes when we saw him sit down late in the afternoon to a solitary tea or coffee with a huge beefsteak, which he immediately proceeded to demolish. Less than two hours later we saw him go in with the others to the big *table d'hôte*, where no doubt he did his part in clearing the table. Probably it was all part of the treatment for reducing obesity.

. . . Next morning we had a delightful drive down the short steeply-descending valley, in which everything looked its freshest, to the quaint little old town of Leuk, with its fine 'Lombard' church tower and other old buildings, and then down among the barberry bushes across the Rhone to the station, where we dropped the luggage, and got put down by the carriage at the old Susten inn not many yards off. There we lunched and I wrote a card to Mamma, and then we walked slowly back to the station. The piece of 'Rhone Valley' between Susten and Visp is not long, and we were soon out of the train and at Visp. The little train of the new uphill railway was standing ready not very many yards off, and we lost no time in getting our tickets and tumbling in. The train made a curve round Visp to the west, and thus brought into view a beautiful Renaissance loggia which I had never seen before. There was nothing particular in the journey till near Stalden. It was a relief to be spared a peculiarly hot bit of valley, despite the loss of plants and butterflies. But presently when we crossed the river the line began to mount up very steeply indeed, the ordinary rails being supplemented (as in parts of the way to Grindelwald) with a third middle line adapted to catch on a cogwheel. There was a great confusion at the very new Stalden station, a mere log hut kind of place. But in due time I was seated in my chair, and lifted by my porters, and carried up to the hotel. There the luggage was put on a kind of wain, and off we set, leaving most of our fellow-passengers still eating and drinking. It felt very odd being carried in that way for two hours and a half up the narrow valley to St. Nicolas, but I cannot say it was disagreeable. I was, however, already well enough to take a small stroll with Frank, and so that day ended. Best love to all, from your affectionate father,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS WIFE

HOTEL SCHWARZSEE, *August 24th*, 1890.

And now what am I to say about Newman? As yet I have practically said nothing, though the subject is seldom out of my thoughts. I find it grievously hard to say anything of him which does not need correction in some way or other, so strange a medley of contradictions he was. I hardly know whether to rejoice more or be anxious more at the general tone of comment in England on his character and career. A large proportion of it is sadly unreal, founded on the vaguest impressions, and showing no knowledge of the Church history of our own time. Yet even so, one cannot but rejoice at what not long ago would have seemed an impossible overleaping of the barriers of English prejudice, preparing the way, one hopes, for a larger and stronger sense of unity in all directions hereafter. And on the other hand, there is real fear that through the hazy impulsiveness which now prevails people may be led to forget the difference between truth and deadly error, not the less deadly because great and good men have been beguiled by it. My own personal feeling towards Newman has always included a large share of reverence. Of the letters which I received in acknowledgement of my *Two Dissertations* there are none that I so prize as those which came from Newman (two of them) and from Arthur Stanley. The gift of his *Essays* was a specially welcome gift as coming from such a man, besides its value as a recognition of our joint interest in the doctrinal history of the fourth century, the only part of Church history at which, if I remember right, he ever worked in earnest. Yet I suppose there is no distinguished theologian in any church, or of any school, whom I should find it so hard to think of as having contributed anything to the support or advance of Christian truth. The force of his sermons comes partly from his own pure and intense devotion, partly from his marvellous power of reading and analysing the mixed thoughts and feelings of men. But in matters of belief what Maurice said of him is profoundly true, that he was governed by an infinite scepticism counteracted by an infinite devout-

ness. But for his indestructible sense of God's reality and presence, he *must* have early become a thorough-going unbeliever; and then, not content with a sober and reasonable faith, he delighted to use his never-failing subtlety in finding reasons or excuses for any belief which he wished to accept. The natural result of such teaching was that some of his ablest and most devoted disciples after a while gave up the attempt to follow him in his wonderful leaps, and fell away from Christian faith altogether. A more inspiring teacher it would be difficult to find, but the power of building up was not one of his gifts.

Again, it is rather trying to read the unqualified praises of Newman's 'saintliness.' As regards his old age they may be true, but certainly not as regards his early and middle life. Doubtless he lived always as in the sight of God. He was entirely free from self-seeking or ambition. To friends and pupils he was affectionate and tender to a rare degree. But he seemed to revel in religious warfare, and as a combatant he was bitter and scornful beyond measure. Doubtless he was often led by others; and in this respect he probably suffered great moral injury from association with men like Hurrell Froude. But the temptation to use his remarkable controversial powers unscrupulously must have been too strong for him; and so towards opponents, or those whom he chose to consider such, it is sadly uncommon to find him showing gentleness, or forbearance, or even common fairness. It was so both at Oxford and in his early Roman Catholic days. Then came the collision with Kingsley, a tragic and shameful business. Kingsley was much to blame for his recklessly exaggerated epigram, though it had but too sad a foundation of truth. Newman's reply, however, was sickening to read, from the cruelty and insolence with which he trampled on his assailant. Kingsley's rejoinder was bad enough, but not so horribly unchristian. However, there was one good result. Newman learned, to his astonishment, from the public comments that there was not the least unwillingness in reasonable English people to do him justice, although he was a Roman Catholic and a pervert; and so he was emboldened to unbosom himself, and try to get his

mental history understood, by writing his *Apologia*. From that day a change seemed to come over him. The antagonism against things English which had pervaded the *Tracts* and the early lectures delivered after his perversion died away, partly perhaps owing to recent experience as to the ugly realities of Italian Romanism. Another great experience of those days evidently told much upon him for good. He, the most conspicuous and brilliant of Roman converts, found but scanty recognition from the Pope and the Roman authorities. Except by a few friends, he was little more than tolerated as a troublesomely independent and eccentric person, not far removed from being a heretic. This terribly mortifying lesson seems to have had a most salutary chastening effect, dispersing various delusions, and bringing back sympathy with Protestant England. After this the appreciation shown by Leo XIII. (when the Jesuits would let him) was only so much genial sunshine, and entirely salutary. If I am not much mistaken, these later years brought a far more peaceful frame of mind, and also at least an approach to a truer and wider view of human affairs than his old theories allowed. The end has been all one could desire, short of the (in his case impossible) return to the true Church of England. But it is misleading to keep out of sight the strife and violence of nearly all his active life.

I did not mean to write all this, but we cannot talk, and things go quickly by.

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER

ZERMATT, *September 7th, 1890.*

. . . I am so glad you have been working so vigorously at the fossils, first at finding them and fetching them home, and then at polishing those which will reward polishing. I do not wonder that you were puzzled about the names of the Ammonites. I suspect you will find more real help in the Woodwardian Museum at Cambridge than at the Whitby Museum. Not many years ago we became possessors of the Leckenby collection, probably the best existing collec-

tion of the Oolite and Lias fossils of Yorkshire. Some day after you come back I must take you to look at them. If I mistake not, you have gone quite the right way to work about the polishing. That is specially worth while doing for the Corals, on account of their delicate structure; I think we shall be able at home to find a book which explains about it, especially about the transverse and the vertical partitions. I expect that the Ammonites need to be known by sight by a kind of instinct after you have got some familiarity with the different forms, though no doubt some can be made out by descriptions. That 'Peak'¹ must be a most interesting place, fault and all; and I should much like to see it.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

CAMBRIDGE, *September 17th*, 1890.

. . . It has occurred to me that, while you are occupied with your Church Congress paper,² you may care to glance at an article of Harnack's which I happened to send for in July. It affords at least a glimpse into the way in which our German brethren are met by and trying to meet the problems which press on ourselves.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

CAMBRIDGE, *October 2nd*, 1890.

. . . Perhaps I may now venture to fulfil a promise made at the Leys on Saturday, a wish having been hinted that there should be no needless delay.

Next year the Wesleyans hope to celebrate the centenary of John Wesley's death by a series of functions to be held in London. One of these will have associated with it representatives of the bodies which have split off from the original Connexion; another representatives of the other Noncon-

¹ Near Robin Hood's Bay, on the Yorkshire coast.

² This was a paper on 'Socialism,' which attracted a good deal of attention.

formist denominations. But they are specially anxious to have a gathering at which the Church of England alone will be represented, in addition to their own body; and they hope that Wesley's peculiar position may render this possible. The gathering will not be a religious service, but a meeting with speeches,—of course opened with prayer. The place, however, will be City Road Chapel; and this was obviously felt to be a possible difficulty. There is a strong wish that the Church should, if possible, be represented by a Bishop; and incomparably the most acceptable Bishop would be yourself. Of course they wish to avoid refusals, and therefore private information in advance as to the answer that would be given is greatly desired.

Evidently there is no risk that either answer would be misunderstood, so far as responsible persons are concerned.

As you would anticipate, every word was full of careful and intelligent delicacy.

Of course I spoke in perfect neutrality.—Ever affectionately yours,
F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

CAMBRIDGE, *October 7th*, 1890.

. . . After writing the enclosed, I think that, in spite of the express exclusion of your responsibility for reasons, I shall do better to ask your ratification (or otherwise) before posting.

I feel strongly with you that, to choose my own words, we must not recognise Separatism as a normal and permanent state of things, though we may refuse to judge separatists or separatist bodies, and may show such fellowship not only with individuals but with bodies as does not compromise our reserved prerogative. In practice it is not easy always to see what does or does not fulfil this condition.

I confess I doubt your interpretation of the Hull address. I had not so read it at the time, nor do I so read it now. The tone throughout seemed to me to be (unconsciously) patronising, but I thought there was a careful avoidance of 'claim,' except in a form such as most Churchmen might now consistently allow. The justification of the separate body

is placed simply on the utilitarian ground of **adaptation** to different types of nature ; while no permanence is claimed for it, the same purpose being evidently attainable by (*ex hypothesi*) Wesleyan organisation *within* the Church. And again the appeal to Providential Guidance *through* Wesley's own position *into* the modern Wesleyan position implicitly points to the possibility (at least) of future Divine Guidance under other circumstances into other ways. There is surely for us no practical question of Wesleyans 'retreating,' of their simply crying *peccavimus* and going back above a century, but of such a progress out of Separateness as may waste nothing of the work and lessons of these last generations.

The answer to the Lambeth letter did indeed surprise and disappoint me greatly. But, as far as I remember, that gratuitous chilliness was more in fault than the actual substance.

The sentences in your answer at Hull which follow your reference to Moulton seem to me to say exactly what ought to be thought and said by churchmen just now. Only I hope the Wesleyan authorities may be rightly interpreted as not dissenting from them. But I do not forget that you have had much better opportunities of judging.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

CAMBRIDGE, October 11th, 1890.

. . . The answer in itself could hardly be called a disappointment to Moulton, for he said he was prepared for various reasons which might lead to your refusal. But the true reason had never occurred to him ; and he spoke of it as a bitter disappointment, evidently meaning, as regards the future generally, not the Wesley Centenary. He had believed that you shared his view that a plurality of independent Christian communities in the same country is the ideal state of things, not merely a present necessity. For your own view I referred him to your answer at Hull, which expressly refused to surrender the hope that there might ultimately be not unity only but some external unity. Nothing was said about the Wesleyan address at Hull and its meaning. . . .

The whole incident is depressing. I had hoped for better things from the middle-aged Wesleyans, and from their instrumentality reaching beyond their own communion. Yet forces are at work which forbid discouragement; and who can wonder if Dissenters shrink from being merged in a body which they fear is on the way to taking its doctrine of the Church from the Oxford Tracts? That natural fear is surely the deadliest hindrance to reunion.

Some of us are wondering what University representatives will grace 'Pontifical Mass'¹ in honour of 'Our Lady and the English Martyrs' on Wednesday. There is reason to fear that the attraction will be only too potent.—Ever affectionately yours,
F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

(On a post-card)

CAMBRIDGE, *November 26th*, 1890.

. . . The Archbishop's judgment² has made me very happy, whatever the result may be. I only wish he had summed up, and compelled people to see its rational coherence, and the importance of the lines laid down.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

CAMBRIDGE, *Ask Wednesday*
[*February 11th*, 1891].

. . . Have you seen Newman's letters? They are full of various interest, to say nothing of his wondrous personality. But——.—Ever affectionately yours,
F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

CAMBRIDGE, *March 17th*, 1891.

. . . I am so glad you care about St. Patrick. But it is tantalising to know so little. I specially wish we could tell whether he was at Lerins.

¹ At the new Roman Catholic Church at Cambridge.

² On the Ritual Case. (Prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln.)

TO MR. S. SANDARS¹

HARROW COTTAGE, WEST MALVERN,
April 21st, 1891.

. . . The real difficulty is this. I feel strongly that the Divinity Professors are the natural guardians of what one may call the comprehensiveness of the Divinity School. The history of Cambridge Divinity since the days of Fisher and Lady Margaret reflects in great measure the various movements within the Church of England, movements which are still held in reverent honour by many, and which have left enduring results to this day. It would seem fitting then that, in the choice of subjects for representative statues to adorn the Divinity School, there should be no serious disproportion in the representation. Now, while each individual name on the list, I fully recognise, is worthy of its position and free from objection, I cannot help feeling that as a whole the list presents too one-sided an appearance. I feel this especially in the total disappearance of representatives of the Reformation proper, of whom there were no less than three on your own enlarged list. One can only rejoice to see Fisher and Erasmus at the head of the list; and there is much to be said for letting Parker represent the Cambridge of Elizabeth's reign. But to ignore altogether the men of the actual Reformation, the intermediate generation which produced the Prayer-book and the Articles, would appear to me a serious calamity.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

HARROW COTTAGE, WEST MALVERN,
April 24th, 1891.

My dearest Fred—It was a great pleasure to get your long letter a few days ago, and now again your birthday wishes, the sincerity of which I well know. Many thanks for them. It is strange to feel that I am entering on my tenth seven, and it gives me many thoughts, about you all, and about myself.

¹ The munificent donor of the statues which adorn the front of the Divinity School.

I hope you will take care to give plenty of time to the Chemistry and Physics, *all the more* because you do not care for them so much as for Biology. All real education involves some mastering of comparatively distasteful subjects along with those which answer to our private likings, and so are little more than luxuries. But indeed real Biology would get on very badly without Chemistry and Physics.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

CAMBRIDGE, *July 22nd*, 1891.

. . . The Greek question is upon us again, even in the Long Vacation. I do not remember whether on the former occasion we held any conference as to what should be done. — is very anxious that the Divinity Professors should unite in a protest on behalf of Divinity students. As at present advised I shrink from our standing forward as a separate 'interest,'—specially in seeming antagonism to the Natural Science 'interest,'—and from asking that the education of multitudes of students in other subjects should be regulated by the requirements of our own students. Nor do I at present see how we have a *locus standi* for officially protesting on the wider ground of English education generally.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE HON. A. H. GORDON

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,
September 27th, 1891.

My dear Gordon—It is pleasant to see your handwriting again after these many years, and to be reminded of the distant days when active life was only just beginning for us both. You speak of Bradshaw and Luard. For us dwellers at Cambridge their departure has left gaps which make themselves felt every day; and I can never forget how much reason I have to be grateful to you for first introducing me to Bradshaw.

I will do my best to answer your very interesting letter;

but you must forgive me if it is somewhat imperfectly answered. First, a word about myself. For some time past I have been, by no wish of my own, becoming more and more withdrawn from the main stream of University activity. This has been due partly to the ever-increasing pressure of multifarious work, partly to weakening of health. Some years have elapsed since I ceased to be a member of the Council, the weekly meetings of which used to help in keeping me in touch with leading men whom otherwise I should have rarely met in the routine of our now too much specialised work and society. In the Parliamentary politics of Cambridge I have never taken an active part, and in such matters I do not believe that I possess the slightest influence. Thus, as you will see, I am not well placed for giving counsel, and still less for giving effective help.

TO HIS ELDEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *October 25th, 1891.*

. . . I have not yet seen Welldon's article¹ in the *Contemporary*. What he and others have previously said strikes me as singularly speculative. They see a large number of boys in their schools not going up to Oxford or Cambridge, and calmly take for granted that Greek is the only obstacle. Doubtless it may be in some cases, and it is a most convenient excuse (for boys and parents) in many others. But little heed is given to the fact that a vast and increasing number of parents, though they feel bound to give their boys a good school education, stop there; regarding a University education, some as a very dispensable luxury, others (not without some show of reason) as a means of acquiring undesirable tastes and habits, and both alike as a mischievous extravagance, not only for the actual cost at the Universities, but above all as *delaying entrance into practical and chrematistic life*. That, however, a good many throughout the country are *bona fide* kept away by Greek is quite possible, and this is a pity; but then the price? On the last occasion I sounded an influential friend or two about the possibility of

¹ On the 'Greek Question.'

a B.Sc. degree (exactly parallel to B.A.), with a corresponding Littlego with Greek replaced by something else ; but was told that nothing would be cared for except the familiar B.A.

The weakest point of the present system is the contemptible style of the Littlego. A good many men pass it of whom one would be thankful to be assured that they gain much (at least *much Greek or Hellenic*) from their Greek. But even these men get, I think, more good than harm from the discipline of it ; and no substitute that has been proposed strikes me as at all hopeful. Sidgwick insists that the French and German should be made a reality, and distinctly harder than the Greek ; but who can believe that in a Littlego exam. this could be enforced after a few years ? How many examiners would enforce it ?

Hoping though I do that all men here get some little good of *some sort* out of their compulsory Greek, and that many get a great deal of various sorts, I still care for keeping it up much less for its direct effect on these particular men than for its indirect effect on the great mass of the schools *not* in the first rank, and also on the English mind generally ; rather, I should say, I specially dread the indirect effect which abolition would have on these two spheres. The pressure of parents and boys in this direction is tremendous ; most natural and even pardonable, but still selfish and regardless of public interests. Next to the extinction of Christian influences, I believe the deadliest injury that could be inflicted on the future civilisation of England, would be to lower the place which the Greek language and all that it represents traditionally occupy in the general educated mind of the country. No honour paid to Greek simply as an interesting subject of special study, or to a caste of Greek scholars, could at all replace this ; and moreover I feel sure that a diminution in the number of men of 'little Greek' would soon similarly affect the men of much Greek. Diminution in the area of sympathisers and partially prepared material must tell largely. Of course I feel strongly also the probable deterioration of the clergy and of the better Dissenting ministry, which could be only imperfectly resisted by ecclesiastical requirements. But I have steadily declined to take part in any special protest on this particular ground,

and do not expect that one will now be made here. I do not think it would be wise or perhaps justifiable to resist in that manner a great public benefit, such as abolition is asserted to be, even for the sake of so universal and so public an interest as that of the education of the teachers of the Church. But the injury to the clerical mind would I think be only a better-defined example of the injury to the educated English mind.

You will read with interest the enclosed glowing 'testimony' from W. Bateson (who is secretary to the opposition). One hardly likes to think of it in connexion with an academic controversy.—Ever your affectionate father,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. V. H. STANTON¹

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, *November 29th and 30th, 1891.*

. . . Each of our sects has now a venerated past, which it may well shrink from seeming to dishonour, even for the sake of securing the fullest blessings for all. That veneration is a true Church principle, such as claims our utmost tenderness; and it will need much wisdom and forbearance on both sides to effect an adjustment. Till the time of union comes, whatever we may think or say of separatist communities, we can at least without inconsistency think of the members of them as also members of the universal Christian brotherhood, and on that ground recognise them as contributing to the apprehension of Christian truth by the Church at large of the present day.

. . . But I fear the peculiar Old Catholic theory of Councils lacks a historical basis, however interesting as an attempt to connect their character as gatherings of Bishops with the Church as a society. It always seems to me that even for contemporaries it is a misnomer to call the decisions of Councils decisions of the Church in the sense recognised at p. 101. They may have an authority, but not *that* authority. And further, for posterity they may have not only that authority, augmented by history, but also the authority of the legislators of the churches of posterity; which legislators

¹ These paragraphs are taken from a long letter of friendly criticism on Mr. (now Professor) Stanton's book on Authority in relation to religious belief.

again are commonly called "the Church," as virtually in Art. 20: but again there is a deep gulf between "the Spirit-bearing body" and the legislators, the latter being only in a shadowy sense the organ of the former.

To return for a moment to the book itself. It seems to me that Maurice's words¹ suggest the really vital distinction about all authority in matters of belief, that it is salutary only in so far as it is propædæutic, placing men in the best attitude for forming a judgment and helping them in the process, but never demanding to be listened to against judgment. As regards Church authority in particular, it seems to me that much analysis is needed to distinguish heterogeneous things that commonly bear the same name, and that that form of authority which rests on precedent specially needs investigation, *e.g.* whether there are such things as perpetually binding precedents, and if so, how they are to be distinguished from such things as the Church of each age may or should shape for itself. Hooker's great service was to break down the Genevan theory as to the nature of the authority of Scripture in all Church matters. Much of what is said of the authority of the ancient Church seems to me to rest on a precisely analogous but still more untenable theory.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

CAMBRIDGE, *December 29th*, 1891.

. . . Truly that is an amazing Declaration,² not in doctrine only but in mode of expression; and the juxtaposition of some of the signatures with some of the later sentences no less. In the end I cannot but think the effect will be good.

TO HIS ELDEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *February 6th*, 1892.

. . . These have been fatal days indeed at Cambridge—Adams, Paget, Phillips. The good old President was the last

¹ In his *Lectures on Education* (1839).

² A protest signed by many clergymen against the 'Higher Criticism' of the Old Testament.

of the four old Heads of Cambridge Colleges in these latter days, and has outlived Worsley, Okes, and Phelps,—probably in great measure by his assiduous constitutionals. He took his degree the year after I was born. He did some good work; and should ever be remembered gratefully for the assiduity with which he hooked William Wright out of the British Museum, and made a footing for him at Cambridge.

TO THE REV. PROFESSOR MAYOR

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, *February 24th*, 1892.

My dear Mayor—Thank you much for your kind and considerate note, and for the papers accompanying it. The purpose of the Declaration¹ makes a very strong appeal to my sympathies.

I feel strongly the outrageousness of the attempts to dictate to the Church of Ireland, and to claim the authority of the Church of England for private and unauthorised interpretations of our formularies. I feel also how much we are indebted to the Archbishop of Dublin for the admirable spirit in which he has met the attacks made upon him.

But are the circumstances such as to make the inevitable evil of ecclesiastical protests with long lists of appended names to be in this case a lesser evil than silence? I doubt it, so far as I understand the present state of things. The parallels to which you refer do not seem to me in point. The subject-matter is not doctrinal or critical opinion but a standing controversial question of ecclesiastical polity. The person attacked is not an obscure or helpless private person, but a justly venerated Primate, quite able to hold his own. The matter in dispute being what it is, he needs no assurance as to the multitudes of well-wishers which he has among English Churchmen.

These considerations of themselves would make me hesitate

¹ A protest by clergymen of the Church of England against interference on the part of the English Church with Archbishop Plunket's action in ordaining a deacon to minister in the reformed Church of Spain. See *Spain, Portugal, The Bible*, J. E. B. Mayor. Macmillan, 1892.

before signing the Declaration, even if I liked the wording of it better than (in some parts) I do. But in my own ease special responsibilities seem to me to remove all doubt. . . . If I were to join in a public demonstration, this would be in effect an announcement that the long and happy peace of Cambridge theology, so far as it is represented by the Divinity Professors, can no longer be maintained. That would be a very serious act indeed. Circumstances might easily arise which would render it inevitable ; but I do not recognize the necessity here, and have good hope that it may not arise from other causes. . . .

Whether the course actually pursued (or now contemplated) by the Archbishop has been on the whole the right one, I do not feel able to judge. Various considerations would have to be weighed together, some of them requiring a knowledge of all the circumstances not easy to obtain. But that is quite another matter from the question raised by the 'Memorial,' which tries to stamp his action as in itself improper. Nor can I deny that the agitation against the Archbishop may conceivably hereafter take a form that would render silence no longer justifiable. But at present I see no probability of this.

Many an anathema has come from the same quarter already, and then has died away in impotence, except for the bitterness and unbelief which have been its natural fruits.—
Ever, my dear Mayor, affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS ELDEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *February 27th*, 1892.

. . . This is a sad day here. Miss Clough died this morning. In spite of her partial recovery, the damage inflicted on her by influenza at her advanced age had made us very anxious, though we had had no recent bad news. Many years ago she impressed me greatly by her memoir of her brother, though I then little expected ever to see her. She certainly has wondrously justified Sidgwick's selection, when he wanted some one to superintend the girls lodging in

Cambridge for the sake of lectures. One does not like to think what Newnham might easily have become without her self-devotion and kindly wisdom; though no doubt she owed much to the constant counsels of such men as Sidgwick, Trotter, and Cayley.

. . . It was a blunder to bring on so soon the question of a 'Science' degree equivalent to B.A. with differences of Little-go. As I think I told you, it was a crotchet of mine on the former occasion when the Greek question was up; but it then found no friends. My feeling was, and is, that in this way it might be possible to grant the desired exemption from compulsory Greek to a good many men without seriously affecting the great bulk (the literary class, so to speak) of the smaller schools, public and private, or the English mind as now under indirect Greek influence. Indeed some select Greek books in translations (which we far too much neglect) might have been retained.

. . . You are much to be envied for having seen the Old Masters. I much wished to see them this time, but am not now hopeful. Rubens does sometimes surprise one in that way,—when he is not pretending to 'sacred art.' He has a wondrous power of mere painting, and sometimes something better than that.

Your proposed run to Greece is more enviable still. But preparation for it will be serious. I wonder what your travelling library will be, and your route. You must not in any case shorten the too short time on our account,—I mean, unless unforeseen need should arise.—Ever your affectionate father,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

CAMBRIDGE, *April 6th*, 1892.

My dear Westcott—Needless to say how much your hapless people¹ are in our thoughts. I can well believe the want of a leader is responsible for much.

¹ The great Durham miners' strike was brought to an end by the Bishop of Durham's mediation.

It may be well that the battle should once for all be fought out decisively, for any great injustice towards the men must long have become an impossibility. But the states of mind meanwhile——.

TO HIS ELDEST SON

(Received at Corfu on the return journey from Greece)

CAMBRIDGE, *April 24th*, 1892.

. . . You certainly have been fortunate at Athens. It was a great thing to have Middleton's help on those two occasions, especially for these recent discoveries about the buried remains of early buildings on the Acropolis. But all else likewise seems to have prospered well, and it must have been pleasant to meet the Master of Trinity and Mrs. Butler under such circumstances. The flowers from Pentelicus were very welcome, and have been put in to dry, along with some similar bits that Dr. Swete had sent or brought from Carthage and elsewhere in that region.

That is a bold stroke, to include Rome in a homeward journey from Athens ; but I remember Sidgwick's dictum after being there, that it would be quite worth journeying there and back for the sake of a single day, and I think he is right. But the choice of things to be seen would be difficult, and Rome itself under various aspects must be the main thing. If the day is tolerable, a drive a little way out on the Via Appia seems to me indispensable. I think I should let sculpture and pictures alone, though that sounds barbarous. About the indispensable classical things there can be little doubt—Capitol, Forum with the two great Arches, Colosseum, Pantheon, Forum of Trajan, Column of M. Aurelius, Baths of Caracalla. I would add the Palatine (not least for the views from it), provided that the time given is rigorously limited ; it is a big and time-consuming place. On the Capitol the great equestrian statue of M. Aurelius is to my mind one of the most deeply interesting things in Rome. In the Forum no details, I think, need delay you except the Vestal Virgins, a great exception. If you do not go up the Palatine, you may like to go up the Coelian for the views, a very much shorter affair. You will of

course be taken to St. Peter's, and on the way will pass Hadrian's strange Mausoleum, now the Castle of St. Angelo. The Tiber should also be seen below the Insula, where various secondary classical buildings are near each other. Some specimen churches you should see, if possible. The *great* ancient basilica is, I imagine, best represented by St. Paul's without the walls (easily combined with Caracalla's Baths), though most of the actual structure dates, I believe, from my childhood (in consequence of a great fire). St. John Lateran and S. M. Maggiore have both undergone cruel Renaissance adornment, but have also much that is ancient. The Lateran Palace was a gift of Constantine's to the Bishops of Rome, and in the vestibule at the (?) W. end is an interesting though very ugly statue of Constantine. The historical interest of the place is in many ways great, and the view outside (with the Scala Sancta), though now much spoiled, is a famous one. In returning hence or from the Appian Way, you would naturally pass S. M. Maggiore; and it is quite worth while to walk through it, and just glance at one or two of the rather dreary mosaics, which are of interest by their antiquity. But besides these big basilica things, it would be a real pity not to have a glance at two or three of the churches of more moderate size, which have retained more of their ancient character. I think I should place first San Clemente, with its subterranean church (the sub-subterranean Mithraeum is probably under water); S. Prassede (quite near S. M. Maggiore), with some of the most interesting mosaics in Rome, S. M. in Cosmedin (near those classical buildings below the Insula), and S. M. in Araceli, up the steps to the left as you ascend the Capitol. For underground Rome you have of course no time.

TO DR. C. R. GREGORY

CAMBRIDGE, *May 12th*, 1892.

. . . It is tantalising to hear of Harnack being in England; but it would also have been tantalising to be so little capable just now of making him acquainted with Cambridge.

I have not left this house (or rather town, etc.) since mid-September, which is not good. Since I wrote, another little

attack or two, not at all serious, have made a journey to London at present impossible ; but I hope that will not last long. I am lecturing with ease, and not extreme fatigue. But for weakness, I should do fairly well. When term is over I must try something more effectual, one hopes, than last year ; but as yet I know not what.

Much to my envy, my eldest boy, in returning from Greece a few days ago, came across Thayer and made acquaintance with him.

TO MISS BLUNT

STALDEN, *June 30th*, 1892.

My dear Julia—It is time that you heard a little more of our doings. . . .

It is simply a marvel how I have borne the long journeys throughout . . . all the locomotion on wheels has been like so much pleasant driving. . . . It is wonderful that for nearly a week I felt constantly as though I were better than at home.

The three days at Berne were very helpful. We had a pleasant room with a balcony commanding *the* Berne terrace view, looking into a quiet grassy garden. . . . I had brought out a garden lounging chair, and there I used to lie in the garden, after having hardly ventured on a half-opened window at home. . . . On Monday evening the wondrous snowy range came out clear at sunset, and so remained next morning.

We went through on Tuesday to Visp. Nothing could be more refreshing than the beauty of the comparatively quiet country with changing backgrounds of mountain on the way to Freiburg, then to Lausanne, with the dream-like vision of the great blue lake sleeping ever so far below the line of railway where it first comes in sight. We changed train at Lausanne without much fatigue, and then came the piece of journey which I most dreaded. . . .

Fortunately, though it was a bright and hot day, there was a fresh breeze throughout, and so the valley of the Rhone was by no means at its worst, in the matter of sensation. In its inexhaustible beauty it was almost at its best ; and various memories attached themselves to various spots along our

course, from our own first summer in the Alps (1860), our caravan journey after Vichy with my father and mother and the infant Ellen (1863), our time with Miss Loraine after my father's death (1873), a memorable walk with Dr. Lightfoot in 1856, and so on. At Visp we lodged at a pleasant rough country inn. . . . We came up here (Stalden) yesterday, and had to thank the unprincipled little mountain railway for a more luxurious way of getting up this bit of sun-swept valley than the hot trudges of old times. Here we are in a very fair inn, in a most picturesque spot, now known and delighted in for thirty-eight years. . . . The rest of three nights here is prudential, as there is no way of breaking the rise of 2500 feet which comes next, and I am lying back in my chair in our window which opens on the flat roof of a verandah.

TO THE REV. DR. MOULTON

(On a post-card)

H. BELLEVUE, SAAS-FÉE, VALAIS, SWITZERLAND,
July 12th, 1892.

My dear Dr. Moulton—At last I am able to send the notes on Wisdom. No effort would have enabled me to do work of this kind otherwise than slowly. After finishing your MS. I kept it a day or two longer that I might read our work through for English, and again for interpretation. . . . We have here a good room facing the great glaciers. The position is admirable for air, views, and easy walks. By these last I hope Mrs. Hort will profit much. She is much pulled down by both the anxieties and the physical fatigues of many months, and sorely needing the rest that a place like this can give. Till a day or two ago we have had unbroken fine weather. I trust all is well with you and Mrs. Moulton.—Ever sincerely yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS SECOND SON

HOTEL BELLEVUE, SAAS-FÉE, VALAIS,
SWITZERLAND, *July 15th, 1892.*

. . . All has gone on here uneventfully and well. On Sunday I crept to church,—my first appearance there since

Christmas Day, and second since Ilkley times,—and was none the worse for it. This is, however, the only bit of walking which I have attempted.

TO HIS ELDEST SON

HOTEL BELLEVUE, FÉE, *July 16th, 1892.*

. . . Your 'news and gossip' were all very welcome. I should have liked to see the Jew twining the lithe reptile about your neck. On the whole I am content to keep the feeling of repulsion, though perhaps much might be said against it. Associations are not nothings.

We shall, I suppose, hear to-night that the Gladstonians have got a majority, and an impotent one. The deadlock is not a pleasant prospect, though it is something if Ireland is saved from perdition. Gladstone's exhibitions of himself have been tragic. Yet I suppose that amazing descent in his majority is not unlikely to be due to the honesty with which he met the eight hours' deputation, as Morley's similar lot must assuredly be due to his praiseworthy candour on the same matter.

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER

HOTEL BELLEVUE, SAAS-FÉE, VALAIS,
July 17th, 1892.

. . . This is our first really wet day here, and fortunately the clouds have kept some hundreds of feet above us, so that we have lost only the tops of the view. For me the worst thing has been that I have not been able to get to church. On several days we have had scuds of rain: that is, cloud has been blown up from Italy by the south-west wind; part of it has managed to get across the snows round the Matterhorn and reach the Mischabelhörner, which are our rocky barrier to the east; and then stray shreds have struggled on still farther so as to overhang and besprinkle our valley, sometimes in bright sunshine; and all days till to-day have been at least partly fine. I am so glad that Mamma fully shares my *very* old admiration for this place. I think she is

struck with it more and more every day as indeed I am, myself, much more than seven years ago. . . . Our present hotel, which then was a mere shell, cannot be many yards from the "rocks above Fée," on which, as I find by my note-book, I stood in 1854. Mamma and Miss Loraine have found plenty of plants, far more than they came across at first. Perhaps the only rarity is the white *Geranium aconitifolium*, which we have in the garden, though there it perversely cuts its petals short. But the great show flower here is the exquisite blue Alpine Columbine, with flowers not so large as I have sometimes seen it, but large enough to satisfy any reasonable person.

. . . You will of course have read about the frightful catastrophe at St. Gervais les Bains. It so happens that the ground was to a certain extent familiar to us. In 1856 I spent a month at St. Gervais le Village, which stands on the mountain-side a little above the edge of the deep ravine containing the Baths. In a drive which Mamma and I and Miss Blunt took from Sallenches in 1887 we included St. Gervais le Village, which I wished to show them, and lunched there; and on our way we drove up from the mouth of the ravine to the Baths and back again. The very elevated little glacier which is now found to have contained the cause of the disaster, and which used to be called the *head* of the Bionassai glacier, I made pretty close acquaintance with in that month of 1856, having been twice up and twice down it, the last time down it having been, however, in pitch darkness and rain; but I cannot recall any incipient cavities such as might prove dangerous reservoirs of water. The accounts of what happened at the Baths are most piteous, and perhaps it is even sadder to think of the sweeping away of the poor villagers of Bionnai, with no one to tell the tale. It is hardly necessary to say that the fearful power of the water and liquid mud, and of the blocks of rock which it carried, was owing to the confinement between the walls of two narrow ravines in succession. Nothing of the kind could conceivably take place here. The broad and open fields of ice which feed our glacier are very unlike the feeders of the Glacier de Bionassai; and if such a monster torrent *were* formed, it could not touch us here,

partly on account of the open space, partly because we are so high above the bed of the stream. But, indeed, the whole occurrence is of an unusual kind.

This evening's (hotel) paper will, I suppose, tell us of the close of the election. It is a very anxious state of things, and few could venture to prophesy the course of events for the next few months.

TO THE REV. W. A. BATHURST¹

HOTEL BELLEVUE, *August 2nd, 1892.*

Dear Mr. Bathurst—Late though it is to raise any point about the new church, there is one matter on which even now I feel strongly impelled to send you a few lines, feeling sure that you will be indulgent if you think that it would have been better if I had said nothing.

I have been thinking several times in the last two or three days about the words which I hear you propose to place round the apse. The proposal interested and to a certain extent attracted me when I first heard of it, but I felt at the same time a sort of instinctive doubt which has required some consideration before I could quite interpret it to myself. My present feeling is this. Texts may often be a valuable enrichment of a church and of its impressiveness; but obviously the appropriateness of texts for this purpose is limited by stringent conditions. Thus they ought to be solemn, weighty, compact in form, comprehensive in sense; and it is a great gain if they are what we call pregnant, suggesting more than they say explicitly, and inviting the worshippers to think out and expand their meaning. But, besides all this, it seems to me that they are specially limited by the fact that they are of necessity presented to the eyes of the worshippers during the whole time of their presence in church, and thus become, as it were, voices sounding on through every part of every Divine Service, to which they ought therefore never to be otherwise

¹ Mr. Bathurst was the English chaplain at Saas-Fée. He had consulted Hort about the decoration of the new English church. This letter was afterwards re-written, and sent to him in a shorter form.

than a harmonious accompaniment. Now I cannot feel that this condition is fulfilled by the words from the short Exhortation or Invitation which precedes the Confession in our Communion Service. The mere fact that they come out of that service I do not in the least feel to be an objection to their use. But it does seem to me unfortunate that their own distinctive force and meaning belong not only to that one highest service alone, but to a single moment or act in that service alone, and thus disqualify them for being a really harmonious accompaniment to the services generally. Doubtless, being detached from their true context, they might be read legitimately as an always appropriate invitation to every one to join in the Holy Communion; though the little word "this" in "this Sacrament" goes awkwardly with Evening Service. But a general and permanent invitation of that kind would hardly, I think, be in accord with the reticence, so to speak, of our worship. It is therefore as simply a repetition of familiar words from our Communion Service in that part of the church which is the special place for that service that the proposed text seems to me most defensible; but then, as I ventured to suggest above, its narrow limitation seems to injure its appropriateness.

Your forbearance will be peculiarly needed for my mentioning a second objection which has occurred to me; by no means a serious one, yet not, I think, wholly imaginary. May not those words "this Sacrament" be dangerously tempting to some flippant young Romaniser predisposed to poke fun in (say) the *Church Times* at the Saas-Fée Church as connected with a society which his friends do not admire? Might he not plausibly interpret the words as implying the immediate neighbourhood of the consecrated elements not during the Communion Service only, or Morning Service preceding it, but at Evening Prayer and all other hours, night and day; and so as being an unconscious prophecy of a 'better' and more 'Catholic' time when reservation of the consecrated elements shall keep the chancel-apse unceasingly blessed, and the pyx shall always stand just below the prophetic words? Of course it is most unlikely that anything of the sort will be said, and if it were, I should not myself in your place care at all, if I

were satisfied with the text in other respects. But the supposition, whimsical as it is, seems to me to illustrate forcibly a real incongruity of language which doubtless has, most naturally, not occurred to you, and which it seems right to suggest to you in case it should annoy you hereafter too late. But to myself the incongruity seems of little consequence except as giving sharp emphasis to the limitation of the words as spoken at a single stage of a single service.

As only three days remain, it is but too likely that, even if you agree with what I have been venturing to say, you will be unable to make any change. But, in thinking over the whole matter, I was led on into wondering what I could answer if you were to ask me for an alternative suggestion, knowing as I did that you had already had trouble in finding a text to your mind; and I cannot refrain from mentioning an idea which soon occurred to me, however unpractical it may be to do so. The words which came into my mind stand likewise in our Communion Service, while at the same time they set forth in vivid concentration one great aspect of all Christian worship in contrast to idolatrous worship—

Lift up your hearts. We lift them up unto the Lord.
or, as for some reasons I should prefer,

SVRSVM CORDA.

HABEMVS AD DOMINVM.

As you will remember, they are apparently the most venerable words in our Prayer-book not taken directly from the Bible, being found, if I remember right, in every extant ancient 'Liturgy,' and being mentioned at a very early period; and further they have been largely taken up into the Communion Services of the Reformed Churches. This characteristic, by which they become a speaking memorial of the fundamental unity of all Christian churches, seems to give them an especial appropriateness in an English place of worship built in the midst of a Roman Catholic population in a place increasingly visited by people from various parts of Europe and America. It is chiefly from this point of view that the Latin rendering would have claims to be preferred to the English. In English the words would naturally be understood by most persons merely as a quotation from the English Prayer-book, and so their

historical or ecclesiastical significance would lose recognition; whereas the use of Latin would arrest attention, and call forth consideration or inquiry. And again it would do good unmixed, as far as I can see, with harm that Roman Catholics should see the familiar language of their own Missal written up in the chancel of an English church. Happily the words are themselves incapable of being turned to Romish or Romanising use. Standing in the midst of the Communion Service, they always strike me as a trumpet note of warning against materialistic views of the Holy Communion. What probably suggested to me the idea as regards Fée was the recollection of the chapel of my own (present) College at Cambridge, Emmanuel, where the two words SVRSVM CORDA have stood over the holy table since the building of the chapel after the Restoration. After twenty years' experience I feel more thankful for their presence every time I enter the chapel.

At last this shameless and shamelessly long letter is at an end. I trust I have not done wrong in writing it. The choice lay between the risk of obtruding upon you suggestions which, if they at all commended themselves to you, were at this stage of operations but too likely to give only fruitless trouble, and the risk that you would wish still to have criticisms at all hazards, and that the same thought which had struck me might hereafter, when quite too late, strike yourself. You will, I know, be forgiving if I made the wrong choice. But I do most sincerely trust, first that you will remorselessly disregard anything that I have said with which you do not at once quite agree; and next, that you will waste no time in writing to me. It seemed on the whole right that I should 'liberate my soul'; and this being now done, I am content.—Believe me, very sincerely yours, F. J. A. HORT.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

HOTEL BELLEVUE, SAAS-FÉE, VALAIS,
August 7th, 1892.

. . . I ventured yesterday, with the help of porters both ways, to the consecration of our little church by Bishop Marsden, and

to the subsequent Holy Communion. It was a pleasant and well-attended service; and had additional interest to us because the July chaplain, dear good Mr. Bathurst (whom, alas! we are to lose on Tuesday), has been eagerly occupied, I might almost say day and night, for the last fortnight about its improved decoration, including a few texts. When the church was built two years ago, design and colour were left to a local painter, with disastrous results; but Mr. Bathurst had brought from London a much more suitable design, which has been successfully carried out, under his constant superintendence, by an Italian painter. To my great satisfaction, the two side lancets of the apse have over them *Sursum corda* and *Habemus ad Dominum*, and the central lancet *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus*; words which, besides their own proper greatness and fitness, will be a standing sign of fellowship with churches of many ages and many lands on account of their antiquity and widely-spread use. (The other texts are naturally in English.) It so happens that the putting up of the first pair arose out of a hint of mine, applied in a way which had not occurred to me; but the addition of the *Sanctus* is due entirely to Mr. Bathurst, and I need not say what a gain it is.

TO MR. J. RENDEL HARRIS

(On a post-card)

HOTEL BELLEVUE, SAAS-FÉE, VALAIS,
SWITZERLAND, August 9th, 1892.

My dear Mr. Harris — Man is an inquisitive animal. Would you mind putting on a card some few salient particulars about your new Old Syriac MS.?

The paragraph in the *Academy* is exciting.

I hope you are well and getting through a heap of work, though this last find must have broken in with imperious intrusiveness.

My own progress towards strength and internal ease is not thus far all I could have wished. Two or three little attacks, probably unimportant in themselves, have rather thrown me back and stolen away force, nor is it always easy to get the right sort of food, though at worst I can congratulate myself that I am

not obliged to eat Ægean Squid ! But one hopes that the good air goes on doing quiet good work, which will tell presently.—
Very sincerely yours, F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. MOULTON

HOTEL BELLEVUE, SAAS-FÉE, VALAIS,
SWITZERLAND, August 12th, 1892.

My dear Dr. Moulton—Even without the encouragement of your very kind note to Mrs. Hort, I fear I could not have dealt with your textual notes on Wisdom in any other than a 'leisurely' way. The little feverish attack mentioned in her card of July 29th did not keep me in bed more than three days, but it took away much strength, and helped if it did not cause an increase of rather crippling digestive trouble, which still confines me to my room, fortunately a satisfactory one. For two or three days I was rather better, and was able by the help of a *chaise à porteurs* to be present at the consecration of the little English church built here two years ago. But the discomfort afterwards returned, and has been rather a restraint on any brain work needing close attention, while there has been, independent of Wisdom, a fair amount which I could not rightly put off. We continue to like the place except as regards some important articles of food ; and hope, as at present advised, to stay on till it is time to start on a very slow homeward journey, at some as yet undecided time in September.

We are greatly indebted to you for making these textual notes. Without them the work would evidently have been left in an unsatisfactory condition. But, doubtless by my own fault, they took me completely by surprise, as I had somehow assumed that nothing was coming from you except the notes sent a few days before I left Cambridge. Consequently I had deliberately left at home every paper and every book bearing on textual matters except Fritzsche, in my copy of which I had made a few casual corrections and additions. Thus I was without my rough digest of authorities for all the more considerable variations of text, and even without your printed list of our adopted readings ; nor had I

with me Mr. Deane nor Dr. Swete (only the smaller Oxford LXX.), nor a Vulgate containing the Apocrypha. Indeed the A. V. itself has been absent, though only by an accident. I mention all this only to explain how unavoidably perfunctory and 'casual' my present notes are. At first I hesitated whether it was worth while to go on; but it seemed on the whole best to make such progress as remained possible. Some things can be looked at more to advantage hereafter.

TO HIS ELDEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, *September 22nd*, 1892.

. . . To myself this is somehow a strangely happy time, despite present discomfort and sense of uselessness and clear recognition of the obscurities of the future, the total present impossibility of making any trustworthy forecast as to life itself, and still more as to health and power to do any of the ever more keenly inviting work of life. This happiness comes, I think, wholly from two causes. The first is that this year and its events seem to have brought *all* my children, and most of all yourself, ever so much nearer to me, and to have done something towards breaking down the wall of unwholesome reserve (that there is also a measure of wholesome reserve even between parents and grown-up children, I entirely believe), the main cause of which, whatever the other causes may have been, has been my own miserable shyness, which has cruelly disabled me as a father among you all, just as it disabled me as a pastor at St. Ippolyts, and far too much disables me as a Professor here. The second cause is one on which to-day I dare not be silent. It has grown partly out of the first, partly out of the long line of what we call fortunate incidents and combinations which has accompanied our retreat from the mountains to our home. It is, in a word, a quickened sense, felt and with open eyes trusted, in full recognition of the relative and secondary truth contained in all the facts of nature, which taken by themselves might seem to pronounce it illusive,—a quickened sense of the encompassing Almighty Love "which still is ours to-day."
—Ever your loving father,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM¹CAMBRIDGE, *September 25th, 1892.*

My dear Westcott—Our record for the summer has not been all that we hoped it might be. We were greatly encouraged by the prosperousness in all ways of most of the journey out to Saas-Fée, which filled a fortnight. . . . At Saas-Fée all the circumstances but one were most toward and promising, and for above a fortnight on most days things looked well, though without visible progress. Then some slight attempts at increasing exercise were followed by a fresh little attack, . . . and from August 16th till now I have been confined to bed, except when a journey had to be taken. Dr. Hartree, a retired London physician, was kind enough to examine me, and his decision was that I had better go to a much lower level. . . . Accordingly we left Saas-Fée after a stay of above six weeks, and I was none the worse for the descent to Saas, or even (after three days) to Stalden. There, however, fresh weakness came, but we decided to push on to Lausanne. That day's journey was for various reasons a most trying one, though less proportionally to myself than to others; but I was not the worse for it. For ten days Lausanne was a haven of rest to us. I had the pleasant new experience of being tended by a Swiss doctor, and finding him a thoroughly competent as well as friendly and careful man. In three or four days the untoward symptoms that had begun at Stalden disappeared, and I was soon allowed to start homeward. The frontier at Delle (time, midnight) gave us much anxiety.² But our doctor provided me with a big certificate, to be attested by the Juge de Paix, which was courteously accepted as sufficient by the French doctor at Delle, so that I was able to continue the journey without leaving the carriage. Ultimately we gained by the long delay at the frontier, for it brought us in sight of and in time for the Calais-Douvres at Calais, where we had meant to stay a night. So, after being

¹ This letter, written evidently with very great care, is printed with the omission of a number of details as to health.

² On account of quarantine regulations for cholera.

carried up into the hotel, I had myself carried down again, and we crossed the then waveless Channel at once, thus escaping the by no means waveless passage of next day. This was doubly pleasant, as all the children were staying at Dover (Frank had met us by appointment at Calais), and next day (September 7th) we came quietly home. Once more the journey seems, so far as we can tell, to have been innocuous. But two days after our return I was seized with sickness, which it took twenty-four hours to subdue. The inevitable result was a great further loss of strength. There has, however, been no subsequent drawback, and I have a general sense of health, though as yet strength shows itself surprisingly slow to return. Dr. Bradbury will not even allow me to decide quite yet against lecturing this term, provided that it be in the drawing-room. . . .

Miss Loraine not only went out with us, but most kindly stayed throughout and returned with us. Without her help and her presence I know not what would have become of us. Before we started we had thankfully accepted a proposal of Arthur's to come out and pay us a visit of a few days at Saas-Fée. He came on August 3rd, and he never left us. I dare not think what those homeward journeys would have been to Mrs. Hort without his quiet devotion and patient energy. From various people both in the Alps and on the journey we have received endless kindness. But indeed our homeward course has been accompanied by such a series of happy incidents or coincidences as leaves little room for any feeling but thankfulness.

When I began to write I did not dream of saying anything about all these details. But it was hard to give a true impression without them.

We want much to know about your summer. The last, I think, that we heard was that you were going to Robin Hood's Bay. But it was to have been the Vosges!

It was a great pleasure to become acquainted with Mr. Aitken,¹ who was good enough to call on me at Saas-Fée. Our one talk made me wish much for more. Much as I have long respected him, my impressions of him had evidently been very loose.

¹ The Rev. W. Hay Aitken.

I cannot pretend to have ever given much thought to the claims of the Egyptian Babylon to be St. Peter's Babylon. If I mistake not, it was the chief Roman military post in Egypt,—not obviously attractive for an apostle,—and a frontier toll-town. Local traditions about a Jewish population can hardly be worth much, and would be easily generated from the Epistle, when once locally interpreted. I confess I am obstinately wedded to the identification with Rome; but, if I mistake not, the advocates of the Asiatic Babylon could make out a better case for the existence of a Jewish population in St. Peter's time than Mr. Floyer seems to suppose.—Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

TO THE REV. DR. MOULTON

6 ST. PETER'S TERRACE, *November 11th*, 1892.

My dear Dr. Moulton—At last I am able to send the long due answers to your queries. There is, I believe, nothing now to be said about them except that they cannot quite exhaust all points raised in the summer. I know I sent a few queries on textual margins; and possibly there may have been other outstanding matter in your second MS. book, which is with you still.

At Fée I made a rough copy of your list of perplexing renderings in the A. V. with reference to their origin, hoping to be able to do something at home towards tracing their history. Circumstances have, however, been obviously unfavourable, and as yet I have done hardly more than compare the list with Coverdale; but it is interesting to find that Coverdale is in fact responsible for a good many, chiefly of course, but by no means exclusively, on a Vulgate basis. The exceptions might probably be found in the Zurich Bible.

My last few days have not been favourable to work. It would seem that the strain of the Lightfoot article is slow in passing away. But to my great relief a revise (in pages) of the whole came two days ago, and I somehow contrived to return it that evening. So I hope that little task is over.—Ever sincerely yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

Though, as the last letter indicates, there was little to cause alarm in the present condition of most of the symptoms, weakness daily increased, and the hoped-for rally did not come, as it had often come before. There was a fortnight of great weariness and weakness. For the first time he said one day, "I do not know what to read." After some suggestions he fixed on *Ivanhoe*, which, curiously enough, he had never read. Once again there came a bright interval, and he began to read J. R. Green's *Short History* in the new illustrated edition. But the weakness increased, and his doctor became anxious about certain symptoms which he observed, though a rapid end was hardly to be expected. He himself was chiefly anxious about his lectures, and insisted on making the necessary arrangements. On the morning of November 29th he sent for the *University Reporter* for this purpose. In the afternoon he rallied greatly, and dictated a letter on business to Dr. Swete, and also a separate note of thanks for something which Dr. Swete had sent him, reporting of his own condition, "There has been marked improvement the last three days." He had, as usual, been writing in his diary every day. The last entry was for November 28th, written no doubt on the 29th; a list of letters received is written in ink, but the writing is shaky and almost illegible. He had added in pencil his daily observation of his aneroid, the last entry of all. Among the books received is noted an advance copy of a little volume on the newly-discovered Apocalypse and Gospel of Peter, dedicated to him by Mr. J. A. Robinson and Mr. M. R. James. The book was published a few days later with this postscript, dated December 6th, 1892:—

It was not without expressions of misgiving that we had asked to prefix to this hurried work a name which must always be connected with the minutest accuracy and the most cautious utterances. It is quite unworthy to be dedicated to his memory. But we feel that we cannot draw back or alter now. As here, so there, his gentle spirit will "make allowance for us." To his voice we had looked forward as the one voice which should tell us, as no other could, where we were right or wrong. Now we must learn it in a harder school. But it will remain a sacred duty to carry out these investigations with the patience and deliberateness which his example enjoins and his removal has made more than ever necessary.

In the evening of the 29th he was quite cheerful, and able to get on to the sofa in his room; the evening before he had been wheeled for the last time into the drawing-room. During the early hours of the morning there was a short time of much discomfort, which was, however, alleviated, and, before going to sleep again, he expressed himself as more comfortable, and asked not to be woken for his customary early cup of coffee, as he wished to sleep on. He seemed to be sleeping easily, but between 5 and 6 A.M. on November 30th the extreme quiet caused alarm, and it was found that he had indeed "slept on."

For so He giveth His beloved sleep.

The funeral took place on December 6th, a brilliant winter's day; it was undertaken by Emmanuel College, and carried out with every possible mark of love and veneration. The first part of the service was held in the College chapel, in the presence of a large and impressive gathering. The choir, composed of members of the College, led the musical part of the service, which included two hymns, 'O God, our help in ages past,'

and Ellerton's 'Now the labourer's task is o'er,' sung in unison. The body was laid in the Mill Road Cemetery; the choir of Trinity College sang 'For all the saints who from their labours rest' as the procession crossed the cemetery, and at the grave-side 'Jesus lives.' The final blessing was pronounced by the Bishop of Durham. Some of those present, who now saw him gazing, as it were alone, after the coffin of his friend and fellow-labourer, recalled the occasion when in like manner but a short while before he and Hort had stood side by side looking into Lightfoot's grave. The sides of the grave were lined with flowers, and at the head stood a branch of palm, sent by his old friend Archdeacon Vesey.

In February 1893 a representative meeting was held in Trinity College Lodge to consider proposals for a memorial. The speeches made on that occasion were remarkable for the evidence which they gave of deep affection, as well as veneration, and for their obvious sincerity; the tone of panegyric which Hort himself would so much have disliked was conspicuously absent. The report of the meeting, published in a special number of the *Cambridge University Reporter*, preserves the record of a singularly interesting series of tributes to the memory of a master, and as such these speeches seem to have a more than temporary interest (see Appendix II.)

During his life at Cambridge, and indeed before, Hort had amassed a very large library, both of general literature and of books bearing on his particular studies, though he was never a bibliophil in the ordinary sense. His intention of putting on paper his wishes as to their disposal was not fulfilled, but his wishes, as far as could be known, were carried out in gifts to various Cambridge

libraries. Thus a large proportion remained, though inevitably, and perhaps even usefully, scattered within his own University and town. Three hundred specially selected theological volumes were given to the Divinity School Library, and a similar number to the Emmanuel College Library, with the collection of papers relating to the Text of the Greek Testament. A large selection of his enormous collection of pamphlets, chiefly foreign, was given to the University Library. Some books were sent to Trinity, and more would have gone thither, had not the library been already so well supplied; some also were sent to the Clergy Training School and to the Girls' Perse School, and some to the Cambridge Mission at Delhi; and many private friends have been glad to receive volumes from Hort's accumulated store. Of the remainder of his working library a portion was sold by auction, and the proceeds used mainly to set up two memorial windows in the clerestory of the University church. The faces of the six Apostles there represented are adapted, in some cases freely, from portraits of Arnold, Maurice, and Stanley; Lightfoot, Westcott, and Hort. The use of real faces instead of conventional types was suggested by Lightfoot's similar decoration of the chapel of Bishop Auckland Castle.

IN MEMORIAM—F. J. A. H.—NOVEMBER 30, 1892

Ohne Hast, ohne Rast.

HE might have snatched the golden prize
That dazzles still our worldling eyes ;
Have earned the crowd's unthinking fame
Which half obscures the scholar's name.
No one more well-equipped than he
With all that wins such victory,
No eye more keen than his to trace
The records writ on nature's face ;
No wit more subtle to unwind
The tangled mazes of the mind ;
No wisdom apter for the state,
No answer readier in debate.

But stir and stress, loud storm and strife
He chose not, but the scholar's life.
He hungered not for praise or pelf,
Or loftier placing for himself ;
Content, if all was rightly planned,
That few should know the workman's hand,
On, on he pressed to where the star
Of perfect knowledge shines afar ;
Climbed peak on peak, gained crest on crest,
Faltered no instant in the quest :
Cast and recast each painful line,
That gem-like free of flaw might shine ;
Weighed every word with patient care,
Lest taint of error linger there ;
Disdained no light, passed by no page
Of seer or critic, bard or sage.
All that men wrote or thought or knew,—
Where lurked the false, where shone the true,—
This was the purpose of his toil,
This was his sacred warfare's spoil.
For this the day knew no relief,
Or night-long vigil all too brief.

Nor was his as the miser's store
Who dies in piling more on more :
None came to him to be denied ;
No lack but his excess supplied.
For task of others as his own
No toil seemed great, no field unknown ;
No rash half-knowledge marred the aid—
The unowed debt to others paid—
No sloven haste, no laggard rest :
Ah, thus he served his Master best !

E. S. SHUCKBURGH.

Felix ille quem in hisce litteris meditantem mors occupat.

*QUAELIBET AETAS PRO SUA FACULTATE
VERITATEM INVESTIGARE ET AMPECTI
FIDELITATEMQUE IN MINIMIS ET MAXIMIS
PRAESTARE DEBET*

APPENDIX I

PRAYERS AND HYMNS. BY F. J. A. HORT

PRAYERS

1. *A School Prayer (Morning)*¹

O LORD GOD, heavenly Father, who by Thy holy apostle hast taught us to do all things in the name of the Lord Jesus and to Thy great glory, give Thy blessing, we pray Thee, to this our daily work. Hallow to Thyself both us and all that we do. Cleanse our hearts from pride and rebelliousness, from malice and envy, from falsehood and cunning, and from all sinful thoughts and desires. All our powers of body and mind are Thine: O help us to use them thankfully with all our might, not in vanity or selfish rivalry, but to do the work which Thou hast appointed for us, and to fulfil Thy blessed will. Make us kindly and helpful to each other in the spirit of cheerful love. Make us humble and patient as learners, always striving so to use these our days of youth that we may fulfil our part in life with better and more helpful service in the days to come. Teach us to desire truth in all that we learn, guide us by Thy Spirit that we may find it, and so keep our hearts in Thy faith and fear that the increase of knowledge may bring forth in us the fruits of true wisdom. Teach us above all things to know Thee as Thou hast revealed

¹ Some phrases in this prayer are taken from other well-known school-prayers, but the latter half seems to bear the stamp of the writer's own individuality.

Thyself in Thy blessed Son, and knowing Thee, to live to Thee more and more in all our labours and in all our enjoyments : through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

2. *A Sunday Evening Prayer for Family Use*

O Lord, who in the midst of Thy never-ceasing works art eternally at rest, we give Thee thanks for the rest which Thou hast appointed for us in this day after the labours and cares of the past week. Thou hast been with us when we met together as members of Thy Church in Thy holy house to offer to Thee our prayers and praises with one voice. O be with us still in our own home and in all our doings, and fill our hearts with an abiding sense of Thy presence. Suffer not those who have joined together in Thy worship to be estranged from each other or from Thee. [To those of us who took part this day in the Holy Communion of Thy Son's sacrifice do Thou daily renew the life which is in Him, and help them to follow Him in constantly yielding up their own wills and all that belongs to them to Thy free service.] Grant that through the inward rest which this day has supplied Thy peace may dwell more securely in our hearts for the time to come. Suffer it not to be disturbed by any troubles or anxieties from without, or any carelessness or evil passion from within. Sustain and renew it from Sabbath to Sabbath by Thy Holy Spirit, that we may at all times have power to delight in the works of Thy hands, to live together as members of one body, and to stay ourselves with full confidence upon Thee.

O Thou Lord of all worlds, we bless Thy name for all those who have entered into their rest and reached the Promised Land, where Thou art seen face to face. Give us grace to follow in their footsteps, as they followed in the footsteps of Thy Holy Son. Encourage our wavering hearts by their example, and help us to see in them the memorials of Thy redeeming grace and pledges of the heavenly might in which the weak are made strong. Keep alive in us the memory of those dear to ourselves whom Thou hast called out of this world, and make it powerful to subdue within us every vile and unworthy thought. Grant that every remembrance which turns our hearts from things seen to things

unseen may lead us also upwards to Thee, till we too come to the eternal rest which Thou hast prepared for Thy people.

O Thou in whose hand are the hearts of all Thy creatures, shed abroad Thy peace upon the world. By the might of Thy Holy Spirit quench the pride and anger and greediness which cause man to strive against man and people against people. Lead all nations in the ways of mutual help and good-will, and hasten the time when the earth shall confess Thee indeed for its Saviour and King, and no evil deeds of man shall defile Thy glorious creation.

The day of rest is now ended. We lay ourselves down once more to the rest of sleep and forgetfulness. The morning will bring us back again to the employments which we laid aside last night. If our hearts have in any measure been lifted up to Thee to-day, O suffer them not to sink down again during the coming week. Let this first day set the example for each succeeding morrow, and may the rest which each night shall bring be a true Sabbath rest, the rest of them who have striven to do Thy work in all their labours. . . .¹

3. *Christmas Day: A Collect for Family Prayer*

O Almighty and everlasting God, who hast given Thy Son to be made man and to be subject to the law, that by His holy life, passion, and death He might redeem us from the curse of the law; we beseech Thee to grant to us Thy Holy Spirit, that we may heartily believe in this Thy great love and mercy, and believing may receive and hold fast the spirit of sonship while time shall endure, till Thou givest us the eternal heritage which Thou hast promised to all who believe in Thee: through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. *Amen.*

4. *Clergy Training School Collect*

O Almighty God, who hast joined together in this University the several callings of men for the showing forth of Thy

¹ The ending is missing in the MS.

manifold glory and the good of man's estate; enable, we pray Thee, the ministers of Thy Word, whom Thou hast set here in the midst of many fellow-labourers, so to guard and use the sacred heritages of all former generations, that every increase of knowledge may bring forth a deeper knowledge of the Truth committed to Thy Church, and a larger wisdom to discern its power to fulfil the various needs of men: through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

5. *Two Collects for the Tercentenary Commemoration of the
Foundation of Emmanuel College*

O Lord God, the Father of lights, the Maker and Builder of every house not made with hands, we give Thee thanks for all former members of this ancient foundation who have served Thee with fruitful labour for the increase of knowledge and wisdom, and for the nurture of faithful servants of Thy Church and kingdom. As Thou didst enable them to add their portion to Thy work wrought out by many hands from age to age, so teach us and strengthen us, we pray Thee, to do Thy will in the task which Thou hast ordained for us in this our generation, and grant that with them we may enter into Thy joy in the fulfilment of Thy eternal counsel: through Him by whom Thou hast created all things, and in whom all things consist, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Almighty and everlasting God, who at Thy appointed seasons dost scatter the mists of human darkness by light and fire from heaven, we render to Thee humble thanks for that Thou didst give our forefathers grace in the power of Thy holy Gospel to build up the ruins of things wasted and decayed into a new and living order. Stablish us, we pray Thee, with Thy Word, and enlighten us with Thy Spirit, that we may ever cherish Thy unchanging Truth, and always receive in faith whatsoever Thou in Thy good pleasure shalt make known. All this we ask for the sake of Christ Jesus our Saviour, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

HYMNS

1. *From the Latin*—"A patre unigenitus."

(Omitting the first stanza)

The Lord of Heaven hath stooped to earth,
Put on our form by human birth;
Redeemed by death the world He wrought,
And given the joys of life unbought.

Come now, we pray, Redeemer, come,
Shine on us in our earthly home;
And open to our waiting sight
The glories of Thine own glad light.

Stay with us, Lord and Saviour, stay,
Turn Thou our darkest night to day:
Wash out our every stain of sin,
And heal the spirit sick within.

We know Thou camest once before;
We look for Thee to come once more:
O let Thy sceptre ever bring
Thy people peace, Thou Heavenly King.

All glory, Lord, to Thee we pay,
Who showedst Thyself to men to-day;
Who hast as man to men made known
The brightness of the eternal throne.

1858.

2. *From the Latin (sixteenth century)*—"Aurora lucis rutilat."¹

Now dawning glows the day of days,
All heaven resounds with songs of praise;
From earth loud shouts of triumph rise,
And hell beneath with groans replies.

¹ Part of this hymn is printed in *Church Hymns*, to which Hort also contributed an advent hymn, 'O glory of Thy chosen race,' translated from the German of Johann Frank.

For He, the mighty King of day,
Hath crushed proud Death's unlawful sway,
And, marching through his dark domain,
Broken the weary prisoners' chain.

Fierce soldiers o'er His tomb kept guard ;
A mighty stone the entrance barred ;
But, bursting from His prison, He rose
Triumphant o'er His baffled foes.

Loosed are the pains of hell this hour,
Death over life hath lost his power ;
"The Lord is risen," the angel said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

Sad the eleven Apostles sate,
Mourning alone their Master's fate,
Whose holy blood with foulest guilt
By His own servants' hands was spilt.

When to the tomb the women sped,
Gently the angel calmed their dread :
"Fear not, but haste to Galilee ;
There ye your risen Lord shall see."

Lo, as they ran the eleven to tell
Tidings of Him they loved so well,
Himself, the living Christ, they meet,
And haste to kiss His gracious feet.

Soon the bereft Apostles know
How God hath turned to joy their woe :
Swiftly they speed to Galilee,
Eager their Lord's dear face to see.

Bright paschal gladness fills the sky,
The sun already soars on high,
When their true eyes behold at last
Him who through death to life had passed.

Deep in His shining side appear
 Marks of the nails and cruel spear :
 Loudly those wounds to all to heed
 Cry that the Lord is risen indeed.

Thou gracious King and Lord of day,
 Dwell Thou within our hearts, we pray ;
 So from Thine own shall grateful praise
 Rise to Thy throne through all our days.

1858.

4. *From the Greek*—*φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἀγίας δόξης.*¹

Thou brightness of the Father's light,
 O Christ, Thy holy ray
 Is joy and strength to feeble sight,
 Our never-dying Day.

Now when the sun sinks down to rest,
 And all his light grows dim,
 To Father, Son, and Spirit blest
 We raise our evening hymn.

Thee, Son of God, Thy creatures sing ;
 And always, night and morn,
 To Thee, of life the living spring,
 Be purest praises borne.

1858.

4. *From the German*—"Nun danket alle Gott."

All praise to God alone
 Heart, voice, and hands shall render,
 By mighty deeds made known,
 Man's hope and sure defender.

¹ This hymn, probably of ante-Nicene date, is what Bunsen calls 'The Candle Hymn of the Greek Christians,' sung at sunset and the lighting of the lamp. The allusion in the original to this custom is intentionally slurred in the translation. The translation was written for Ellerton's *Hymns for Schools and Bible Classes*.

Through life our Guard and Guide,
He lifts us when we fall ;
Whatever ill betide,
His love is over all.

O grant us all our days
From Thine eternal treasure
Hearts full of joy and praise,
And peace in boundless measure :
As on and on we go,
Thy care be round our head ;
And ransom us from woe,
While living and when dead.

Be glory, honour, praise
To God the Father given,
To Son, and Holy Ghost,
On high enthroned in heaven.
O bless Him, Three in One,
By whose almighty word
The light from darkness shone,
Bless, earth, thy heavenly Lord !

APPENDIX II

MEMORIAL OF THE LATE DR. HORT

A MEETING was held on Wednesday, February 22nd, 1892, at Trinity College Lodge, for the purpose of taking steps to promote a Memorial of the late Reverend FENTON JOHN ANTHONY HORT, D.D., Lady Margaret's Reader in Divinity.

The VICE-CHANCELLOR (Dr. PEILE, Master of Christ's College) presided, and in opening the proceedings said :—I cannot doubt that the care and forethought of those to whom we owe the meeting to-day, among whom a conspicuous place must be assigned to Dr. Swete, Regius Professor of Divinity, will be rewarded by the result. I see before me a large meeting of men of very wide differences in thought and occupation ; and many others would have been present to-day if they had not been unavoidably prevented. I have letters here from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham, the Master of Peterhouse, the Master of Corpus, the Master of Downing, Professor Babington,—he says that it is well known he is unable to be here ; he is with us in spirit—Sir George Humphry, Professor Liveing, Professor Foster—he regrets he cannot be here to do honour to a man he so much honoured—Dr. Stanton, Professor Marshall, the Rev. J. H. Moulton, Canon Browne, and many others. I will only add that I most gladly would have been a perfectly silent member at this meeting. I could have wished that the place which I hold as Chairman could have been taken by the Master of either of the two Colleges which Dr. Hort loved so much, and who stood amongst his oldest friends in Cambridge ; and yet it is fitting that the man who holds the office of Vice-Chancellor should take the chair to-day, because it indicates,

however slightly, that the loss of Dr. Hort is not a loss to one or two Colleges, not a loss to any one faculty, but a loss to the whole University—the loss of a singularly vivifying force, acting over an exceptionally large area, the loss of an influence which rested not merely on admiration for the learning and thirst of knowledge in the man, but on love for his singularly noble and straightforward character. It seems to me that it is a great thing for Cambridge that of all the many great men we have lost lately it should be true that the influence of them all rested not merely on their special teaching power, but on the genuine affection which we felt for them. Unity of that kind is, I think, a most precious possession, and I hope it may be for Cambridge a *κτῆμα εἰς αἰεί*. I will ask the Bishop of Peterborough to propose the first resolution.

The BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH said:—Mr. Vice-Chancellor and gentlemen, I am very thankful for having the opportunity of proposing the resolution that is put into my hands :

“That steps be taken to perpetuate in the University the memory of the Reverend Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D., late Lady Margaret’s Reader in Divinity.”

I am aware that I am speaking to those who knew Dr. Hort for a much longer time and much more intimately than myself. I can only plead that the circumstances of my position when I came here brought me into intimate personal relations with him ; and that my removal from the University has given a clearness and distinctness to my impression of Cambridge, which probably is greater than that of those who are still here. I can say that, looking back upon my life in Cambridge, I regard Dr. Hort as the most conspicuous example of all the highest and noblest qualities which academic life produces. In my experience of two Universities, I know no one who so entirely embodied in his own life and character in his attitude towards knowledge, in what he did and in what he attempted to do, and in what by his life he enabled others to do—no one, I say, so conspicuously embodied the qualities which an University ought to be proud to engender in its sons as did Dr. Hort. First of all, his wide range of interests and the consequent discipline of his mind from his earliest days in this place, gave him a many-sidedness which enabled him to express the unity of knowledge, not as an ideal, not as a dream, not merely as an imagination, but as an actual truth which penetrated all that he did and all that he said. Never in his

utterances was there anything that was harsh or one-sided. He was always willing to bring opinions to the test of fair reasoning ; always ready to discover what was in them ; by no means desirous to press one subject at the expense of another ; profoundly believing in the University as an organic representation of all branches of human knowledge, where all subjects had an equal place because all were of equal value. And if he expressed that sentiment universally, he also carried with it into his conversation on the most trivial matters a sense of the dignity of knowledge. I am sure that all who knew him would agree with me in saying that the only thing of which he was intolerant was presumptuous sciolism. The only thing that moved his wrath was unreflecting worship of the idols of the market-place. The dignity of knowledge breathed round everything he said. One felt in talking to him, in bringing questions before him, that he raised them at once to a higher level than that at which they stood in one's own mind ; that he showed what a problem really was, not with a view to its immediate solution, but because the ultimate solution depended on a clear perception of the exact issue. Every one who came to him with difficulties went away with his mind heightened by an increased sense of the importance of the work in which he was engaged. More than that, Dr. Hort was an example in a conspicuous degree of that academic patriotism of which an University is proud above all things. A sensitive nature, naturally retiring, and indisposed to business, he never withdrew himself from University affairs. Many students are justified in saying that the current business of the University must be left to those to whom the cost of doing it is less than it would be to themselves ; but Dr. Hort was always ready to bear not only his share, but more than his share, of the necessary burdens of the business of this place. There was nothing that appertained to the good of the University as a whole in any way whatever—whether it was University Extension, or the business of the Library, or the Press Syndicate—in which he did not take a profound interest. Those who worked with him in University matters knew how often he was ready to tax his strength far beyond its real power, and give all his care and his attention to looking over some manuscript, it might be, for the Press, to drafting some report for a Syndicate—labour which he did with exceeding difficulty, because of his extreme fastidiousness, his unwillingness to allow any work to pass from his hands upon which he had not bestowed the greatest pains he possibly could.

In all these things his life was a constant stimulus to those who knew him. He was perpetually, by the mere fact of his existence amongst us, raising up a higher standard of the pursuit of knowledge, and of integrity, uprightness, and straightforwardness of character. No one impressed me more. There was no one to whom I personally owed a greater debt of gratitude than to him. He will live with me always—let me say it again—as being one of the highest types of academic character, as being a man of a kind whom the University ought to be specially proud to produce. Apart from what he actually did, apart from what he taught, I revered him for what he was, and for the influence he had upon this place. I am quite sure that many a passing undergraduate was arrested by the sight of that keen face, and that hurrying step, as with a bundle of books under his arm he might be seen hastening to the University Library before it closed to verify a reference. The very streets were the better for his presence, and men were taught by the mere outward aspect of his appearance. I beg to move the resolution which I have read.

Dr. JEBB said :—Mr. Vice-Chancellor and gentlemen, I feel it a great honour to be asked to take part in seconding this resolution; and first, I should like to express the feeling of gratification, which I am sure must be shared by every one here, with which I have listened to those eloquent words in which the Bishop of Peterborough has delineated Dr. Hort's characteristics, both as a scholar and as a man, out of a fulness of knowledge and of sympathy which gives his words a peculiar weight. Indeed I do not think that it is easy for me to add anything material to what he has so admirably said. But speaking as a layman, and as one whose studies have not lain in the province which was more especially Dr. Hort's, I may perhaps be allowed to say what I believe to be felt by many such persons. The work done by Dr. Hort for the textual criticism of the New Testament has a permanent value which extends even beyond the range of great subjects with which it is primarily connected. It is, indeed, a lesson in the science and method of textual criticism generally; a luminous example of profound and exact learning, informed by a mind of remarkable acuteness, and controlled by a judgment which is always subtle yet always sober. Those who are in this room know the qualities by which that great work was accomplished. If I were to mention what I always felt as the central thing in Dr. Hort's character, I should be inclined to describe it as a concentrated enthusiasm for learning,—an enthusiasm which set

no limit, except that of physical endurance, to labour in respect of any task which he had once undertaken ; and we all know that he often pressed upon that limit to the uttermost. No part of that enthusiasm was ever diverted to those forms of manifestation which most easily captivate popular recognition. It was spent wholly on giving the utmost completeness and perfection to his work which he was capable of giving to it. He never published anything until he had brought it as near as possible to that singularly high and severe standard which he always proposed to himself. His versatility, to which the Bishop of Peterborough has referred, was remarkable, from his undergraduate days onwards ; and yet, in the writings which he has left, those many-sided intellectual interests have all been strictly subordinated to the great purpose of that work on which he had concentrated his powers. One can even imagine a reader who had not known Dr. Hort personally forming the impression that this great scholar had been a man of cold disposition. We here know how singularly contrary to the fact such an impression would be. I suppose there never was a man of a more generous nature or a warmer heart. Many people in this room, myself among the number, can remember the willing and bountiful aid which he was always ready to give out of his great stores of accurate knowledge, to any one who came to him with a question, or who sought his help in connexion with any subject. And all who knew him remember his warmth as a friend, his power of throwing himself into the interests of his friends, and that indefinable sense, which was left with every one who knew him well, that he was one of those staunch friends whose sympathy might be counted upon under all trials. Many of us, I daresay, may have noticed that when he passed away there was very little about him in the papers. But one by one, first from one quarter and then from another, have come the testimonies of weighty witnesses to that high place which he held among the masters in those studies which he had made his own ; and that is the kind of memorial in the minds of men which those who most appreciate the character of his life and work would most desire for him. Never did a son of Cambridge better deserve to be commemorated in this place ; and, therefore, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, I have the greatest pleasure in seconding this resolution.

The MASTER OF TRINITY said :—Mr. Vice-Chancellor and gentlemen, let me, first of all, express my grateful thanks to the two speakers who have preceded me. The words they have used

and the tones in which they have uttered them show that they love as a man, as well as reverence as a scholar and a student, this noble-hearted man who was one of my dearest friends. If I have any claim to follow them this afternoon, it is because, probably, there are few sitting here—I speak in the unwilling absence of Professor Liveing and Sir George Humphry, and some others—who have known Dr. Hort personally quite so long as myself; yet this long knowledge and long friendship make it more and more hopeless for me to attempt to give any utterance to what is in my heart. I tried to think over what I might say this afternoon, and found it simply impossible. You know, gentlemen, that with regard to the friends of our earliest days at College, conscious as we are that we owe them personally the greatest possible debt, however little we may have been able to turn that debt to account, we can love them, we can feel their greatness, we can rejoice to find that those who have known them later and less intimately feel that, by an imperative necessity, their names must be recorded when they are taken from us; but one thing we cannot do, we cannot analyse them. They have had a part in shaping our higher ideals; they have come perhaps to our rescue when we were on the point of committing follies; they have raised our whole notion of life. We cannot bring ourselves to analyse their character.

Let me only add one word which brings me into contact with the speaker who will follow me, the Master of Emmanuel. I remember the time when Dr. Hort was taken away from us here in 1857, just when most of us thought that his influence over the young men of the day was likely to be at its height. He was taken away for more than fifteen years. It was to a work which, however faithfully discharged, was perhaps not wholly congenial. And, then, I shall never forget my delight when I heard that he was summoned back to the service of the University by the far-sighted wisdom of Dr. Phear and his friends at Emmanuel. May I say without impertinence that it is a special pleasure to us Trinity men to think that, through the kindness and confidence of other Colleges, we are enabled thus to colonise, and not keep ourselves solely within our own walls. When I recall St. John's, Caius, King's, Jesus, Emmanuel, Sidney, Downing, Selwyn, and Ridley Hall, one after another, in which members of our College are privileged to serve the University, I say we are thankful. Those who summoned Dr. Hort to Emmanuel twenty-one years ago must, I think, feel that they did a wise thing for themselves

as well as for the University. He grew visibly grey in their service. He gave to them the fulness of his heart, without in any way severing any one of his earlier ties. Gentlemen, I will not detain you longer. As one who formally supports the resolution that the University should perpetuate the name of Dr. Hort, I may quote the very latest letter, which came two hours ago, from Professor Marshall, saying, in simple words, "I regard him as one of the greatest of Cambridge men." Speaking in language more natural to myself, I simply and humbly thank God for having given me in the days of my youth so wise and noble-hearted a friend.

The MASTER OF EMMANUEL said :—Mr. Vice-Chancellor and gentlemen, it is on many accounts with very real reluctance that I take any other than a silent part in the proceedings to-day ; not a little, perhaps, as fearing to bring down into commonplace by my observations a character of the rarest quality ; and now as feeling that neither by authority, nor by any grace of phrase, can I add anything to the tribute we have already heard. It is merely to answer "adsum" in this muster of his friends that I am willing to speak a few words to the resolution. But I would not be misunderstood as if indifferent to it. No one can feel more strongly than I do the fitness of some permanent memorial to the great Professor that Cambridge has lately lost. I need not seek to justify the word "great." Whilst I feel that it is right always to challenge the rank of any for whom such a proposal is made, to question how far personal partiality may enter to affect our judgment, in this case, after what has been already said, I think no one can distrust the conviction that however little noticed by the newspaper world (as Dr. Jebb has said), Dr. Hort in his quiet student life has been one of our greatest and best, and that with him a power of the richest worth to the University has passed from Cambridge. I am not thinking now only of his great natural endowment, evident in the exceptionally massive head and beautiful eye, nor of his great learning which I suppose only the learned can properly vouch to, but of that more exceptional greatness of character, that largeness and grace of nature which it needs no expert to appreciate. My title to speak to this resolution to-day is that, associated with him for many favoured years, and in more than one situation of proof, in University and College interests I have learned to realise something of his full stature, something of the height from which he looked at things, something too of his deep sense of responsibility of our great academic trust. I have

heard it wished by some that he had *produced*, as it is called, more in his lifetime. I cannot so wish it myself. It is to wish him other than he was ; to wish him, it seems to me, smaller, unless, indeed, it be a weakness to be careless of any conspicuous personal achievement, caring only to be true to his principle, *Fidelis in minimis et maximis*, in all that he wrought. I am almost invited by the Master of Trinity in his generous notice of the part taken by my college in recalling Dr. Hort to Cambridge to speak something of his particular connexion with Emmanuel, but I must not forget that it is what he was to the University that is before the meeting to-day. Those who will speak to the other resolutions will be able to tell us about his special gifts, his influence, and his work. To me he is an illustration that the scholar is more than his work, and his will always be to me the memory of a noble and beautiful life. It was a life such as, lived in our midst, serves to justify and dignify our endowments, such a life I think as makes it due from us, his contemporaries, to those who shall come after us, to do what best we may to keep the memory of its example before them.

The resolution was then put and carried unanimously.

Dr. LUMBY said :—Mr. Vice-Chancellor and gentlemen, the resolution which I have to move consists of two parts, the first of which relates to a memorial directly personal :—

“That donations be invited towards a personal memorial of Dr. Hort, a Portrait, to be placed in the Divinity School at Cambridge.”

I ought, perhaps, first to say that the question of a bust was discussed by the Committee to whom the preparation of this resolution was entrusted, and in deference to some words which fell from one who valued more highly, perhaps, than any of us, the Professor whom we have lost, it was considered most carefully ; but the risk of entrusting to a sculptor, who could not possibly have seen Dr. Hort, the commission to execute a bust seemed to be so great that it was in the end decided to give up any attempt to represent those noble features in marble. Therefore in the resolution only a portrait is named. I feel quite sure both from the tone of the speeches which you have already heard, and the acceptance which one could feel they received from every one in this room, that such a personal memorial will be desired by all who have known Dr. Hort during his life amongst us. I

could tell of his great versatility, but that has been attested sufficiently. I would rank him among those whom Bacon calls "full men." But I should like to point out how his sympathy went forth to scholars who asked his assistance even in the earliest days when he came up to reside among us. I go back to a time, almost thirty years ago, when a student went to seek his advice and found him, as he always was, willing to listen and to help, and came away with a larger store of knowledge, much elevation of ideas, and many lights upon the subject which he had not had before, and feeling specially gratified that the subject which had occupied his own mind had, as he thought, been very lately before the mind of Dr. Hort. In after years this delusion vanished, because it was almost impossible to go to him on any subject without finding an equally full result. The amount of his knowledge was only equalled by the great liberality with which he was willing to dispense it to all who really desired it. I feel therefore that there are many who will wish that there should be a personal memorial of Dr. Hort in our midst. For he was regarded by students who had nothing to do with his own department of Theology as a man of unique attainments, and when you consider how he was appealed to on all sorts of subjects by different persons in the University, you can see how prized he must have been. And the power of his mind will be seen if you look at that work to which Professor Jebb has just alluded, the Preface, I mean, of Westcott and Hort's *New Testament in Greek*. You can there see how he gained this immense knowledge, and these powers; you can see how thorough he was in everything that he did, how he gathers together in a most masterly manner all the material that was at his hand, how he arranges it and sifts it, and tests every portion, and then in argument brings forward at the right place those points which tell most, and, in the end, reaches a conclusion which will make that preface a classic work in the science of criticism for many long years to come. But he was more than this. A learned and methodical student, he was a great lover of all the studies here, and I should like to be permitted to illustrate what I am saying by reading to you a few words from a prayer which he composed for use among us. It will show you what his notions of University life, University studies, and University duties were. He speaks of those who are joined together here in the several callings of men for the showing forth of God's manifold glory and the good of man's estate, and his prayer is that God would enable all those "whom He has set here in the

midst of many fellow-labourers, so to guard and use the sacred heritages of all former generations, that every increase of knowledge may bring forth a deeper knowledge of the truth committed to Christ's Church, and a larger wisdom to discern its power to fulfil the various needs of men." Of such a teacher, with such an idea of his duty and of ours, I feel we shall be all agreed that some personal memorial should be preserved, a portrait which may remind us of the great man and the great friend we have lost, and may in some feeble degree set forth to students in coming generations the mind which gave expression to those noble features.

I pass now to the second portion of the resolution :

"That donations and annual subscriptions be invited towards a fund to be known as the 'Hort Memorial Fund,' from which grants may be made from time to time for the promotion of Biblical and Patristic research, especially by obtaining collations of MSS. and assisting the publication of unremunerative work ; and that any balance which may remain over after the provision of the personal memorial be placed to the credit of the Fund."

The fund is designed, you see, to assist unremunerative work. It would have found great favour with Dr. Hort if such a fund had been started in his lifetime. For he knew how much unremunerative work there was to be done, and longed to have it done. Several years ago he took part in providing a scheme for doing something of the work which it is proposed to do now. It was a scheme for editing Patristic Texts for Theological Students. Unhappily, on account of there being no fund for helping out unremunerative work, it came to nothing, but the scheme is here, and is a mark of the mind to which it is due. He provides, first, that the place of the writer and his work in the history of Christian life, thought, and doctrine should be made clear, and that there should be an analysis of the work, and short discussions on special questions arising out of it. This, as I said, was found to be impossible, because at that time it was necessary for those who were agitating for this work to provide not only for the unremunerative part of it, but to see that funds were forthcoming for the printing and for the publication. Happily we live in better times. The University Press is able and has shown itself abundantly willing to take upon itself the printing and publication of any good work of this kind which is brought to it, and, therefore, it is only for this unremunerative work that the fund is to make provision. It

is for workers going abroad, perhaps even as far as Sinai, or Jerusalem, to labour and collate MSS., that this provision must be made. The work must be done by younger members of the University, and they, for the most part, are not provided with the means to sustain themselves. It is therefore very desirable for the prosecution of the studies in which Dr. Hort took such interest that a fund of this kind should be provided. But you will see from the resolution that the fund may be used for other purposes. Works may be produced which the Press cannot accept, and there may be undertakings—for instance, such as the production of a *facsimile* of our own *Codex Beza*—which the Press could not undertake without a subsidy. It is therefore desirable that there should be that freedom which has been provided in the resolution for allowing not only the collection and collation of MSS., but for printing, if it be necessary, and for publication by the fund itself. But I will not dwell more on the resolution; I will only point out to you how thoroughly its aim is in accord with what Dr. Hort would have delighted to support. In this scheme which I have before me, he begins by saying, "Let the text be based on the best editions with a collation of MSS. where it is possible." And in the work which he has left us, a monument of the character and power of his own learning, he has indicated that he would like our researches to go on the same lines. In those two noble dissertations he deals in the first with a various reading of the New Testament which had been buried for generations almost entirely out of sight, and after he has sifted all the evidence for the reading which he is anxious to support, and brought forward his evidence from manuscripts, from versions, and from the Fathers, he proceeds to a conclusion so complete and so convincing that, though one's mind had been trained constantly on the opposite reading, it was absolutely impossible to refuse assent, not only on account of the manuscript evidence, but also because, as Dr. Hort has shown, the word which he supports is required for the logical completeness of the prelude to St. John's gospel. He does not however proceed far in that essay before he laments that the texts he is obliged to use are very imperfect. In the second dissertation he deals with a very tangled period of Church history and doctrine. In discussing the history of that creed which we now use under the name of Nicene, he marches forward in his own way, step by step, with perfect sureness, because he has always made the path clear for himself, and this he has done by his own collation, by setting side by side this Creed with all similar documents that

could have influenced it and which came into existence about the same period, and thus he has traced to their source all the phrases of what we now accept as the Nicene Creed. And he fostered such work as this by his liberality as well as by his example. Some of us remember that in the case of a scholar who is, perhaps, one of the greatest authorities on the Text of the New Testament, it was necessary to provide a fund to aid in some of this unremunerative work, and Dr. Hort contributed liberally, and used every effort here and in Oxford to obtain contributions that the work might be carried forward. The only recompense to the scholar who undertook it was that he was able to lay before his fellow-students all the results of his work, to be employed by them as they found best. On another occasion, when a fund was being raised for the late Professor de Lagarde, he took an equal interest and gave equally liberally, knowing that the work so done was of this unremunerative kind, but yet most precious to those who wanted accuracy of knowledge such as he was always thirsting for. I feel quite sure, therefore, that both from the precepts Dr. Hort has given us in this pattern for the Patristic Texts, in the Essays he has left us, which have a value above volumes of less accurate writings, and from his own liberality, we have sufficient evidence that the fund which it is proposed to raise would have met with his cordial support, and delighted him had he seen it established. Therefore, because I feel that a provision of such a kind is entirely in harmony with Dr. Hort's own wishes, because I feel that if it be raised and be of such amount that it can be transferred as a trust to the University, it will be one of the best means of keeping his memory fresh among us, and, also, because if by its existence it will help others to labour in his spirit and after his model, we shall be able to say through it that "he being dead yet speaketh." I desire to propose both sections of this resolution, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, in the terms in which they are set down.

Dr. MOULTON said:—Mr. Vice-Chancellor and gentlemen, though the privilege of furthering in any way an effort to keep fresh and living the recollection of the late Professor Hort is one which no one can value more highly than myself, I confess I would gladly yield my place this afternoon to some other who—I cannot say, feels his loss more deeply, but has more power than I have to do justice to the memory of so great a man. I had not the early claim upon Dr. Hort which some of those who have spoken possessed; and the debt I owe to him, greater than any words of

mine can express, I acknowledge with yet deeper gratitude than if I had been one of those associated with his early days. My impression of his life and work during twenty-two years of close and familiar fellowship is of one harmonious and beautiful whole. It is a picture in which I can find no flaw. I can present to myself no higher ideal of a generous and affectionate friend. I have never seen any one who was more manifestly free from all selfish aims and conditions.

I was first brought into connexion with Dr. Hort when the Company was formed for the Revision of the New Testament. During the ten or eleven years which that work occupied, his was one of the most prominent and characteristic figures in all meetings of the Company. I seem to see him now sitting or standing up to speak at one corner of the long table in the Jerusalem Chamber, referring from time to time to the many books which he brought with him and consulted with so much advantage to the rest of us. I remember well the readiness with which he spoke upon the most varied subjects; the subtle insight which he showed as he entered into every new question raised; the recognition which he received from the first as one of the greatest authorities upon Textual Criticism. In questions which call for special knowledge (on points of natural history, for example) he spoke as a master; and indeed there was hardly any subject in regard to which he did not seem ready to give effective help.

Loyal to the maxim which he loved so well, Dr. Hort habitually "preferred things true to things accustomed." He was always ready to give up a cherished opinion at the bidding of decisive evidence. In the Preface to the work which Dr. Lumby has just referred to, he says: "I have tried to do justice, in argument as well as in mind, to every tangible suggestion adverse to my own conclusion," and to this principle he was always faithful. In forming his conclusions, as we all know, he sought for the whole body of available evidence, and considered the whole subject from every point of view. He united in a wonderful degree that microscopic examination which reveals intimate structure, with the distant and larger view, which presents a subject in all its various relations. Much has been said this afternoon about Dr. Hort's versatility, but perhaps there is nothing more noteworthy than the fact that all those many fields in which he delighted to roam were to him one. The striking words which he used of Coleridge are truly applicable to himself. "No important class of his principles and methods can be omitted

without seriously impairing the coherence of the rest. . . . With him, as with every one to whom truth is more than a subject for speculation, there is no line of separation between the different subjects of his thoughts, still less between his thoughts and his life."

As all who knew Dr. Hort will remember, he most tenaciously held the opinion that to Theology belongs a unique position. His life and his work were devoted to this sacred learning. He viewed with especial interest the study of Theology in this University: "in such a neighbourhood theological thought is compelled to increased depth and truthfulness"; Theology is "an omnipresent element felt rather than seen," "binding together all the studies of the University, . . . bringing out the intrinsic seriousness and dignity of each and all." It is therefore most fitting that the memorial should take the form which is now proposed. It has been asked, What would Dr. Hort have thought of a memorial to himself? He would have shrunk most sensitively from any personal element which might seem exaggerated, though I do not believe that he would have turned away from anything that might—if I may so speak—maintain the atmosphere of affectionate association with himself. But into the *work* which is contemplated in this resolution he would have entered with his whole heart. He himself was an example of the truest spirit of "Biblical and Patristic research." He knew better than most men how much remains to be done in both fields; and, as has been already said, he was always ready himself to encourage "unremunerative work."

I am sure, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, I shall not be thought disloyal to the present if I refer to our losses in the past; if I express a fervent hope that the traditions of the three great Divinity Professors—one of these (happily) only removed from Cambridge in order that his influence may extend to a still wider sphere—may be cherished here with more and more loyal love and thankfulness; and that this memorial, eagerly welcomed and maintained, may largely conduce to this end.

Dr. KIRKPATRICK said:—Mr. Vice-Chancellor and gentlemen, I count it a special honour to be allowed to speak to this resolution as a representative of a younger generation. The slight notice taken by the public Press of Dr. Hort's death was a strange contrast to our feelings here. We felt that we were mourning the loss of a master, a counsellor, and a friend. His departure from us seemed like the closing of a great era. I trust I shall not be misunderstood. There are those in this room to whom I owe

more than I can express as teachers ; but we of the younger generation who have spent the last fifteen, or twenty, or twenty-five years in Cambridge, have regarded it as our especial privilege that our lot was cast here in the reign of the great triumvirate of Lightfoot, Westcott, and Hort. And now they have all passed away from us. One passed from us to a larger sphere, before he was taken from the Church by death ; one has passed from us to that same sphere, and is showing in a notable way how the training of the scholar can be applied to the practical affairs of the Church and the great social questions of the day ; the third is now taken from our very midst. We count it the great privilege of our lives to have known them, and to have been their scholars, and we heartily support the movement for a memorial. Yet, indeed, the best memorial of Dr. Hort will be that monumental work in which his name is so happily coupled with that of his friend and fellow-worker. That work is characteristic of the man both in its undertaking and in its execution. I remember his speaking to me once almost sadly (yet surely without real regret) of the large portion of his life which had been spent on textual questions. It was not for its own sake that textual criticism interested him, but for the sake of the greater problems which lay beyond it. He felt that if the interpretation of the New Testament was to be based upon a secure foundation, a science of textual criticism must be established which would remove as far as possible every doubtful element in the determination of the actual words which were to be interpreted, and he set himself to the task with that thoroughness which was so characteristic of him. It is generally acknowledged by competent judges that he succeeded in basing the textual criticism of the New Testament on a permanent and scientific foundation instead of on mere subjective fancy. That work is his great memorial ; but it is well that such a memorial as is now proposed should be established ; the portrait to keep before the eyes of future generations of students in the Divinity School those keen, eager features, and make them ask, if they know not the name, who it was that is represented by that portrait ; and the fund which will promote work such as he himself would have desired to see promoted. I trust that the memorial will be successful ; but be it never so successful, it cannot be an adequate measure of our love and affection and regard ; it cannot be a measure of the debt we owe him. The best memorial will be to take care that his work shall live on, and influence one generation after another of students here.

Though we can no longer have that intense and burning focus of light and energy which he himself was, each of many workers may reflect some portion of that light which was concentrated in him. His own life is indeed his best memorial.

Lofty designs must close in like effects.
Loflily lying
Leave him, still greater than the world suspects,
Living and dying.

Professor RYLE said :—Mr. Vice-Chancellor and gentlemen, I count it a high privilege to be asked to support this motion as one of the junior students who have owed so much to the friendship and the inspiring example of the master whom we have lost. We cannot speak from a long recollection, but we can speak from the intensity of the feeling which was produced by that friendship. In going to Dr. Hort we went to one who inspired us in some sense with awe by his majestic intellectual powers ; but that sense of awe was always dispersed by the warmth and tenderness of his manner, and by his perfect sympathy. Never can I forget the way in which this was shown on the day when the announcement was made that his friend and colleague, the present Bishop of Durham, was to be taken away from us to another sphere of work. It seemed as if our Cambridge loss brought to Dr. Hort not only a sense of the great responsibility that burdened him in his greater loneliness, but also a realisation of the brotherhood with which he had power to draw near to those who were a whole generation younger than himself.

His work and his character are the two things which are now and ever will be before us. When we think of the loss we sustained on the last day in November 1892, we are apt to think most of the loss of a personal friend. But, in a gathering like this, we must feel that there is the loss of a great worker. For after all that which must fill our minds most to-day is the thought of the work to which he gave himself his whole life through with such untiring devotion and energy and self-denial. That work must be carried on in his spirit, even though those who strive to follow in his steps feel how far above them is the ideal which he has set. But that work is bequeathed, I trust, in some measure to those who will have learned from him to carry it out in his spirit. It was, I believe, startling to him to find, after the death of Dr. Lightfoot, and after the departure of Dr. Westcott, how greatly he was respected, how deeply he was loved, by the younger men in our University. It was startling to him to understand

what an influence he had over us. Let us hope and trust that the influence which he wielded and the power he exercised may in days to come be the means of bringing forth some small fruit worthy of the example which he set.

But besides the work there is to be commemorated the character of the man, and the beauty of his perfect humility which inspired us with so much affection. And it is just on account of its two-fold character that the form which this memorial takes is in some ways most fitting. One memorial is to encourage the promotion of those studies which he desired ever to promote. The other, the personal memorial, we establish, because we feel that without something of a purely personal nature we should not be doing true justice to the full greatness of his memory. Perhaps, now we may fancy that no picture could adequately present to us the features we loved to look upon, and that it would be impossible after his death for any artist really to portray them. Yet in days to come when, as must happen, the keenness of recollection will be dimmed, we shall be most grateful for even, it may be only an imperfect, representation of the look that at one time inspired us. It will be the likeness of one whom we loved, of one with whom it was our great privilege to work for a short time as his colleague and his friend.

Professor MAYOR said :—Might I ask whether the Committee would object to inserting after "Biblical and Patristic," "Hellenistic"? As far as I can see, the resolution as it stands would not allow any work for Josephus or Philo being assisted by the Hort Memorial Fund, or such a masterpiece as Jakob Bernays' edition of Pseudo-Phokylides. That is not Patristic and it is not Biblical. There are no writers on whom Dr. Hort spent more time than on Josephus and Philo. I can carry back further than any one who has spoken the testimony to Dr. Hort's anxiety that there should be a thorough collation of all the early Greek Patristic texts. Not thirty years only, but forty years ago, when the *Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology* was commenced—he, then an incepting Master of Arts, and Lightfoot, still a Bachelor, being two of the first editors—Hort formed a scheme, and mapped out amongst his friends the places where they were to go and the books they were to collate; all the more important Greek fathers were to be collated by his friends during the vacations. No doubt from very early days that was a favourite ideal which he held before himself. The Committee in the third resolution is allowed to decide upon all matters of detail, but it does not appear to me

they will be able to enlarge the definition of the subjects contained in this second resolution so far as to take in Philo and Josephus.

The VICE-CHANCELLOR :—You move that as an amendment, I suppose ? I should be very glad if some member of the Committee who is qualified to speak will do so.

Dr. LUMBY :—I do not think there will be any objection in the minds of any of the Committee to include Hellenistic. I think the word would be allowed by nearly all here, and I should be very glad indeed to give my vote in favour of Professor Mayor's amendment.

The resolution as amended by Professor Mayor was then put to the meeting and carried.

Dr. SWETE said :—Mr. Vice-Chancellor and gentlemen, I should have gladly remained silent this afternoon, not from any want of sympathy with the object of the meeting, or of veneration for our great leader, but because there are so many present who could speak with more weight than I can. My acquaintance with Dr. Hort commenced only ten years ago, and for some years our intercourse consisted chiefly of correspondence passing between us. I was entrusted with the execution of a work which Dr. Hort inspired, and it was my duty to continually consult him about many matters of detail connected with that work. I should like to say how full his answers were, and how, in the midst of his heavy labours here, he gave to me the time which might have been spent perhaps with more profit on other work, but which he did not grudge to any younger student who sought his help. Then, when in 1890 I came up here and found myself amongst his colleagues, he received me with a generous cordiality, which was the more touching because one could not help feeling that the occasion must have been to himself one of considerable pain. From that time I found him to be my best guide and adviser in all matters of business connected with the faculty, as he had previously been my guide and adviser in literary work. I should like to give two instances of the way in which Dr. Hort carried on the business of his office to the very last. Only last May, when he was on the eve of departure for Switzerland, it fell to his lot, in conjunction with myself and another Cambridge Professor, to nominate two persons for an important public office. It was competent for Dr. Hort, under the circumstances, to devolve the responsibility on his colleagues, but he refused to rid himself of the labour, and for a month or more during his stay in Switzerland

he was continually receiving papers from us and writing answers, in which he gave the fullest consideration to the claims of the respective candidates, and showed that wonderful discrimination which marked all that he wrote and all that he said. And on the very last day of his life he dictated to me, from what we now know to have been his death-bed, a letter entering minutely into a matter of business, and manifesting all his usual skill and power. It is my duty to propose the names of the Committee. Before I read them let me say that it has been the endeavour of the provisional Committee to enlist on the service of the large Committee men of many departments of study, representing those different fields of knowledge in which Dr. Hort was conspicuous. It was desired that this movement, although especially devoted to the promotion of those theological studies in which Dr. Hort was chiefly eminent, should be guided by the counsels of men of different minds and of different pursuits, so that it might have that largeness and breadth of view which characterised Dr. Hort's own life and work. I beg to move :

“That the carrying out of both the branches of this scheme be entrusted to a Committee consisting of the Vice-Chancellor, Professor Babington, Rev. F. H. Chase, Mr. W. Chawner, Dr. Clifford Allbutt, Mr. J. W. Clark, the Master of Downing, the Master of Emmanuel, Professor Foster, Professor Gwatkin, Professor Sir George Humphry, Dr. Jackson, Mr. M. R. James, Dr. Jebb, M.P., Mr. F. J. H. Jenkinson, the Master of Jesus, the Master of St. John's, the Provost of King's, Dr. Kirkpatrick, Professor Liveing, Dr. Lumby, Professor Macalister, Professor Marshall, Rev. P. H. Mason, Professor Middleton, Dr. Moulton, Rev. J. O. F. Murray, Professor Newton, the Public Orator, the Master of Peterhouse, Mr. G. W. Prothero, the President of Queens', the Principal of Ridley Hall, Professor Robertson-Smith, Professor J. A. Robinson, Rev. A. Rose, Professor Ryle, Dr. Seeley, the Master of Selwyn, Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh, Dr. Sidgwick, Dr. Stanton, Professor Sir Gabriel Stokes, Bart., Dr. Swete, the Master of Trinity, Professor Sir Thomas Wade, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., Rev. F. Wallis, Rev. J. T. Ward, Mr. W. Aldis Wright, with power to add to their number ; and that it be competent for the Committee to decide upon all matters of detail.”

The PROVOST OF KING'S said :—Mr. Vice-Chancellor and gentlemen, I have no claim to take an active part in the pro-

ceedings this afternoon except, perhaps, one, and that is that I represent a College which owes a great debt to Dr. Westcott. Dr. Westcott's name is so inseparably linked in the future with that of Dr. Hort that perhaps on that ground, and that ground alone, I have been asked to second this resolution. At any rate, I am not going to attempt to add anything to all that has been said about Dr. Hort's life and work, better known to those who have already described it than it was to myself. I could only say in effect what they have said. But I would make one remark on the resolution which I am seconding. I think it would be well to clear up, if it needs clearing up, whether the large Committee whose names you have just heard have power not only to add to their number, but also to appoint a sub-Committee or an Executive Committee. It seems to me that a Committee of that size can hardly be expected to meet more than, perhaps, once, or, at least, very seldom; and if this second work which is described in the last resolution is to be administered by the body we are now appointing, it will, I suppose, be necessary that the larger Committee should be able to delegate that power to a small body of people who will have special qualifications for considering what work should be undertaken, and whether the people who propose to undertake the work are qualified to do it. Perhaps I am suggesting a thing that is clear on the face of it, but it does not seem clear to me.

The VICE-CHANCELLOR :—I think it must be held that any Committee has power to appoint a sub-Committee for any definite purpose.

Dr. SIDGWICK said :—I am very glad to support the resolution that has been moved and seconded. I might claim to speak as an old friend, as more than a generation has elapsed since I received, in a conversation which I still remember, my first impression of Hort's vivid, eager, and versatile intellect. But I feel rather called upon to speak as representing, however unworthily, the study of philosophy in this University. For I think, even after what has been said of the width and variety of Hort's studies and interests, a word should still be said with regard to the special study of philosophy, which was an important part of his life, and one which should not be overlooked when we are considering his influence and the value of his work among us. The sympathetic and penetrating essay on Coleridge, to which Dr. Moulton has already referred, was, I believe, his first important

literary work : later, during the time that the chair of Moral Philosophy was held by his friend Professor Maurice, he repeatedly gave valued aid in the work of this department ; and I believe that when Professor Maurice, who had come back to us in comparatively old age, was contemplating the close of his career here, it was his strong wish that Hort should succeed him. But before the vacancy was created by Professor Maurice's death in 1872, Hort had finally chosen a different direction for his energies ; and he had recognised reluctantly but decisively that specialisation, stern and severe, is in the present age the only condition under which effective work can be done for the advancement of knowledge. But though he had recognised that his own labour must be given to the department of theology, this recognition did not in any degree limit or narrow his intellectual interest and sympathies ; and—if I may say it without presumption—I think that it has been no small advantage to our theological school during the actual twenty years of its history in which Hort worked in it, that it has had among its leading representatives one whose intellectual preparation for its work had been so full and complete, and who retained throughout his life a range of intellectual interests so remarkably profound and comprehensive. I have great pleasure in supporting the resolution.

Professor MIDDLETON said :—Mr. Vice-Chancellor and gentlemen, I feel almost ashamed to try and speak of Dr. Hort, but my excuse for doing so is the fact that I owe him an unspeakable debt of gratitude. More than thirty years ago, when I was a schoolboy, he treated me with an amount of kindness and sympathy which no words of mine can adequately express ; indeed, I cannot even try to speak of it now. With regard to Dr. Hort's special subject, my own knowledge is far too slight to enable me to appreciate or realise at first hand how excellent his work is. I will say, however, that whenever he happened to discuss any subject about which I knew anything, such as, for example, Greek art, or mediæval painters, he always showed an amount of knowledge that might have made one think that that was the special subject which had occupied his thoughts. While, at the same time, he would speak of it as a thing of which he knew nothing, and thus put to shame one who to some extent considered himself a specialist on the subject. There is one suggestion I should like to make, and that is with regard to the portrait which has been mentioned. I do not wish to say a word against the proposed painting in oil of Dr. Hort, but I think it would be

worth while to have another portrait made in a different way. There happens to be an extremely good recent photograph of Dr. Hort, taken from life. It is indeed one of the best life photographs I have ever seen. Now it would be possible by a process which has been invented during the past few years to have the photograph enlarged and transferred to copper, and then printed with ink or pigment in a way that would be quite permanent. I think it is possible that at a comparatively small cost an extremely successful portrait might be obtained in this way and published among Dr. Hort's friends.

Mr. C. J. CLAY said :—Mr. Vice-Chancellor and gentlemen, I think as Dr. Hort's only contemporary in the room I should like to be allowed to make a few remarks before the meeting breaks up. There is one point which has not been mentioned in any of the memoirs I have seen, namely, that Dr. Hort was one of the youngest men who came up in 1846. He was a year younger than the ordinary run of men when he first came up, and in the very first term he plunged at once into the business of the Union Society. I have been referring to the records of the Union, as I remembered that he had been an officer—an active officer—of the Society, and I thought I should find something about him in these papers. I turned over the Reports from 1846 to the end of 1849. He took his degree in 1850. I found he was a constant speaker in the debates at the Union on a variety of subjects during the whole of that time. He was also for a long period upon the Library Committee of the Society. There is one amusing incident, which seems worth recording. I found his name associated with those of Vansittart, Llewelyn Davies, Vernon Harcourt, Childers, and FitzJames Stephen. He was amongst the younger men, and Vansittart and Llewelyn Davies were his seniors. One of the debates in 1847, which was opened by Vansittart, and spoken to by Dr. Hort, was to the effect that Tennyson is inferior to no English poet of the present century. Hort and Vansittart were on the affirmative side, but were out-voted. In the May term of 1849 he was speaking about the two volumes of Macaulay's *History*, just published, and moved that they were utterly wanting in the most essential characteristics of a great history. I think in the case of any memoir of Dr. Hort being brought out, it would be worth while for the editor to study the records of the Union, and observe the versatility which has been spoken of in this room, exemplified in the numerous debates in which Dr. Hort took part.

The MASTER OF TRINITY :—I am sure every one here will wish to see Mr. Clay's name added to the General Committee. I will take the leading part of the blame for that omission. I am afraid we have made many mistakes. But it is quite obvious that a gentleman who combines Mr. Clay's special claims, his connexion with the Press with which Dr. Hort was so intimately connected, and the position of an exact contemporary, ought to be one of the first on the Committee.

The resolution, with the addition of Mr. Clay's name to the Committee, was carried unanimously.

The PRESIDENT OF QUEENS' said :—I beg to propose that the best thanks of the meeting be given to the Vice-Chancellor for his able conduct in the chair.

Dr. MOULTON :—I have much pleasure in seconding that.

This resolution was also carried unanimously.

[A large number of fresh names was afterwards added to the general Committee, and a working sub-Committee was appointed. The Memorial Fund was well supported, and promises to do very useful work in an inconspicuous field of research.]

APPENDIX III

LIST OF PRINTED WORK

1847. *Phytologist*, vol. ii.—Notice of a few plants growing at Weston-super-Mare. Note on *Centaurea nigra*, var. *radiata* and *C. nigrescens*.
1848. *Phytologist*, vol. iii.—Note on *Alsine rubra*, var. *media* Bab.
1849. Henfrey's *Botanical Gazette*, vol. i.—Paper on *Viola sylvatica* and *canina*.
1850. Henfrey's *Botanical Gazette*, vol. ii.—Notice on *Potamogeton fluitans* Roth. and *Ulex Gallii* Planch.
1851. Henfrey's *Botanical Gazette*, vol. iii.—Note on *Euphorbia stricta* and *platyphylla*. Note on *Athyrium filix-femina*, var. *latifolium* (reprinted in *Phytologist*, vol. iv.)
- Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, vol. vii.—Paper on a supposed new species of bramble (*Rubus imbricatus* Hort). This appeared also in the *Transactions of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh*, vol. iv. 1853.
- Christian Socialist*, October 11.—'The Message of the Church to Landlords,' a Letter including a 'Prayer for Landlords.'
- Guardian*.—Review of Westcott's *Elements of a Gospel Harmony*.

1852. *Phytologist*, vol. iv.—Note on the occurrence of *Orobanche caerulea* Vill. and *Aconitum Napellus* L. in Monmouthshire. Note on the third volume of Mr. H. C. Watson's *Cybele Britannica*.
1854. Pamphlet on 'University Reform' (?).
Guardian.—Letter (signed 'Regens') in defence of the rejection of the proposed Theological Tripos.
Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology, vol. i.—On Pearson's 'Marginalia on Eusebius' (1) and (2). Short notices of Dressel's ed. of *Clementine Homilies*, of Ueltzen's ed. of *Constitutiones Apostolicae*, and of a historical tract by H. W. J. Thiersch.
1855. *Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology*, vol. ii.—Review of Tregelles on the printed text of New Testament. Notices of Tischendorf's *Anecdota*, of Baumgarten on the Acts, and of Creuzer's *Opuscula Selecta*.
 Mackenzie's Hulsean Essay on 'The Beneficial Influence of the Clergy during the First Ten Centuries,' Edited by F. J. A. H.
1856. 'Tintern, October 1855.' A poem included in the volume '*Peace in War*. In Memoriam L. R.' Macmillan.
Cambridge Essays.—Essay on S. T. Coleridge.
Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology, vol. iii.—
 On the date of Justin Martyr.
 On a fragment of S. Dionysius of Alexandria, discovered in the University Library.
 A study of the word *limes* in elucidation of Tacitus, *Ann.* i. 50.
 On the use of the aorist in the Greek of the New Testament, including a full discussion of the meanings of *vov*.
1857. Letter to the Rev. J. Ll. Davies.—On the Tenure of Fellowships and on Church Patronage in Trinity College.
Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology, vol. iv.—
 Review of Tregelles' Greek Testament (Part I.) and of Tischendorf's Greek Testament (ed. vii.).

Identification of the Latin Version of the lost Commentary of Theodore of Mopsuestia on ten of St. Paul's Epistles.

Review of Scrivener's edition of the *Codex Augiensis*, and of Tischendorf's Greek Testament (ed. vii. concluding parts).

1859. Ellerton's *Hymns for Schools and Bible-Classes*. Four translations (see vol. i. p. 369).

1862. Pamphlet.—'Thoughts on the Revised Code of Education: its Purposes and probable Effects.'
Guardian, Aug. 13.—Letter on Simonides' statement that he wrote the *Codex Sinaiticus*.

1864. *Macmillan's Magazine*.—'The Last Days of Simon de Montfort: a Fragment.'
Record, May 2.—Letter on Dr. Jowett's Greek scholarship.

1870. *Academy*, July 19.—Article on the text of the LXX. (?)

1871. *Academy*, Sept. 15.—Article on Lipsius' 'Chronology of the Roman Bishops.'

Spectator.—Letter on revision of the Bible.

Journal of Philology, vol. iii.—Article in reply to Lightfoot on the Doxology at the end of the Epistle to the Romans.

Church Hymns.—Nos. 70 and 130 (translations).

1873. Memorials of Wharton Marriott, including Grinfield Lectures on Terms of Gift and Offering, and a Treatise on the Holy Eucharist. Edited by F. J. A. H.

1876. Two Dissertations.—I. On *Μονογενὴς Θεός* in Scripture and Tradition. II. On the Constantinopolitan Creed and other Eastern Creeds of the Fourth Century.

Paper on Hebrews i. 8.

1877. *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, vol. i.—Sixty articles, chiefly on Gnostics, including Apelles, Bardesanes (Bardaisan), Basilides.

- Journal of Philology*, vol. vii.—On two Ephesian inscriptions.
Academy, May 12.—Letter on Diognetus.
1878. *Times*, Feb. 22.—Letter on Burials Question.
Guardian, March 6, 20.—Letters on Burials Question.
1879. Prolegomena to Tregelles' Greek Testament. Selected and edited with the help of Mr. A. W. Streane.
1881. May.—The New Testament in Greek (with Dr. Westcott). Text.
 August.—The New Testament in Greek. Introduction and Appendix.
1885. The New Testament in Greek. Small edition with fresh Appendix.
Times, June 25, July 16.—Letters on the Fayum fragment.
1887. *Academy*, Feb. 26, June 11.—Letters on *Codex Amiatinus*.
1889. *Academy*, Jan. 19.—Letter on *Codex Amiatinus*.
- 1888-9. *Guardian*, Dec. 19, Jan. 30.—Letters on a reference by Dr. Littledale to St. Augustine as to St. Peter's martyrdom at Rome.
1889. Sermon in Emmanuel College Chapel.—'The Growth of a College into a Temple in the Universal Temple.'
1890. Sermon in Westminster Abbey on Dr. Westcott's Consecration.—'The Sense and Service of Membership the measure of True Soundness in the Body.'
1892. *Dictionary of National Biography*.—Article on J. B. Lightfoot.
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1893. *The Way, the Truth, the Life*.—Hulsean Lectures for 1871.
1894. *Judaistic Christianity*.
1895. *Prolegomena to St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans and Ephesians*.
Six Popular Lectures on the Ante-Nicene Fathers.

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